

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

395

WHO WILL BE MR. DRUMMER '85?

MOTO GUZZI

ISSUE 84

OUR BIGGEST CLASSIFIED SECTION GETS BIGGER!

Mr. DRIVER



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Cover: Mr. Southern California Drummer 1985, Rydar Hanson, from Marathon Films' Chain Reactions. Opposite page: The Search for Mr. Drummer heats up. Photo by Rose de Castro.

GETTING OFF

As you damned well know, DRUMMER is an international magazine reflecting, for lack of a better term, the Leather Phenomenon these past ten years. In many areas, leather and its mystique are evolving; there are a few spots in which some seem to have gone on to other things. We are becoming aware of huge areas where they are just now discovering it. In Europe, it seems to be at an all-time high. In many metropolitan centers, it is undergoing some transition due to the AIDS scare. In most places it is being newly discovered as an alternative to fluid-exchanging vanilla sex. Not only with gays, but with heterosexuals as well. After all, the "straights" have been led to much of their fashions, their recreation and entertainment by gays. Why should leathersex be anything different?

The premise that it is possible to have sexual enjoyment without risking infection makes all those fetishes which don't involve body fluid exchanges all the more desirable. Particularly if they turn you on. And leathersex does have that tendency, heaven knows.

One of the mysteries of the immensely popular International Mr. Leather contest held each May in Chicago is their absence of follow-up. Very little is heard concerning the winner by any publication outside of the Chicago area. Getting photographic coverage out of its promoters is like pulling teeth—eventually, there is a standard banner-over-the-shoulder-holding-roses shot. The best way to get any decent shots of the beef, especially anything offstage, is to send your own photographer. The resulting International Mr. Leather is essentially on his own during his reigning year. Although promoter Chuck Renslow is extremely generous with his prizes, hospitality and transportation to the winner, his between-the-contests promotion is zilch. This year seems to be not in the least different.

Fortunately for us, we have large files of the winner, Patrick Toner. We had the distinction of discovering him and he has graced our pages and covers. He was an entry in our last year's Mr. Northern California Drummer contest and has performed at others, his most recent appearance being at the Mr. Southern California Drummer show at Probe in Los Angeles in May. His win is well-deserved

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The Enema: As An Art Form

I don't know exactly when I came to know that he controlled me completely. It was innocent at first. I met him on one of the bike runs that some of the clubs sometimes have. This was one that was high up in the mountains, about an hour's drive from Los Angeles. I had worked late that Friday, didn't get off until six, and by the time I got home and got my things together, packed my tent, and hosed out for the evening, it was almost nine. I almost didn't go that night, it was so late...

I saw him by the fire. He was the kind of man that makes me suck in my breath involuntarily, the kind of man that all the guys go for in a bar... All Man. He was wearing full leather, from the cap to the boots, and his face was poised between the flickering of the flames. I couldn't quite see his eyes, his cap was down low. But it appeared that he had a strong forehead with deep brows, and eyes that stared straight out, without flinching. It was a broad face, yet with finely chiseled lips that I thirsted for. If he would say something, move his eyes, his lips, or just nod in my direction...

It happened later that night. I's had five or six beers by the fire, keeping my sights on him through the corner of my eye. Others had drifted off into the forest or back to their tents. Still others had gotten loud and boistrous with drink. He rarely moved in all that time. It seemed as if he carried on broken conversation with some of the otehr guys, but he never left his spot by the fire. I couldn't tell whether he noticed me or not. I know his eyes passed over me, but was it with approval or rejection?

by
**Jason
Bleu**
(Who Should Know)

From the video feature Black on Red, starring Chris Burns and Brick Samson (JB's Supply Ltd., PO Box 85667, Los Angeles, CA 90072).

Finally my sidelong looks became more of a glare. I couldn't help myself. I could only fantasize about being the property of a man like him. Of being his instrument of pleasure. Of being used totally for the first time in my life. Of giving myself so completely because someone knew what I wanted and knew what I needed.

He was like the flame. I was like the moth. I couldn't help but be drawn to him. To be at his feet with the taste of his boot in my mouth, knowing that it was the symbol of the masculinity that I so wanted. Oh yes, I would lick that boot and that leather up the inseam to the crotch where his manhood lay coiled.

I would smell. Yes, I would smell that delectable aroma of man, of Stud. Knowing that underneath was the musk of balls and foreskin. I could travel the length of that shaft, cradle the balls in my mouth, push back the foreskin with my tongue and taste the sweet nectar of his piss shute. And if I were good and if it was right, my man would give me short drinks of that golden liquid, paled only by the beer which lightened its color, but hardly its quantity.

His eyes were upon me...

I hadn't noticed it at first. My mind was in my own fantasy and no doubt I looked like a glazed dog in heat. But he was staring at me, there could be no doubt. I would present myself to him.

I walked over to his side of the fire. My body was trembling, even though the fire was brutally hot. I felt as if my footsteps were unsure, that the coordination of my legs wasn't there anymore.

I stood before him. I felt *naked* in front of him...

Thus it began that night. From his first look at me I knew I was property. A very strange feeling, uncomfortable, but completely natural as if it were something that had been there all along. I didn't really fight it. I don't think I could have if I had wanted to. It was just something that was. I felt as if this man knew me inside and out, and would own me

the same way. As if I had been looking for some treasure for a very long time and had finally found it...

He taught me how to service him. I began to learn that when I was in his presence I did not look up at him, except in rare moments. It was my place to look down and wait for his commands. I learned to taste his boots. To get close to the ground and smell and sniff the leather of his feet. To shine them with my saliva, knowing that if I did a good enough job, he might honor me with more attention.

I had never done that kind of thing before, but with him it seemed right. With my tongue tasting the blackened leather I became hotter and hotter. I would lick for it! I would lick his boots for it! For the attention and affection, in whatever manner he saw fit to deliver it.

And I would lick his leathers, his leather pants or his chaps. From the rough of the boot to the smooth satin leather of his chaps, leaving traces of my saliva as I honored him in showing him that he had his own personal slave, and I wanted it so.

I volunteered gladly for it. It was my position to body-bathe my Master. To lick his boots and leathers until they shone. To accept fingers or cock or boot or whip in my mouth gladly and without reservation... To spread my tongue over the cloth of his jeans and feel the outline of his cock, his manhood, the head of his cock rising as I touched it through the cloth. And I would lick about his crotch and underneath his balls and around the top of his thighs, till soon I was at his ass.

His ass. My man's ass. Even through jeans his ass was beauty to me. To push my face against it till I couldn't breathe. To imagine the cheeks of that ass covering my face like warm pillows, and to be stretching out my tongue for a taste of that stud asshole. The scent of manhood strong. Eating and eating. Licking and licking. Servicing a man's asshole. Knowing my place as servant, as slave. Relishing all the times that that ass would be above me as I

lay tied, slowly descending on its journey to my mouth. Knowing that I would eat that man and all that he chose to give me...

I know that any time I would service his jacket just to be close to the smell of my man. Never had I realized how I hungered for the smell of man. To have my own man was my being Master above so many others who go hungry. To know that I was property. That I was owned. That any decisions were not mine was a great freedom indeed. I would lay my head against the chest hairs of my man and feel his heart and smell his power. He owned me and I him...

And when he touched me anywhere, it was as if sparks were set off at the bottom of my spine. To feel his hand upon me was an orgasm of sorts. To feel pressure or more was ecstasy.

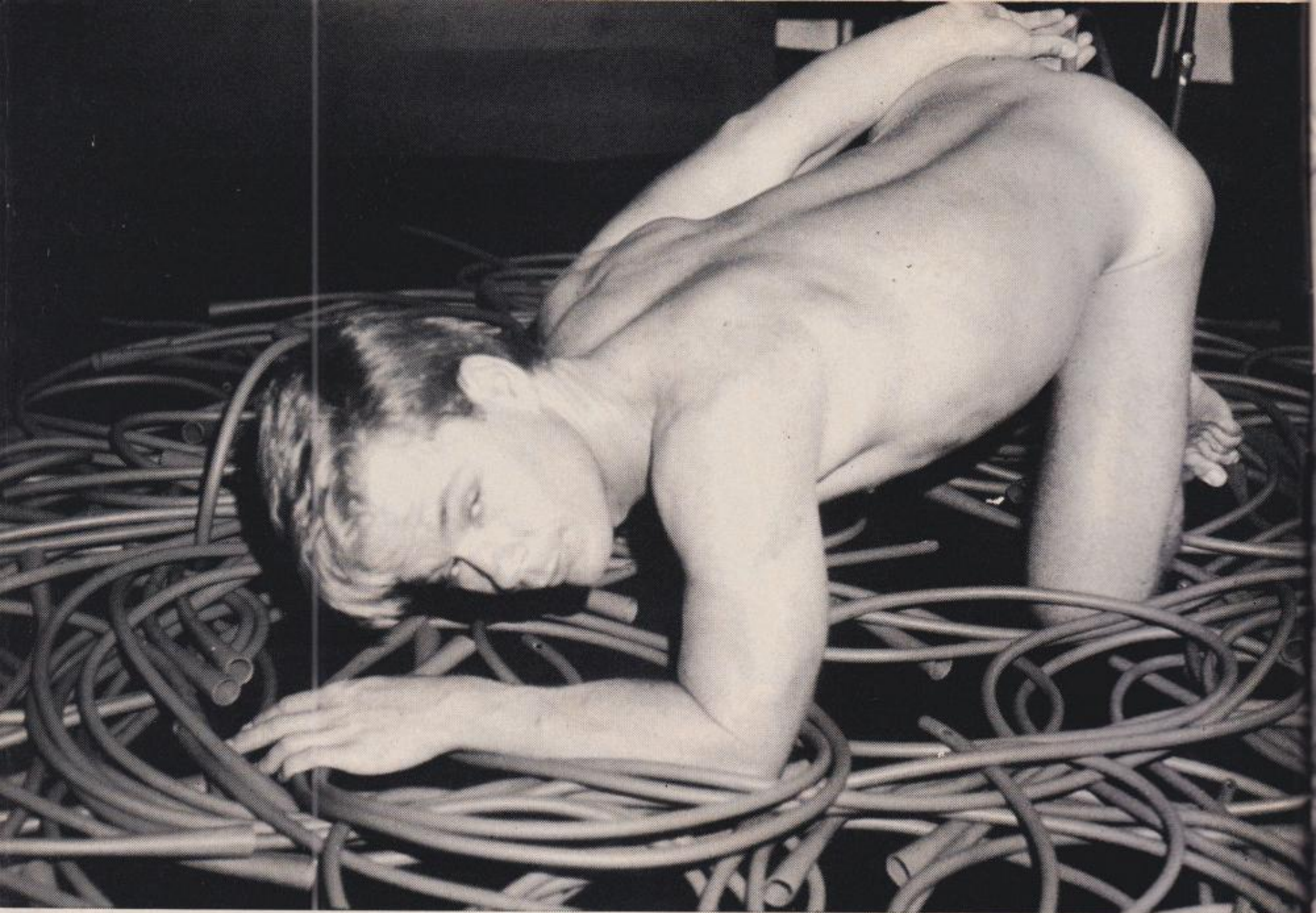
I remember him saying the first time that he looked at my chest, "Those tits need work!" And work them he did. He placed suction cups on them daily, and when they were pulled off, he lowered his teeth and his lips and sucked on the nipples till they stood out and up. He would hold them in his teeth and at the point where I thought he could surely sever them, he would release his clenched mouth and the red, raw nipple would stand at high attention, quivering for more...

But of all things that my man taught me, the enema was the height of pleasure. I had always thought that enemas and tubes and hoses were for cleaning out for sex. How foolish I was.

At first, that is what my Master used it for. He would call me to him and instruct me to lay over his knees while he parted the cheeks of my ass and applied a liberal layer of grease to my asshole. It was humiliating to me. To know that I needed to be cleaned out was one thing, but in front of my man was another indeed. He would slowly insert the nozzle and I felt as if I were being penetrated by some cold foreign object. I trembled because I didn't know what was to happen.

"He had the power. The power to bring me pleasure. The power to bring me pain..."





He would talk to me: "You want to do it for your man, don't you?—You want to be a good little boy, don't you?—Cocksuckers need their holes hosed, don't they?—Do it for me"—And on, and on, until I was hypnotized but his voice. Hypnotized by what was going on.

When he would start the water inside of me, I'd feel that warm burst as if he had shot his cum inside, as if he had released some of his man-piss inside. And it would continue. The warmth would spread like a salve being spread on the inside of my ass, deep within my gut, deep in my hole, that got hotter as more water was put in.

There were times when I thought I would burst, when I couldn't hold any more. He would stop the flow, sometimes taking the nozzle from my ass and having me suck it while

the rest of my system adjusted to the volume inside. Sometimes he would have me suck his cock while I held the water. The taste of his manhood rich within my mouth made the discomfort of the liquid within me go away. I would suck and suck in ecstasy. The flow would begin again, and I felt as if I were being filled with an ocean of cum, an ocean of piss, and my mouth was filled with cock, and when my Master chose to give me piss, I drank eagerly from both ends in rapture...

There were times when it was as if there were a ceremony of sorts going on. He would kiss the bag and have me kiss it. He would put the nozzle in my mouth and have me deliver it forth, rich with saliva. He would run the tubing through my mouth and I could feel the warmth of the water within. I wanted it. *I needed it.* And

when he chose to enter, to place his cock within me, he would do it while I was filled with enema.

That would be the point where I thought I couldn't take any more, that I would burst for sure. He would say it was like fucking a warm ocean. I was full and was to be fuller. It was unbearable ecstasy. To be fucked as property, filled with the juice of your Master, and to have him shoot his load into the ocean within...

I became addicted to the enema, to his enema. I felt it was his emotion flowing into me. His cum, his piss, his very soul. He could control my reactions with the on and off of the shut-off. He had the power. The power to bring me pleasure. The power to bring me pain. The power to make me whimper and the power to make me scream out in intense pleasure...

...the power to make me whimper...to make me scream out of intense pleasure."





My ass would do shows for him. My asshole would squeeze on the nozzle and then release. My ass would hump back and forth, up and down, as if keeping beat to some strange rhythm. I grew so that I would look upward at the bag to see how much liquid was left, how much more could I take, how much pleasure was yet to shoot inside me.

And there were those times when he would surprise me, and outguess me. Like the times he adjusted the water flow so that it was just a drip, a constant drip up my asshole, like some Chinese water torture. I knew I was getting filled, but I didn't know how much or how long it would go on. Or when he would blindfold me so that I didn't know what was going in my ass. Was it water, or wine, or piss, or oil, or salt, or those quick enema preparations they use in the hospital that cause your colon to spasm trying to push out anything within...

And the times when I thought I had taken the last of the liquid within me, when I thought I had drunk the last of my Master's enema. He would

leave and come back with yet another bag that he would use to fill the first, or place a second nozzle in my hole, stretching it, forcing it to

I learned that my stomach grew distended the more volume that I took. One quart, two quarts, three quarts, four quarts, five quarts...sometimes I lost count. My belly would swell as if there were a balloon, a watermelon, stuck inside. I was being given a full, fat belly by my man. Pregnant with his power, with his control, my insides churning and knowing that *inside* I belonged to him as well as on the outside...

And the times when he would plug me. Sometimes giving me only a quart and plugging me with a dildo or butt-plug and taking me out for a beer. Once, on one of the runs, he filled me with almost three quarts of recycled beer, some from him, and some from buddies. He plugged me and made me stand around the campfire till I could stand no more, and rivulets of platinum water streamed down my legs and stained my jeans while the plug guaranteed that there would be no flood...

I think that it all began with the eyes. I knew from the moment that I saw him, that I belonged to him. There was, strangely enough, never any question about it. I didn't know at that time just how much. I didn't know that he would win me so completely and take me places that I had never dreamed of going. That there would be the times when I was so full of enema that I left reality and floated in some kind of heaven. Being full, truly full, so full that there was no room inside for any more liquid, any more emotion. So full that the heat in my balls grew unbearable. So full that my man put his boot upon my distended stomach and began to press. So full that my cum shot like rockets, like meteors. So full that it felt as if something inside had been ripped out. So full that it burned as the cum shot, as if every sticky drop had been electrified first. So full that I knew I could never leave this man, even if I wanted to. He had become Ecstasy and I was the instrument of Pleasure.

Yes, I would lick the semen from his body...with gratitude. □



MUMMIFICATION

Mummification has been handed down to us from the ancient Egyptians, who used it to insure immortality for their dead, both human and animal. As can be seen in our modern museums of archaeology and natural history, that ancient practice has been proven ironically effective.

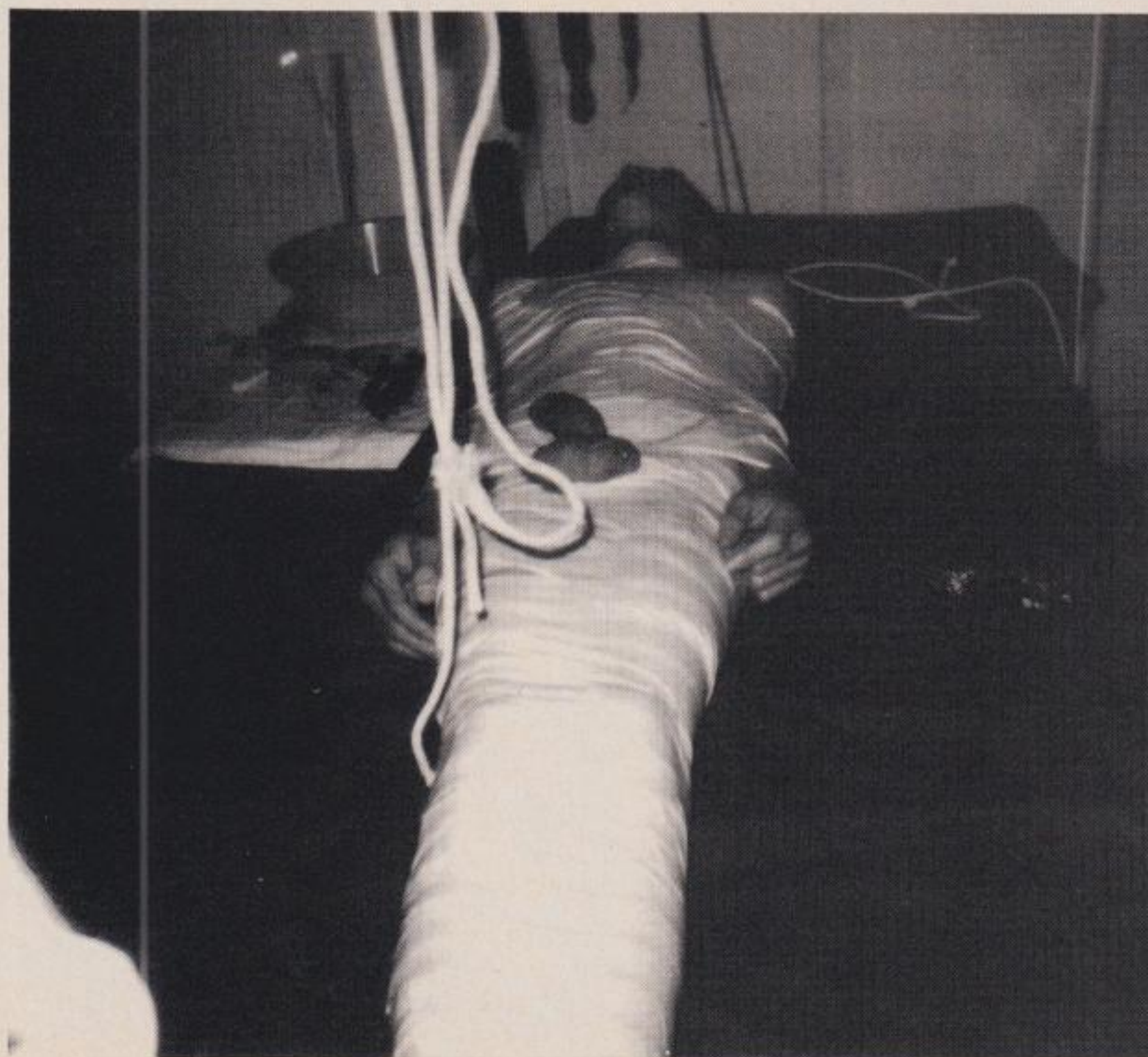
In classic horror movies of the 1930s and '40s, such as *The Mummy's Curse* and *The Mummy's Tomb*, humans were mummified while still alive and entombed for crimes committed against the gods. As seen in these films, the use of mummification was a most formidable form of bondage indeed. The victim was totally helpless, unable to move a single muscle; beyond any other form of bondage, mummification was proved to be the ultimate.

Among bondage enthusiasts, mummification has been practiced in many different forms, employing the use of Ace bandages, rubber strips, linen straps, Saran Wrap, and tape. My

favorite form is the use of masking tape. Masking tape as opposed to the other methods mentioned is, I feel, the most inexpensive and secure type of mummification material available. Depending on your subject, the amount of body hair will determine whether or not you will need to cover those areas prior to mummifying him.

The best place to start is with the feet, wrapping short strips of tape from the bottom of the foot, over the toes to the top of the foot until all the toes are covered, then placing the feet together, side by side, again starting with the toes. When I get to the area of the waist, I usually have my subject place his arms straight down the sides of his body. I leave the hands free and continue wrapping from the waist up. I usually stop at the neck, leaving the subject's head free.

While wrapping the subject, I have him blindfolded, so that when I complete the wrapping and lay him on my play table on his back and remove the blindfold, he sees himself, for the first



Photos by Tom of Virginia

by Tom of Virginia

time, in the overhead mirror. Usually the subject is left speechless at the sight of his mummified body.

I then flip him over on his stomach, and very carefully, using a razor blade, make a small opening where his asshole is, and then insert a butt-plug. Then, flipping him over on his back, I make another opening to expose his cock and balls, pulling them out for later tormenting.

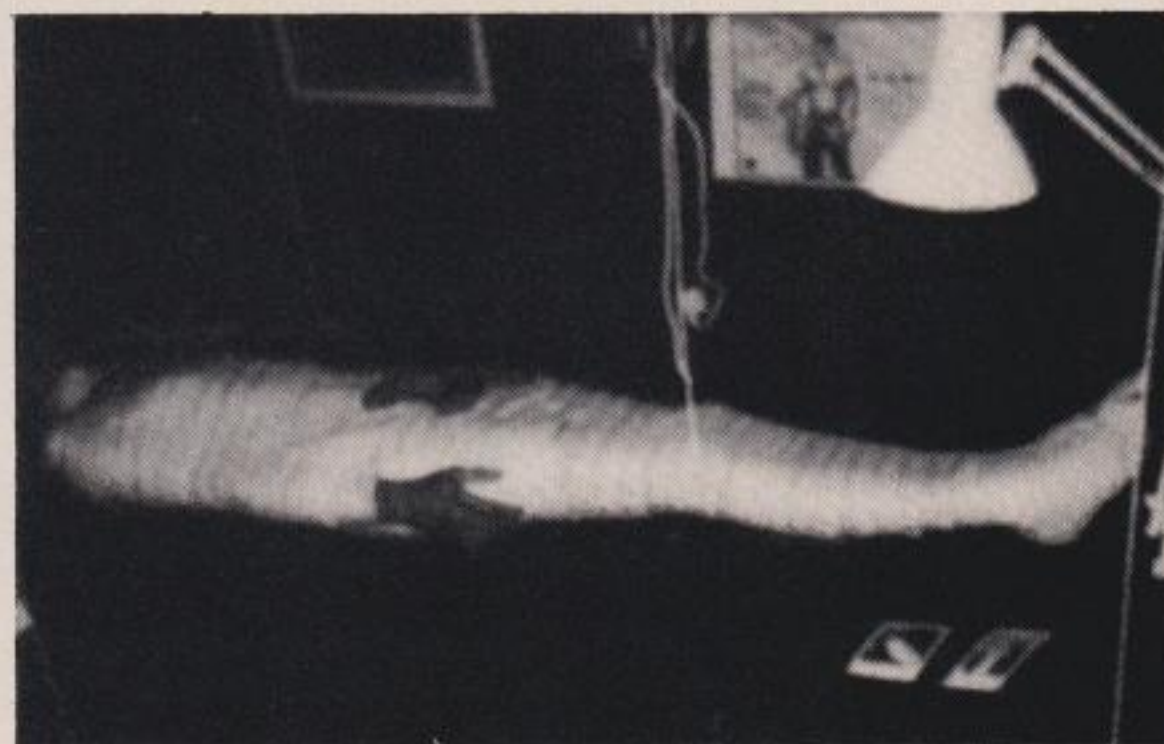
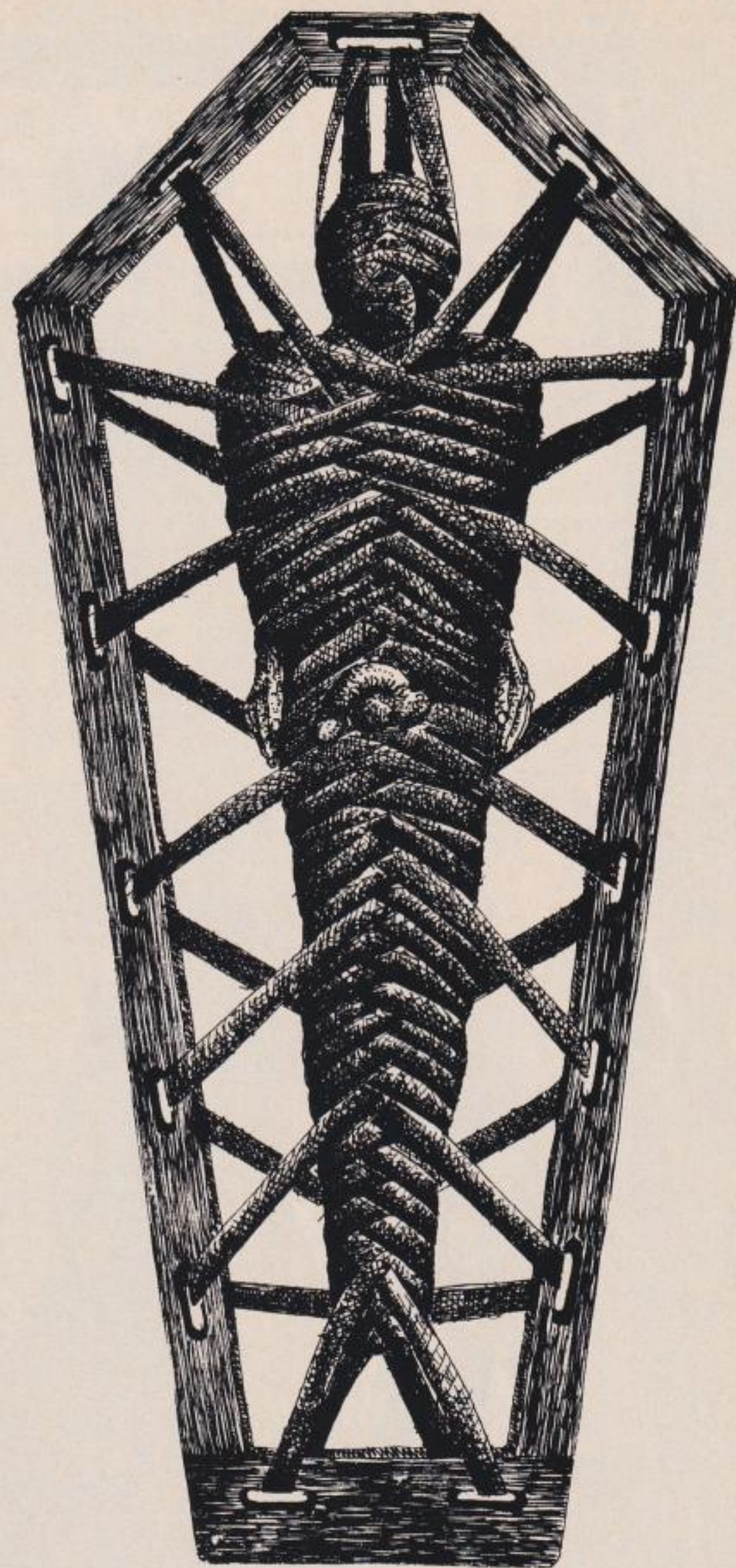
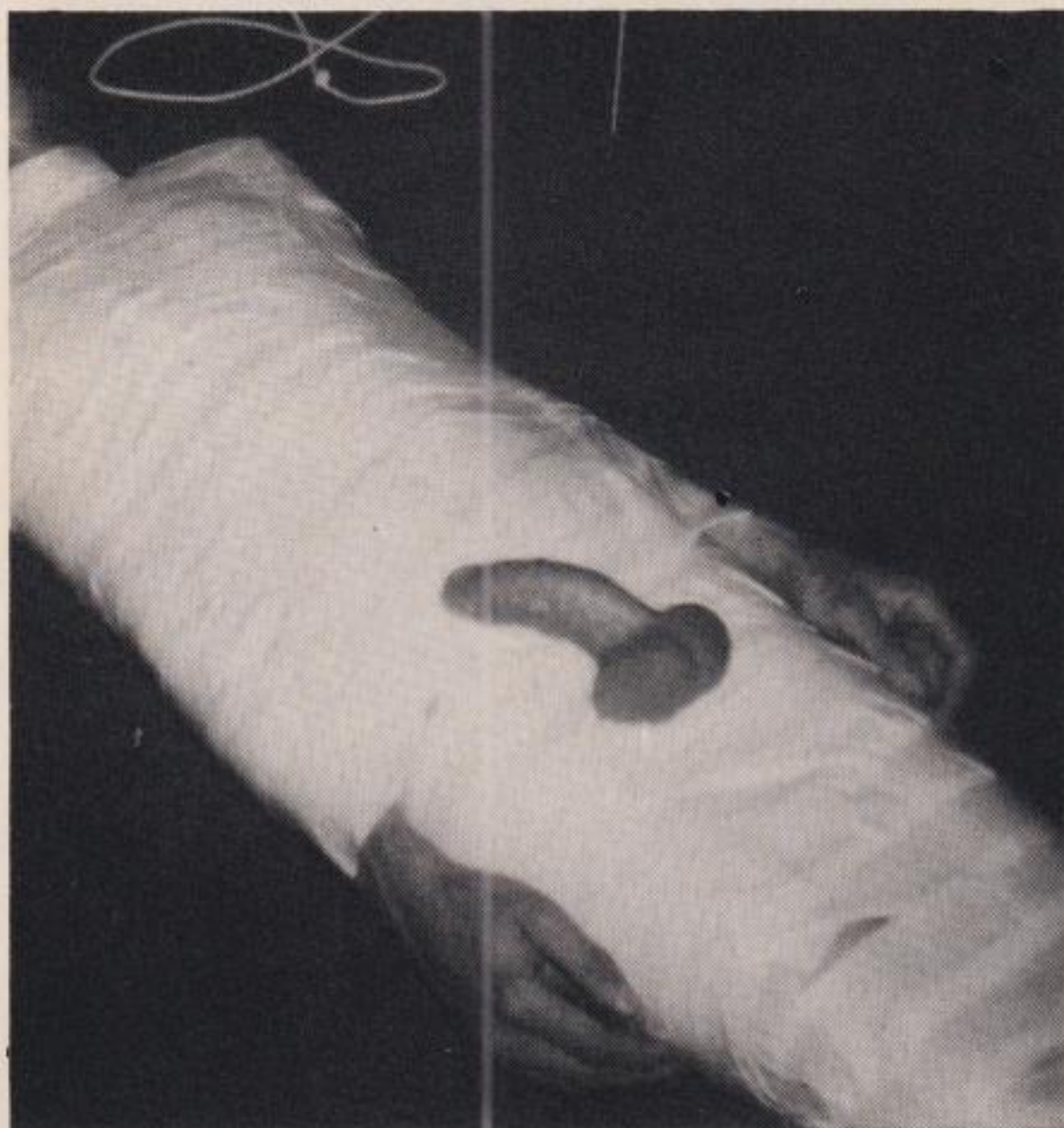
One subject I mummified wanted to see how long he could handle it. So that he would not suffer from thirst, I inserted a catheter into his cock, clamped it, connected a three-foot piece of plastic tubing to it and, taking a plastic baby nurser, punched a hole in the end. I inserted the the plastic tube, securing it so that it would not leak, and unclamped the catheter, thus fulling the bottle. Whenever the subject got thirsty, I took the bottle and inserted the nipple in his mouth, allowing him to satisfy his thirst from his own body.

There are many variations to the above. Instead of a butt-plug, the Top can insert an enema tube to see how much fluid the mummified subject can hold, since his stomach is unable to expand because of the bindings. There are many things that can be done with the subject in such a position. A Top with a vivid imagination can really put a bottom through his paces.

Once the scene has been completed, the tape can be easily removed by cutting from the neck down, allowing the subject to emerge from the wrappings as if from a cocoon.

So far I haven't had any complaints. The bottoms, having once experienced mummification, want to try it again. Oh, and one more small advantage derived from this scene—for those of you whose boys are getting a bit on the portly side, this scene will definitely make them sweat their asses off. □

(The original artwork accompanying this article was drawn by B.J. Thompson. Inquiries regarding his work may be forwarded via Drummer.)



DRUMMER'S 10th ANNIVERSARY!



LEATHER'S
BIG
NIGHT!

'85 **MR.
DRUMMER**

MR. DRUMMER FINALS

SATURDAY, JUNE 29th
SAN FRANCISCO
JAPAN CENTER
THEATRE

DOORS OPEN AT 8 P.M.

GENERAL
SEATING \$15

MAIN FLOOR \$20
ORCHESTRA \$25

BOX
SEATING \$25

MR. SOUTHEAST DRUMMER
Tacky's/Ft. Lauderdale/April 12-13

MR. MIDWEST DRUMMER
The Interchange/Detroit/May 27

MR. EAST COAST DRUMMER
Pittsburgh Trucking Company &
Crucible Motorcycle Club/May 25

MR. SOUTHWEST DRUMMER
Eagle Leathers/Houston/Dallas
Riches/Houston/May 25-27

MR. NEW ENGLAND DRUMMER
Fantasy's/Boston/June 19

MR. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER
Probe/Los Angeles/April 19

MR. ROCKY MOUNTAIN DRUMMER
Tracks & Mr. S Leather/Denver/April 29

MR. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER
Chaps/San Francisco/June 2

Tickets available: STUDSTORE, HEADLINES, ALL AMERICAN BOY, MR. S LEATHERS

REPORT

INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER 1985

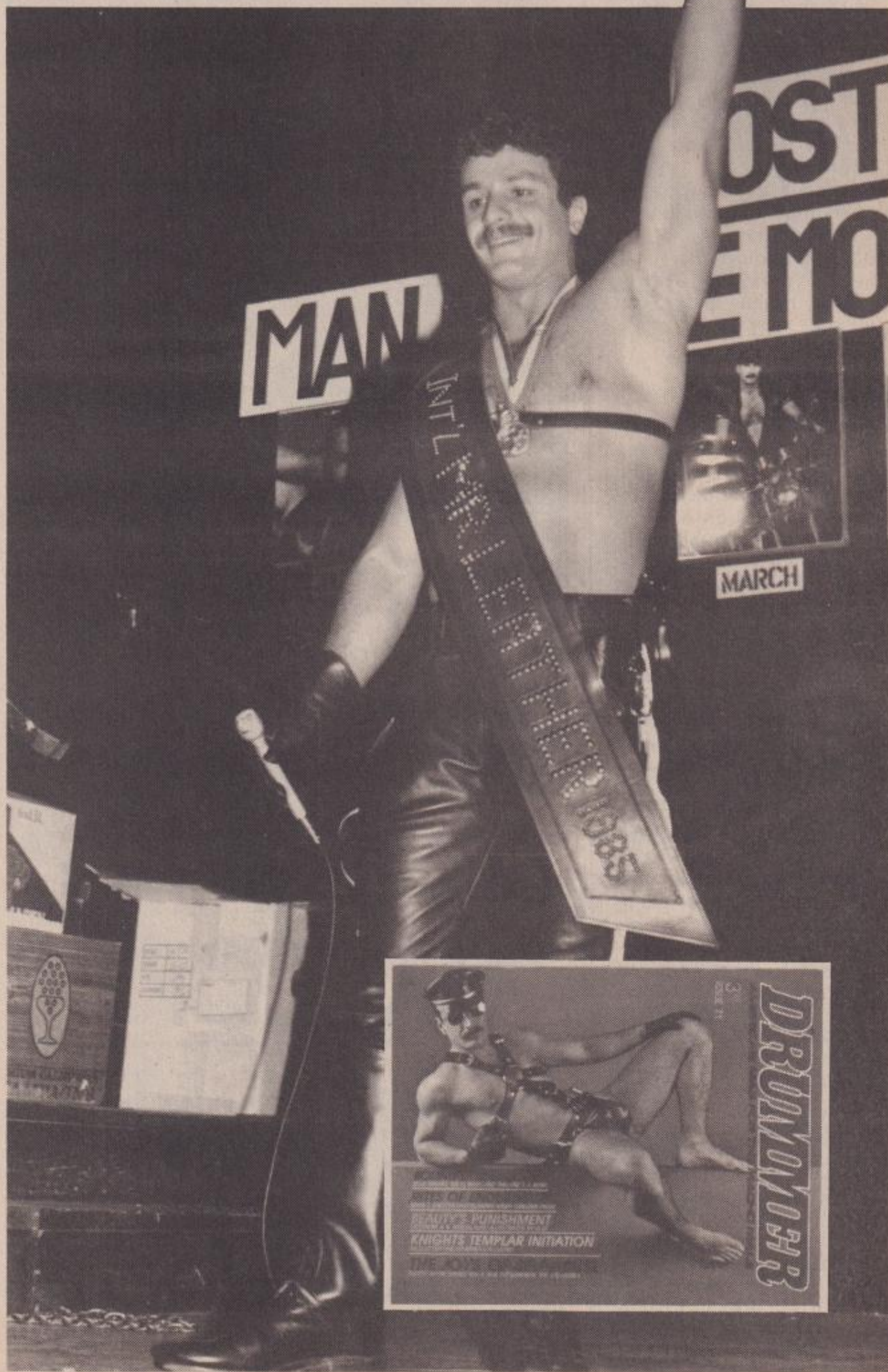
The new International Mr. Leather for 1985 will be no stranger to *Drummer* readers—he's Patrick Toner of San Francisco, who made his debut on the leather/media scene when he appeared as the coverman on *Drummer* 71. Toner subsequently appeared in photo spreads in *Drummer* and *MACH*, performed with the Jon Kass Dancers at the Mr. Drummer Finals in 1984 and at this year's Southern California regional contest, made a reputation modeling for local businesses, and established a strong presence in the Bay Area leather scene.

The latest in a series of multiple climaxes: Toner's selection out of a field of 27 finalists as this year's International Mr. Leather at the annual contest held Memorial Day weekend in Chicago.

The contest itself, masterminded by founder Chuck Renslow, generated comment this year outside the gay/leather community—as demonstrated by an extended article on the event that appeared in the June 5 edition of the Chicago-area, alternative press publication *Lincoln Park Spectator*. The *Spectator*'s reporter, Jonathan Arbarbanel, had high praise for Toner's articulate speech about leather, and plenty of adjectives to describe his physique: "He's short, built like a brick shitthouse, with enormous dancer/bodybuilder thighs and rearend."

But the *Spectator* gave the event itself a mixed notice: "I wish I could report that the contest was more than just another beauty contest, but it wasn't. It was, however, a marvellously entertaining evening, though too long at five hours."

And the *Spectator* scooped the gay press on the backstage gossip: "I also met one of the judges during a break, one Mr. Marcus, a feature columnist for the *Bay Area Repor-*



INTERNATIONAL '85: Patrick Toner proudly displays his banner on returning to Chaps Bar in San Francisco, Toner's sponsor for the International Mr. Leather contest. The occasion was the Mr. Northern California *Drummer* contest (see page 57). Photo by Pat Urquhart. Inset: The cover shot that started it all.

ter... who has judged for six years. Mr. Marcus delightedly told us about spending the night with one of the contestants, who ended up placing (no, not the winner). If I were Chuck Renslow, I wouldn't invite Mr. Marcus back again and I'd disqualify the runner-up in question. This sort of shenanigans could give the contest a bad name. Some might even think it's sleazy."

But in the larger context, the *Spectator* pointed out that "International Mr. Leather 1985 demonstrates once again the triumph of pluralism in our nation. The fact that this contest can flourish is a small, positive measure of our national health and social strength."

CENSORSHIP PRESSURE CRUSHES SMART

Intimidated by a growing tide of anti-gay censorship, Great Britain's premiere journal of literary SM, *SMART*, has officially ceased publication. In a recent letter to subscribers and supporters, which has followed a long period of non-publication, "The Smarties" spelled out their reasons for disbanding the magazine and promised that unfilled subscriptions would be refunded.

"This has not been an easy decision," the letter states, "but Britain is not an easy place to be a publisher of SM literature, and our legal slave has advised us that, in the present circumstances, we stand a fair chance of being prosecuted."

"When we started publishing *SMART*, we considered there was a need for a serious, informative SM magazine. But...actions against other gay enterprises have led some of us to believe that it is no longer safe to do so. Were we to be prosecuted over *SMART*, it is questionable whether we could summon the likely £20,000+ necessary to defend our liberty."

The letter points out that financial considerations, outside of possible legal entanglements, were not a consideration in the magazine's demise, as *SMART* had become "a self-supporting enterprise" through sales and advertising. The publishers

have retained just enough money to refund outstanding subscriptions, but offered subscribers the option of donating their share to the Gay's the Word Defense Fund.

"Gay's the Word, London's gay community bookshop, has been the subject of intense activity by Her Majesty's Cus-

toms. They have been stopping all imports to the bookshop and the director and workers have now had over 100 charges laid against them, including conspiracy to import gay books and newspapers. These conspiracy charges carry maximum sentences of life imprisonment

and unlimited fines. The shop now has to raise £50,000 to defend the directors, workers, and titles. Amongst the titles being defended are *Studies in S&M* and *Mr. Benson*, and other titles of interest to SMers."

The letter concludes: "We hope that *SMART* will be published again some time in the future. However, as a security precaution, after 1 June we will destroy our subscription records."

With typical good humor in the midst of outrageous anti-gay and anti-SM harassment, the letter was signed: "Stripes and kisses, The Smarties."

SMART, always an intelligent and stimulating journal of SM, will be sorely missed on the international leather scene, and especially in England, where its bold insight is needed now more than ever. Meanwhile, those wishing to make contributions to assist in the Gay's the Word case can send donations to: GTW Defense Fund, 38 Mount Pleasant, London WC1, England.

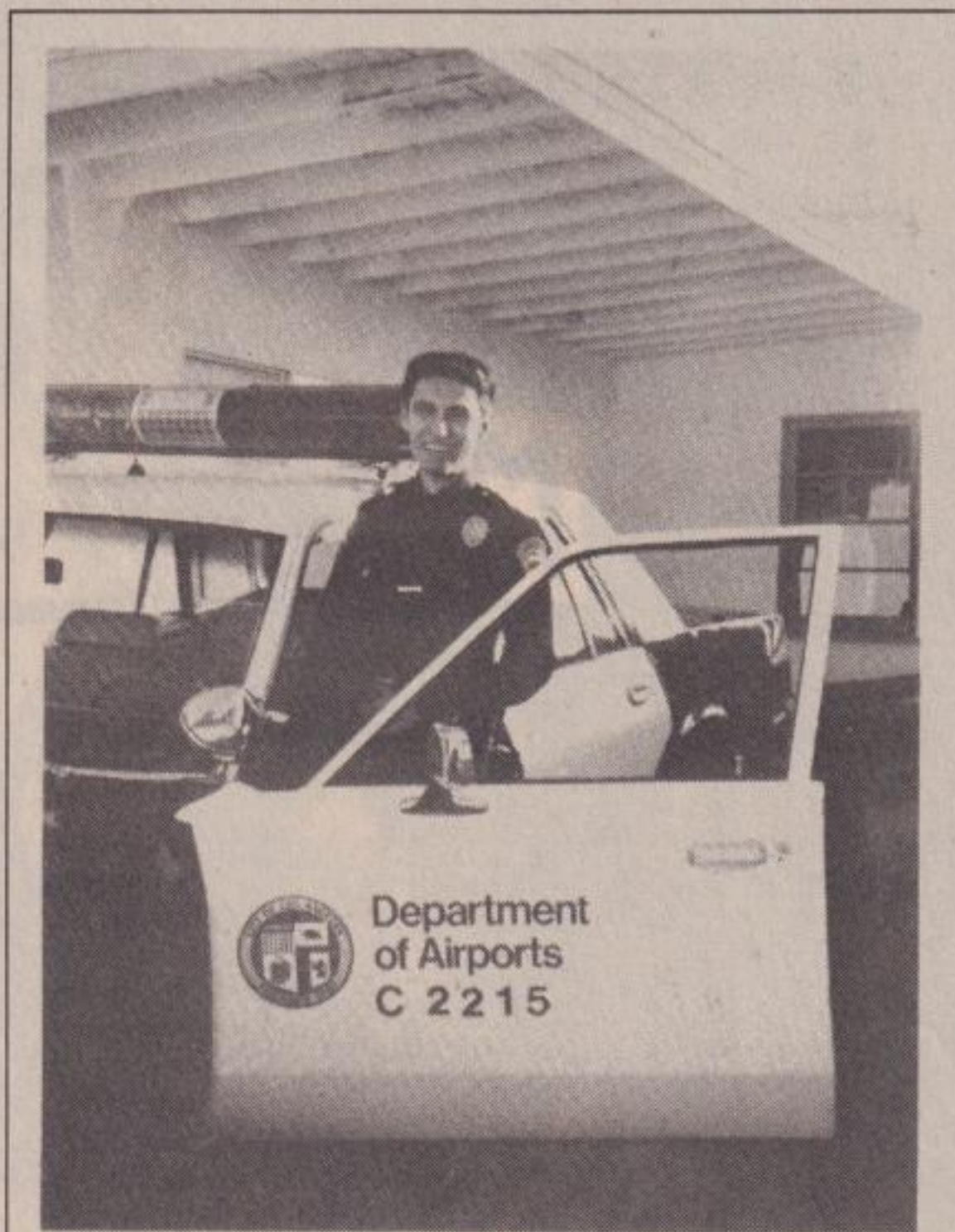
LONDON POSTSCRIPT

In the wake of *SMART*'s demise, SM activists in Great Britain have set about organizing SM Gays, a monthly discussion groups with a membership approaching 250. From a London correspondent, this note:

"Recently we had a big fight on our hands with the newly opened London Lesbian and Gay Centre (LLGC). The management committee, strongly influenced by certain elements in the feminist movement, tried to ban SM groups from using the Centre (and there were rumours of trying to establish it as a non-leather zone, as well). SM Gays, and our sister organisation, SM Dykes, joined forces to raise an unholy stink, and we seem now to have seen off this challenge. Both groups have established rights to use the Centre. It was certainly the first time that men and women into SM established their presence on the London gay scene, and a lot of right-on politicians didn't like it."

AUSSIE BBQ

From Down Under comes word of the latest doings of



CAN YOU SPOT THE GAY COP?

**He's not the only one
around, you know.**

THE GAY BEAT: There have always been gay cops (just ask Phil Andros!), but only recently have law enforcement agencies in major cities begun to acknowledge their existence, and even to recruit gay cops as part of minority/community recruitment programs. The idea was first implemented by the San Francisco County Sheriff's Dept. (see Drummer 73), and has since gotten underway in New York and Los Angeles. This brochure, encouraging gay men contemplating a career in law enforcement, was recently released by a group of gay policemen in Los Angeles—a future collector's item for sure!

the South Pacific Motor Club of Sydney, Australia, which celebrates its 15th Anniversary this August.

SPMC describes itself as a club of men who enjoy motor-cycling and outdoor activities (camping, etc.), "together with a full range of 'in town' activities." The Club was formed in 1970—the first such organization in the Southern Hemisphere—and is now affiliated with other clubs in Australia and around the world. SPMC maintains its own club rooms, located at 2 Lilyfield Road, Rozelle, and holds Open House every Friday at 9:30 p.m. (visitors welcome).

Regular activities include Western, Uniform, and Denim & Leather Nights, barbecues on the last Friday of each month, get-togethers with other MC's, and outdoor runs throughout the year. The club's major run is held on Australia Day weekend each year, which usually falls on the last weekend in January (the middle of Australia's summer). With the American dollar holding strong against the Australian, club treasurer Russ points out that a vacation to join the SPMC for its Australian Day Run is more affordable than ever and a great way to get away from chilly weather in the US.

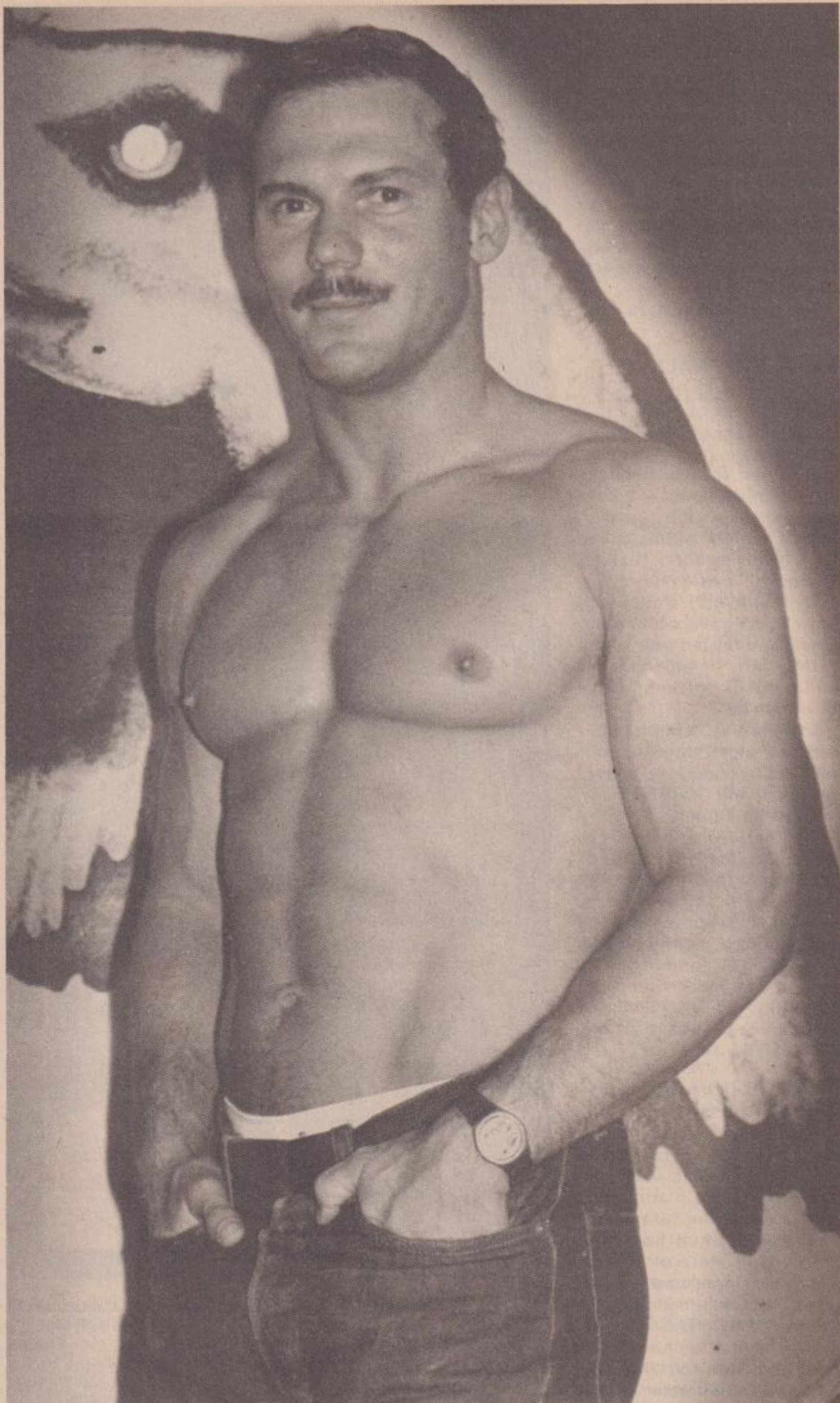
SPMC celebrates its 15th Anniversary August 16-18, beginning with a Friday night bash at the club room, followed by a formal dinner on Saturday, and wrapping up with a Sunday barbecue. Cost for the entire package: \$30 (Australian).

For more information about the South Pacific Motor Club, write to SPMC, Box 823 GPO, Sydney 2001, Australia; or contact Ron, the club president, by telephone: 331-6340-AH.

PUMP IT UP!

Penis enlargement? Forget those vacuum pumps, bogus creams, and silicone injections. For the health-conscious, musclebound '80s, the newest method of overcoming Nature's limits is strictly for weight lifters...and maybe leathermen. From *Ask Dr. Russ Rueger About Sex* (Pocket Books):

"I should mention...a technique that has been



THE MEN KEEP COMING: We've frequently recorded the eye-catching results of the ongoing series of Bare Chest contests held monthly at the Arena, until recently one of the most popular leather spots in San Francisco's South of Market district. Now the Arena is no more—the bar's gone straight, swept up in the tide of changes taking place SOM (see "Folsom Flux" in the Report section of Drummer 82). But the pecs keep getting bared, with the monthly contest moved to the ever-popular S.F. Eagle. The latest winner: strikingly handsome, smooth-chested Paul Gillespie. Photo by Robert Pruzan.

reported in body-building... circles. There have been reports that some men who know how to move their penises... by flexing the PC muscle can stimulate themselves to the point of erection, then strap on a small leather band that has a very light weight attached to it. The men then move their penises up and down, lifting the weight, and claim increased penis size and strength."

See you in the gym... or the dungeon.

MADE FOR WALKING

Into Boots? Then you might want to check out the club of the same name, newly formed and headquartered in Vancouver. Jeff, the man behind it all, describes Boots as a contact and social club "for men into a variety of masculine trips, involving Boots, Leather, Uniforms, levis, motorcycles and Motocross, along with Vans, Trucks, Jeeps and other sports and related gear, along with a host of other indoor and outdoor activities, sexual or otherwise."

In the works: A Boots publication ("every three or four months") featuring fiction, personal and classified ads, and reader input.

For the record: Jeff tells us he's masculine, rides a Honda 750 Shadow, has heavy leather and lots of heavy boots.

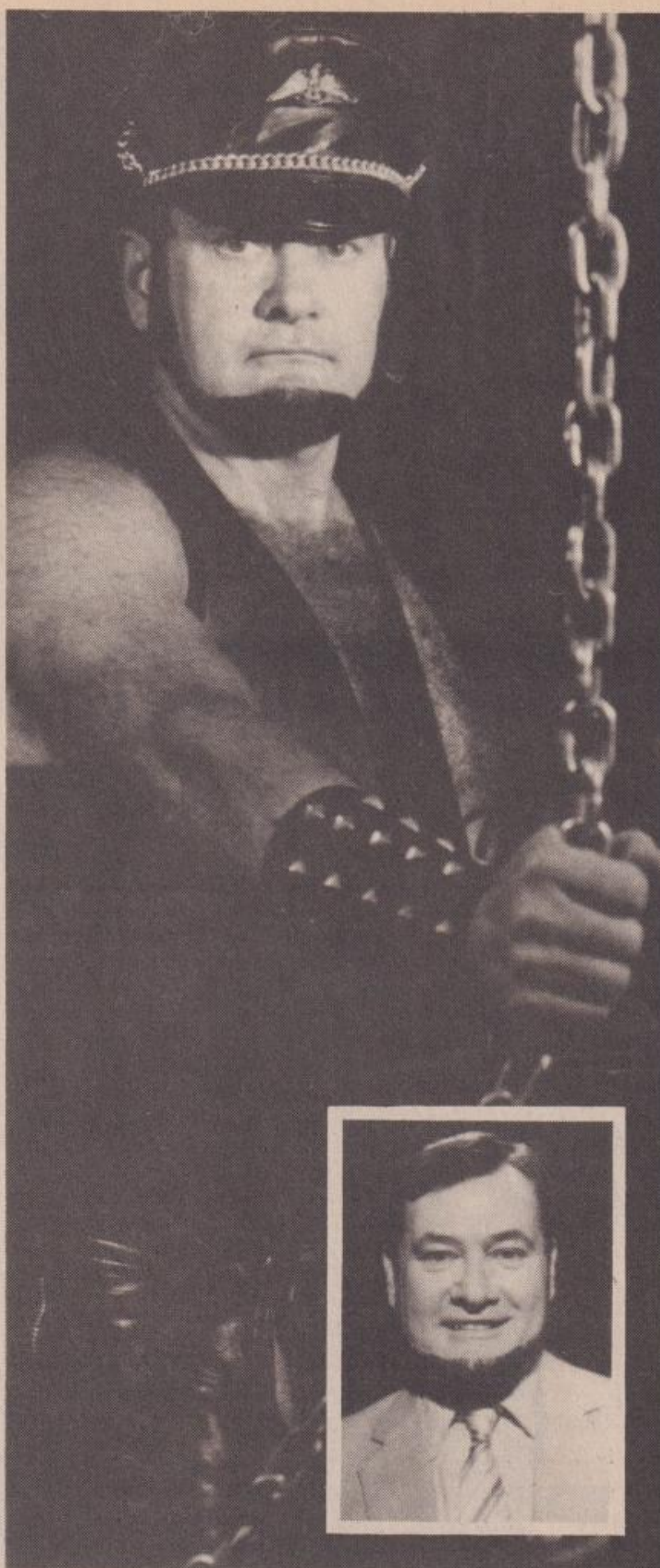
To slip into Boots, you need only submit a yearly membership fee of \$5. For more information and application, write to: Boots, PO Box 266, Postal Station A, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6C 2M7.

VIKINGS INVADE NEW HAMPSHIRE

Good food, good friends, and the spectacular beauty of rustic New England are at least three of the main attractions of the upcoming 16th annual Leif Erickson Run hosted by the Vikings MC of Boston, Labor Day weekend, August 30 to September 2. Says the MC secretary: "This weekend is for those who chose to lay back and relax, and take in the best that late summer in New England has to offer."

The run site is located on two acres of pristine pine woodland with a shoreline on Lake Naticook, ideal for fishing and swimming. Accomo-

18 DRUMMER



TECHNICAL KNOCK-OUT? No way, according to K.O. Wright, seen above in full leather, who also happens to be known by his given name of Ken F. Oldham (insert). Oldham was arrested last fall by Los Angeles vice officers on charges of prostitution; Oldham maintains the activity in question was educational training in SM, and the case gets muddier from there. (We gave the whole story in the Report section of Drummer 81.) A defense fund was recently set up to aid in Oldham's defense; have a look at our previous report and see if you don't think this is a worthy cause for Oldham's fellow leathermen and SM practitioners to support. Contributions (tax-deductible) should be addressed to: K.O. Wright Defense Fund, c/o U.S. Mission, 1154 North Western Avenue, Los Angeles CA 90029.

dations include lake-front cabins, rec hall and mess hall. Food (available 24 hours a day) is prepared onsite by the Viking chefs, ranging from fresh baked pastries to a lobster and roast beef banquet. Entertainment includes Talent Night, the Mr. Leif Erickson Contest, bike events, people events, and disco dancing.

Registration is limited to 125 Viking members (\$89) and GDIs (\$99) so send for information and application now to: Leif Erickson '85, Viking MC, Inc., Box 782/104 Charles St., Boston, MA 02114.

OKTOBERFEST LEATHER

This note from correspondent Tom of Virginia: "For those of you lucky enough, as I am, to be going to Germany this fall, there's one leather event you won't want to miss—the Munich Leather Club (MLC) Oktoberfest Leather Fest. This is Germany's



largest international leather party, as leathermen from all corners of the globe gather in Munich to take in Oktoberfest and meet with their brothers. Though there are many different nationalities involved, language is no problem—leather and the lifestyle we love transcend the barrier. There is beer aplenty, film screenings, and the opportunity to engage in whatever turn you on. For those tired of the same old scene, pack your bags, update your passport and make reservations for one of the great leather events of the year."

For further information, write to: MLC eV, Munchner Lowen Club, Post Box 163, D-8000 Munchen 33, West Germany.

NUDE MINERS

For the believe-it-or-not file, this recent item from Pachuca, Mexico:

GET A LOAD! The comic at right may be in German, but the faces tell the story. This cartoon is one page of 50 in the truly outrageous new underground (and overseas) Macho Comix by Ralf König, published by Bob Camble of Sweden. If you're into leather or SM and read German, you shouldn't miss it—and even if German is Greek to you, König's hilariously nasty sight-gags and vignettes generally transcend the language barrier. Macho Comix is X-rated, hardcore and very funny, and available for a measly four bucks (sent sea mail) from Bob Camble, Box 52, S-57080 Virserum, Sweden—or pressure your local underground comics merchant into stocking this one-of-a-kind item.

Protesting lax safety standards and a lack of clothing and equipment, about 3500 miners dramatized their plight with an hour-long demonstration in the nude. Dressed only in hard hats, boots, belts and an occasional neck scarf—we are not making this up—the miners of the Compania Real del Monte y Pachuca staged their protest on May 24. The nude miners were fully covered—by the Mexican press—and the naked power play worked, as mine owners were stripped of resistance, and seduced into opening negotiations.

SUBMIT!

The Reporter section is our effort to keep *Drummer* readers informed about what's going on with leathersmen in the US, Canada, Europe, Australia and elsewhere.

Have you got an event or inside information we should know about? Send press releases, announcements, photos, etc.—as early as possible—to: Reporter, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. □



Continued from page 3

and we heartily congratulate him.

According to our observer, the Chicago show was similar to its predecessors, lots of pageantry and little innovation. There have been criticisms in the past of the contest's large, unmanageable stageful of hopeful candidates (fortunately this year only half of last's) with many to be eliminated before the show begins. Naturally this results in huge disappointments for those who, after the paid-for trip and high expectations, are unable to compete. This year the final judging included twenty men whom the

audience had to hear make their "Why I want to represent leather everywhere" speech. Perhaps this is unavoidable. *DRUMMER* prefers to hold all the eliminations before anyone is shipped to San Francisco. And all the contestants are title holders already.

We have also eliminated judges in the final, leaving the choice to the large audience who vote by secret ballot. This eliminates the sort of mini-scandal that unfortunately erupted in, of all places, a Chicago-area straight paper reporting the relationship of one of their judges to one

of the International Mr. Leather runners-up.

The best thing going for International Mr. Leather's big night is best put in the words of Anthony Bruno, director of the Mr. *Drummer* contest, who went to Chicago to observe: "The biggest thing to make that contest what it is are the people and community spirit in Chicago. There are parties in bars, homes and anywhere else people can have them. Gay Chicago loves to entertain and they do it well."

Well said.

—John H. Embry
DRUMMER 19

MALECALL

TAKING IT ON THE BALLS

I love your magazine! Always look for it each month. Great material!

The best things you've ever done: The shave issue of several years ago (*Drummer* 31) was absolutely great, loved seeing that body exposed—everything hidden coming into view, even that fantastic pucker; also loved the description of Animal taking it on the balls in the Whitewater Run article (*Drummer* 69) about a year ago; and those wonderful Zeus pix of Rocco in the love chair (*Drummer* 71).

To the future: I'd love to see more of Rocco (with a good, complete shave, including his head) in the love chair; a juicy picture series of a guy on a medical examining table, legs up and spread wide apart in the stirrups, getting a full shave, followed by some ball work on nice set of nuts; an article by John Preston (who writes well) on training to enlarge an M's ability to take discipline on the balls (I'm thinking you can't do much by way of pictures on this); and a contest for pictures of the biggest, lowest hanging sac, the most gaping juicy hole (not filled, but after it is really opened), and the firmest, most protruding nips around.

I've been getting into my balls more and more recently. I use a stretcher or a parachute with about five pounds on it, and I'm beginning to enjoy slow application of leather on my balls.

How about it? Keep up the good work.

Pete
Philadelphia, PA

GERMAN LEATHER, JAI

Drummer 83 was just great! I was glad to see you return after two issues to glossy pages for the photo spreads. (Yes, I'd buy *Drummer* if it was printed on toilet paper, but your great work deserves better!) Mark I. Chester's report and photos of the San Francisco Bondage Club were real eye-openers, and Robert Payne's "Dynasty" spoof was a hoot. The fiction was hot (especially Don Perry's "Cockwalk"—can't wait for the conclusion), and Bill Ward's artwork is looking better than ever.

But—the biggest turn-on for me in the whole issue were those two drawings by German artist Uli, from a Berlin leather-bar calendar, on the first page of your Report section. Who is Uli, where does he find his inspiration—and can't you show us some more of his work? This is the type of leather art that hits my spot, a perfect balance of sleek, polished beauty and rugged manliness.

JBD

Cambridge, MA

(Editor's note: Uli is an up-and-coming German leather artist; our only contact with him—so far—is through the calendars he's done the past two years for Berlin's Knast Bar. It's beautiful work, we agree—so here's another to spark your fantasies.)

PRESTON'S LANDMARK

"The Heir," by John Preston (issue 82), has to be one of the landmarks of *Drummer's* publishing history. As far as I'm concerned, it ranks right up there with *Mr. Benson* and *The Brig* as significant fiction in *Drummer*. Even though I'm a partisan of John Preston, I'll have to say that "The Heir" is the best stuff he's done so far.

As I was reading it, I kept thinking of the Spartans, the Sacred Band of Thebes, the Mamelukes of Egypt, and the Knights of Malta; "The Heir," in the skillful way that Preston has written it, could be based on these or many other gay groups. The story appealed to me because of its mixture of history and SM sexuality—a powerful and arresting combination! It intrigued me, how necessity became ritual, which became tradition, which became cultural more, which became law in Preston's story. I've read "The Heir" five times, and found more in it with each reading.

"The Heir" may be the best fiction *Drummer* will publish in 1985—it's already among the best *Drummer* has ever published. Please convey to John Preston my congratulations on a superior achievement.

F.J.
Texas

NO INHERITANCE

Here is one opinion of John Preston's "The Heir" in *Drummer* 82: It is tepid, innocuous, boring, and not nearly as good as Preston's *Mr. Benson*. "The Heir" belongs in one of the many sweet-heart gay publications, but not one devoted primarily to SM!

Give us more one-handed reading like the two Mason Powell stories published in the recent past ("Doom of the Marquis" in *Drummer* 74, "Taxman" in *Drummer* 79). Is Mason Powell really Robert Payne? Powell's stories almost compare with Payne's *Story of Q*.

Name Withheld
Santa Rosa, CA

ITALIAN INVITATION

We are sincerely very happy to have read that *Drummer* tell about the "Crisco Club Florence" like the Popular Macho Bar in Italy. In fact our Club is one of the most interesting point of the leather scene in Italy & Europe (Ref. "International Leather Scene" in *Drummer* 76, page 77).

Sure to be contentment by you and with the best greeting for your 10th anniversary of activity, we wish to write you somethings follows.

To *Drummer's* Customers (which ask for us by letter), Crisco Club Italy gift a Sojourn ala included in Florence (where is the Club) for a period to know. We'll keep in consideration the first 50 *Drummer's* customers which send us a letter with their name, address and phone number, because we need for immediately contact and agreements. Our offer will start from the date of the first number of *Drummer* over it will be publish.

We are sure to get more strong our relations about the International leather scene and very happy to know us man to man.

Marco Guismai
Crisco Club
Via S. Egidio, 43 r.
50100 Florence, Italy

(Editor's note: From the puzzling syntax, we're uncertain of the exact message in

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the letter above, but we assume that Drummer readers who might be visiting Italy soon should get in touch with the Crisco Club first. Some sort of complementary gift or favor is being offered; we're not sure what, but the sentiment is definitely friendly!)

WHO TRAINS WHOM?

There is always so much talk and articles on the care and training of the male slave, but, Sir, how about the training of the male Master? My favorite pastime is taking hunky construction workers, line-

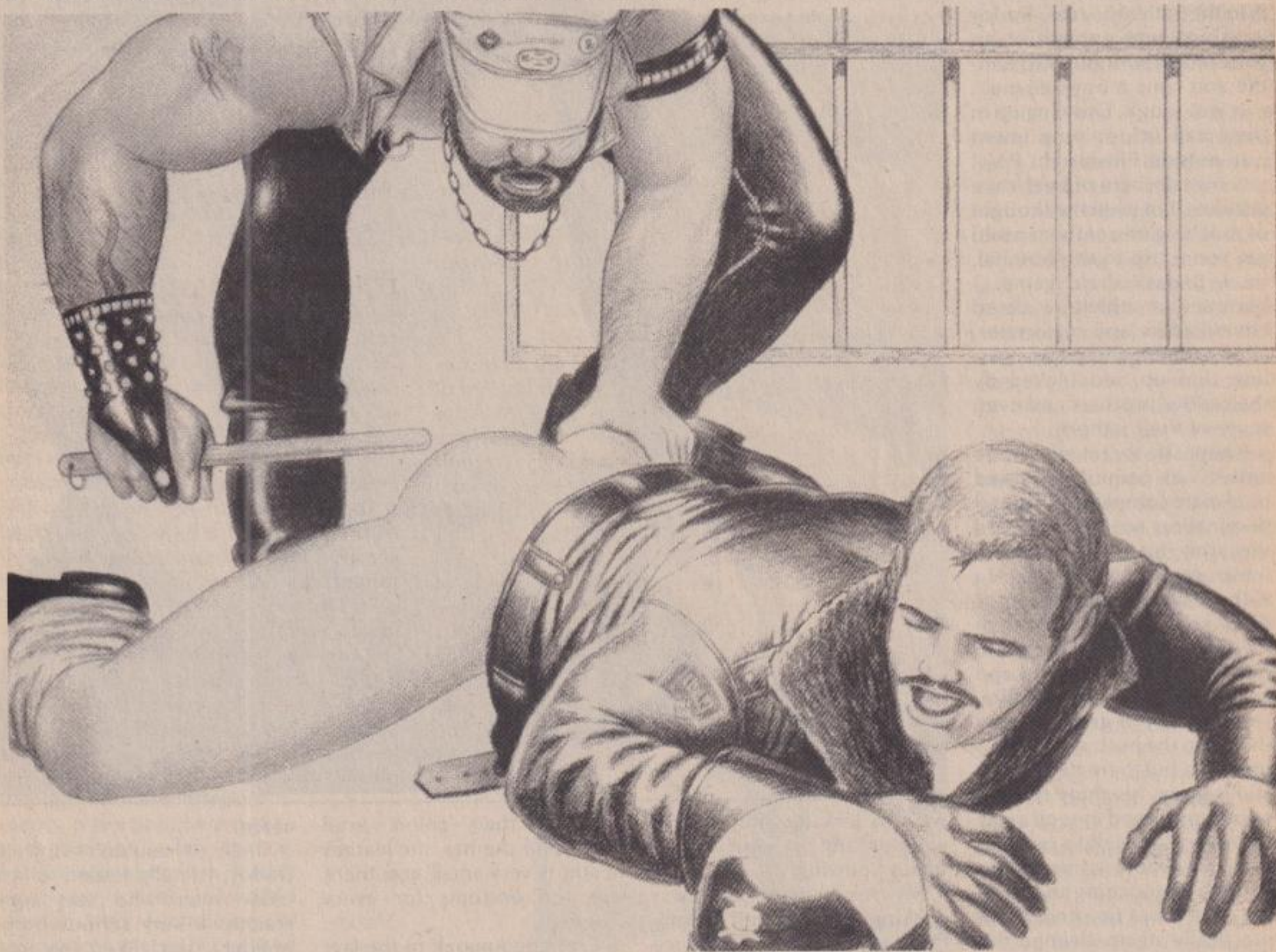
constantly reminded, and rightly so, by the media and Jewish organizations of the millions of human beings who wore the yellow Star of David—millions of men, women and children, entire families who were exterminated because they practiced a religion which was outlawed by their Nazi masters.

But what of the thousands of human beings who died wearing the pink triangle? What was their crime? It was not religion; they were probably representative of all the major religions of this earth. Their crime was being gay, or since this

I ask those who read this to take only a couple of minutes to reflect and then pray in your own way for those of our brothers who were murdered and, it seems, forgotten by the world.

Tom of Virginia

(Editor's note: Your message is well timed and finely put—and you're not alone in your concern. As we go to press, reports have arrived from Hamburg of the unveiling of a pink granite monument at the site of the Neuengamme concentration camp, the first such memorial to at least 250,000 homosexuals



ULI'S MEN: For JBS in Cambridge, another look at the artwork of Uli, from the 1985 calendar of the Berlin leatherbar Knast.

men, etc., teaching them to use a belt, how to piss in and fuck a queer's mouth—most of them catch on real quick. Maybe I should write a book entitled *The Care and Training of the Master by the slave*. What do you think?

Barry Ross
Miami, FL

(Editor's note: We think you need a little lesson in discipline and respect—but then, that would be playing right into your hands, wouldn't it?)

PINK TRIANGLES

As the end of World War II is being commemorated around the world, we are

term was not used in their day, homosexual. They were exterminated because they were different, they had dared to try and express love and caring for someone of the same sex.

So they were harassed, hunted down and finally sent to concentration camps. Lovers were broken up and sent to different camps or forced to watch while their lover was degraded and then murdered in front of their own eyes. Is there no one to mourn for them, are there any wreaths laid at any of the sites of the concentration camps for the ones who wore the pink triangle, are there any memorial services?

killed in Nazi camps. The monument was erected by a group called Independent Alternative Homosexuals, and bears the stark inscription, "Dedicated to the Homosexual victims of National Socialism. 1985.")

STAYING SANE

Thank you for *Drummer* and *Mach*. There are no leather bars in South Carolina and your magazines are my only means of preserving my sanity. Please keep up the excellent work. I just want more and more.

M.H.
South Carolina
DRUMMER 21

DRUMMER DADDIES

HOUSTON STUD-DADDY

I never thought it would happen. After a decade-long search and a few trial and error relationships, I finally walked into the path of a "real" Daddy who was sure enough of his role and man enough to handle and tame a boy like me.

It was tough. Growing up in the small strip-mining towns just outside Pittsburgh, PA, I saw my fair share of beef-cake Daddies, but even the thought of touching one of them could get you a trip to the hospital, so I played their game. I became an athlete, I dated cheerleaders and majorettes, all the time wishing I was getting tied up and fucked by their older brothers and even some of their fathers.

I kept the secret within me and it was painful. I wanted total male companionship and domination so bad, I joined the army for three years. I'll never forget my first run-in with an army drill sergeant. I don't know why he picked on me, but I was glad he did. He made me hit the ground and knock out 50 pushups for him. I was already in great physical shape, so the pushups were no problem, but there he stood in all his glory, his shiny combat boots positioned in such a way that every time I did a pushup, my nose would come within an inch of touching them. By the time I was finished, I had practically steam-cleaned the tips of his boots with my hot breath, although what I would have liked to do was lick those boots every time I went down towards them.

He ordered me at attention and there I stood in front of him with a raging hard-on so obvious through the boxer shorts and baggy fatigues that all that drill sergeant could do was smile and order me back into formation. That night I thought about what had happened and jerked off under my bunk sheets. By the time I got out of the army, I could have written a book on 1001

ways to jerk off and enjoy it without any of your room-mates knowing.

My sexual frustration was peaking by the end of my three-year hitch in the service and, meanwhile, my folks had been transferred to Buffalo, New York, so I shuffled off to Buffalo. I yearned to come out, but I was living with Ma and Pa and that was difficult. Jobs were scarce in Buffalo, so when I was asked to go to work for a company in Rochester, it gave me the opportunity to both "come out" and be employed.

I was, I thought, in seventh heaven once I got to Rochester, but I soon found out that I ended up in a city where being a "queen" is "in," most leather club members don't

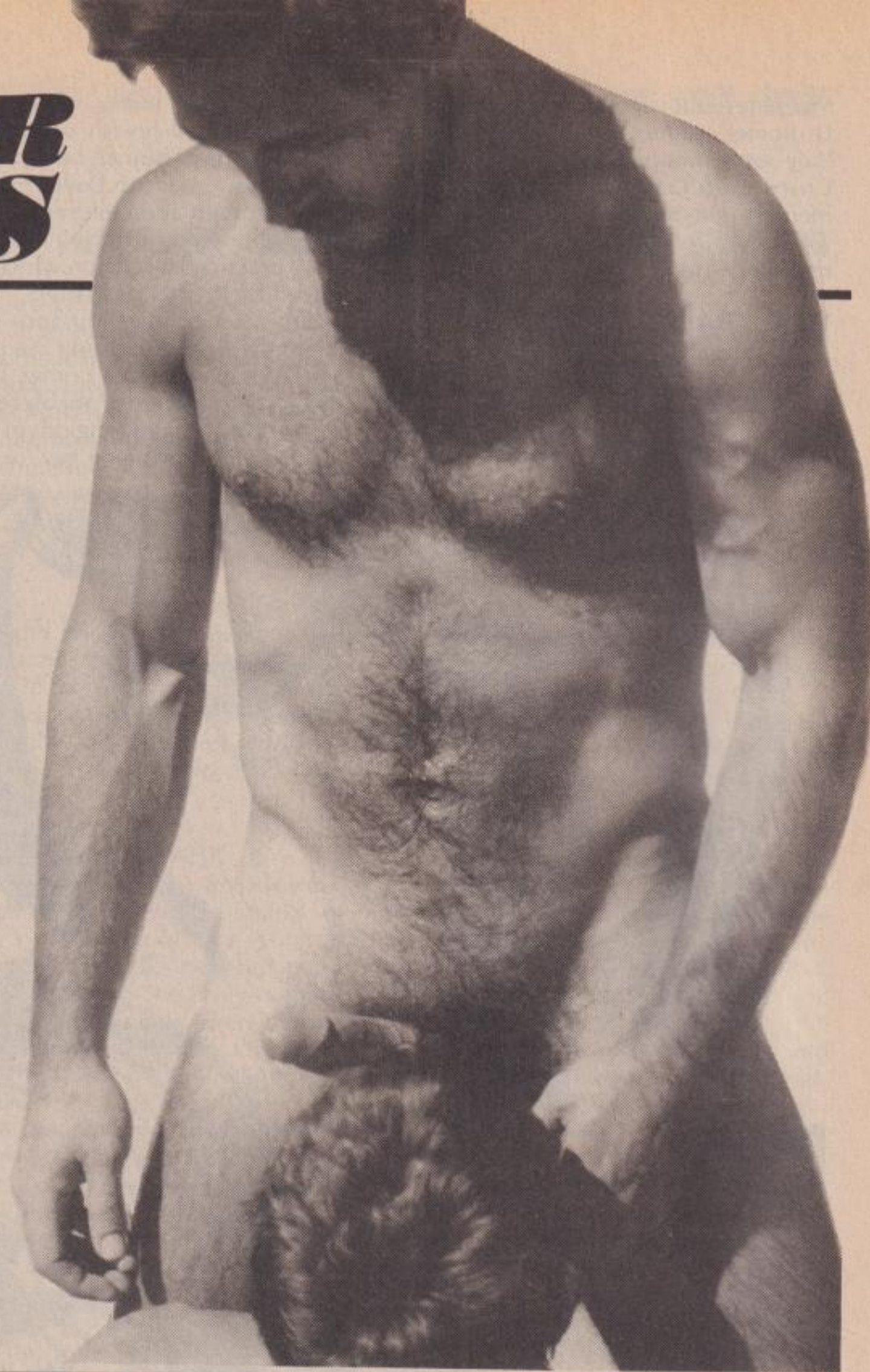
put on their colors until they're in the bar, the leather scene is very small and there are ten bottoms for every Topman.

I resigned myself to the fact that I was going to be limited to the usual one-night stand routine with a stray Daddy that would just happen into town because he was either lost or was too tired to make it all the way to New York City, Boston or some other big city. Just about all the time they would have a boy waiting for them at home. I used to fantasize about how I would prepare myself for my Daddy's return from a trip. Should I shackle myself to his bed? Should I put on my dog collar and tie the leash to the front door? Oh, how I wished I had a Daddy to

serve!

Since I couldn't find a Daddy, I finally settled for an older man who was very macho, a very serious body builder, but liked to get fucked. The relationship lasted five years, and I don't really regret it, because he was a very decent man and made sure that I weight trained with him, so I ended up still very sexually frustrated after five years, but had developed my body beyond what I thought was even possible.

This turn of events had its good points and bad points. Finding a "trick" went from easy to very easy. Before I weight trained, I already had better than a swimmer's build, boyish but rugged good looks, and had been asked several



times to take part in private home videos (I declined). But after the body development, everyone assumed, because of the physique, that I was a Top-man. I just couldn't seem to get it through to these thick-headed guys that this 5-foot-6, compact little stud-boy was flagging red and blue out of his back right-hand pocket because his firm hot little ass was looking for a Daddy, man enough to make it his own and tame it into total servitude. You would have thought I was asking for the impossible, and perhaps I was, from a small city—but then my life took a dramatic change.

I had progressed in my career to the point where I was being sent to other cities for meetings and conventions. Most of the time this meant little opportunity to experience the bars or baths of the cities I would be visiting, but on my way back from a convention in Phoenix, I decided to take a week's vacation in Houston.

There I was, staring into the eyes of Houston. No conventions, no company meetings, just me and one of the most beautiful cities on the face of this planet. I was nervous, but with suitcase and gay-guide firmly in hand, I checked into a guest house in the Montrose section of town, which was indicated in my guide as the gay area of Houston. I kept telling myself that I was here for some fun and not to expect too much, since I had been through so many disappointments in the past. I wanted to give Houston a fair chance, and my apprehensions quickly gave way to the incredible warmth and friendliness of everyone I met as I checked into the guest house.

I knew I was in the right place when the guest house owner stood in the doorway of my room and asked, "Where's a boy like you gonna go on a Friday night in Houston?" I could hardly answer his question, I was grinning from ear to ear. Finally I was in a city where they could tell the difference between a boy and a Daddy!

"I don't know," I said, "What do you suggest?"

He looked me over, up and down, and then said, "Well, boys like you don't last long

around here," and then went on to give me the names of four and five bars around the area which I quickly jotted down and stuffed in my wallet. I wasn't sure how to handle this Daddy's last comment. My mind was humming. Does Houston already have too many boys? Was I going to get attitude? Or was it that this Daddy saw a longing in the eyes of a boy from a small city that he'd seen a hundred times before?



I didn't care. I knew I could handle myself. I might be a boy, I thought, but I am a brute and I'd had my share of tumbles with the big guys.

I looked myself over one last time before leaving my room. I had used the guest house weights before showering and the blood rushing through my arms, chest and legs felt great. My nipples were already erect and obvious through my tank top in anticipation of Houston's leather bars. I was hot. I

looked at the mirrored image of a boy in black boots, ripped and faded levi's, sleeveless tank top and leather vest. Perfect, I thought, as I fastened the leather armband around my right biceps. I was ready, I just hoped Houston was.

It was.

I was nervous, to put it mildly. It took me the first three bars just to settle down enough to stay for more than one drink, but it became obvious right from the start

before the bar quit serving booze and went after-hours. The bar had a back exit which led into a very large private courtyard area. The place was getting packed with studs coming over from the other bars. I decided to go out to the courtyard for some air and found it was also very busy.

While finding my way through the crowd I made up my mind on two things: First, it is a fact that they grow 'em big in Texas, not a myth; Second, when you're only 5½ feet tall, you have to protect your face from elbows when in crowded Texas bars.

But I loved it; I was in seventh heaven. Once I got a grip, I looked around me and saw Daddies in all their hot and masculine glory standing everywhere, and a lot of them were looking right at me! Not just your normal casual type of cruise look, but a look that was piercing, a look that felt hot and demanding. I started to feel like the only cow in a herd of bulls, so I walked around the courtyard a few times both to take the edge off my nerves and check out the whole group. It was like trying to choose one out of 30 or 40 equally hot Daddies. I decided to sit for a while and think about it when suddenly I didn't have to think anymore.

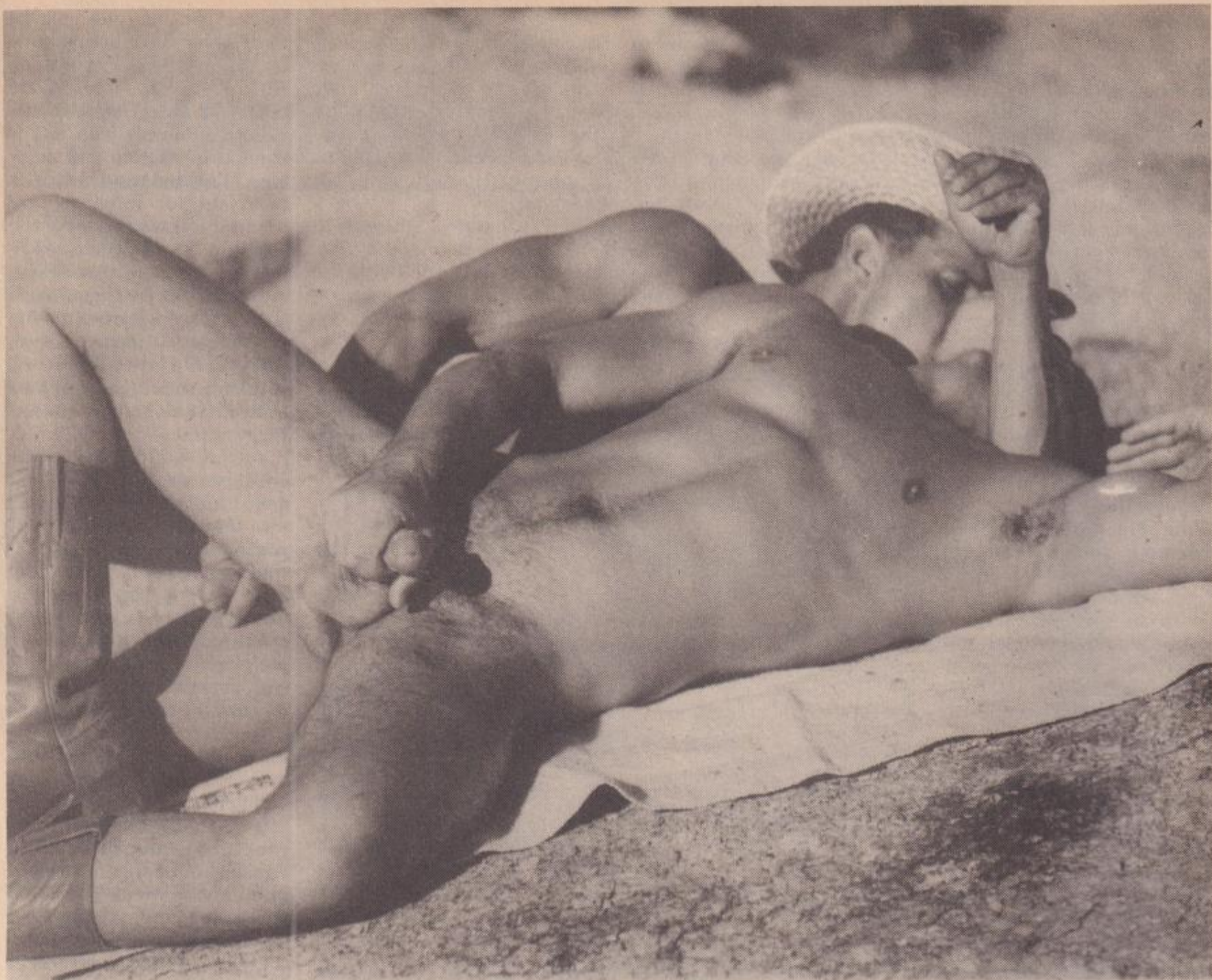
I felt his presence as soon as he walked into the courtyard. It was as if a spirit had tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Hey, look at this one!" A second after I saw this man he looked right at me and our eyes locked. He stopped and leaned up against a post about forty feet away from me, his eyes and mine still locked in intense probing. This continued forever, it seemed, but it had been only five minutes. Someone who knew him walked up and our visual bond was broken.

I found myself trying to wish this intruder away. Fortunately, he didn't hang around this stud-Daddy very long. We locked eyes again. I finished my drink. "This is it," my mind was yelling at me. "Go for it, go for it," I kept telling myself, and I stood up.

Only forty feet away from me stood a Daddy who embodied everything my mind had ever constructed in fantasy. His hot intense glare

that the scene was going to be hot, and there were plenty of Daddies ready, willing and wanting to prove that they were more than able to take charge over this hot little boy. By the time I had one drink down in the fourth bar, some of the Daddies were circling me like Indians around a conestoga wagon, but I had one more bar to go.

It was close now to 2 a.m. I had timed the arrival of my last stop so I could get last call



demanded me to approach him. My body felt as though this Daddy had already taken control. I wanted him to, I needed him to, and then I found myself standing before him. I set my empty cup down on the table next to him without saying a word. There he was, 6-feet-2, 200 pounds of muscular manhood, reddish-brown hair and a Rusty Jones moustache, ice-blue eyes which glared down at me. I was speechless.

After a few seconds of forever had passed, I finally spoke. "Hi, my name is Jim, what's yours?" And in that deep rich Texas accent which only a yankee can truly appreciate he said, "Name's Bob, how'r you?"

"A lot better, now that I've finally met you," I replied, praying that I didn't sound too nervous. We stood there silently, just looking at each other for another couple of

minutes, then he took my hand in his, looked down at me and said, "Ready to go home with me, boy?"

"Yes, Sir," I answered as we had already begun walking toward the exit. When we got to the door, Bob stopped, turned to me with a jerk and said, "From now on, you're to call me Daddy." And with that statement he squeezed my hand tight and pulled me through the exit and into his world.

The boy is back in Rochester now, but not for long. The decade-long search for a true Daddy is over. I've decided between loving my career and loving my Daddy, and Daddy won. Actually, it was no contest. I love my Daddy more than I've ever loved anything, and in a few short weeks we'll have the rest of our lives for me to prove it to you. I promise to be a good boy. I love you, Daddy.

Forever in your love and servitude.

Boy Jim
Rochester, NY

A SON BY ANY OTHER NAME

I have been into the SM scene for going on 20 of my 37 years, working my way up the ropes, so to speak, from a frustrated slave/bottom/boy to a Master/Top/Daddy. The scene 20 years ago in Tidewater, Virginia is not to much different from what it is today. I know what it's like being an 18-year-old, up-and-coming bottom, meeting an apparently hot Top, being taken home and tied up, then hearing those famous last words from the Top, "What do I do next?"—it can really ruin your night.

At the tender age of 19 I was drafted into the Army, and sure as shit, right after high

school graduation I was sent to Vietnam. It was there that I learned a great respect for life and survival. As I look back on it, I don't regret having been drafted because it gave me a great opportunity to travel; during that time I spent a year in Vietnam with a week's R&R in Hong Kong, three years in Hawaii, two in Texas, one in Georgia, and three years in Europe. It was during this time that my experience as a bottom grew, through chance encounters in Texas with a member of the Texas Riders, and members of CHC in Chicago and others along the way.

I'm now getting to a point in my life where I feel the need for someone to carry on for me, to learn everything I know. It is my belief that a slave/bottom/boy is a reflection of his Master. A good son should enhance his Dad, just as a Dad should enhance his

son. What do I look for in a son? he should be old enough to know what he wants out of life, up to 25 years of age. The shape of his body is unimportant—he will be enrolled in a body building program and molded to my specs; he will continue his formal education as well as his education in SM; everywhere I go, he goes; he will be entered in contests; and I expect complete love and loyalty from him.

I thank you for printing this. If there are any slaves/bottoms/boys who fit the above, have them contact me through *Drummer*.

Tom of Virginia
(*Drummer* Box TC-1099)

BOSSMAN'S DADDY

No one in Houston knows of the special relationship my Daddy and I have, but my Daddy ordered me to write about ours because he wants us to do our part to keep *Drummer Daddies* alive and well.

It almost seems as though our relationship was destined to happen. My Daddy and I grew up together, although he is seven years older than me. For as long as I can remember, he was the older brother I never had, taking me with him to ball games, on hikes, camping. Sex was never a topic of conversation between us.

As the years passed, each of us went his own way, seeing each other only when we happened to be home visiting our parents at the same time. I found myself very attracted to him during those rare visits but never said anything. I was still very much in the closet.

When I was 28, my father returned and turned the family business over to me. It continued to grow, and within a year I saw the need for a sales manager. I contracted the services of a professional executive placement agency. They provided resumes of three individuals and, much to my surprise, one of them was my Daddy's. I hired him, and our close friendship was rekindled. After a couple of months, I confided in him, telling him I was gay, that I had been attracted to him all my life and admired his strong personality. He listened in-

tently but never opened up about himself. He just listened while I spilled my guts to him.

A couple of months later, he walked into my office and closed the door behind him. He looked at me for a long time and then said, "I've given a lot of thought to what you told me about yourself. Today is your 29th birthday and I've decided to offer you a present. I'm only going to offer it once. I've known you all your life and I believe I know what is missing in it. The present I am offering you is to be your Daddy. I will give you the love, support, guidance and yes, the discipline you want and need. Professionally, nothing will change; the people who work here will continue to see you as the boss. But in private, I

and my Daddy proceeded to apply the strap until I was red from my ankles to my shoulders. My Daddy wasn't satisfied with the results until I was shaking in pain and sobbing. I strongly considered rejecting his present, until he took me in his arms and comforted me with more tenderness that I'd ever received.

About an hour later, he stood and ordered me into the bathroom. My Daddy said that I needed to learn self-control. He could teach me this by giving me an enema and making me hold it. While he prepared the enema, I followed his orders and knelt in the bathtub and waited nervously. He hung the huge bag on the showerhead and inserted the tube into my exposed ass. The

point that he had given me the best present I could ever hope for. I would be proud to be his son.

The following morning, he gave me another enema and then inserted a buttplug, which he strapped firmly in place. We dressed and went to the office, no one aware of the welts and the plug concealed under my three-piece suit. Throughout the day, both served as a constant reminder to me that I had a new Daddy.

In the past two years, the punishments have grown more severe and my Daddy seems to have no limit to new ideas for keeping me in my place. Sometimes he will order me into the bathroom just before a sales meeting and put tit clamps on me. Under my vest they are invisible, but he knows they are there and the pain they are producing.

Last week he handed my a piece of Ivory soap, carved into the shape of a large bullet. My Daddy and I were just about to meet with a new client. Daddy said, "Before you come into my office, I want you to soak this for a minute and insert it up your ass." I obeyed him, but I can tell you it was the most uncomfortable meeting I'd ever sat through! He watched me squirm for two hours, smirking at me and rubbing his crotch when the client wasn't looking. My own cock was hard as a rock the whole time. Afterwards he took me into the bathroom and made me suck him off before he allowed me to remove the soap.

Do I regret accepting Daddy's birthday present? Absolutely not! I know he loves me and I love him. It pleases him when I pass the tests he puts me through. I am very lucky. I hope your other *Drummer Sons* find their Daddies.

Boss with a Secret
Houston, TX

Do you have a Daddy/son story to tell? Don't just sit there jerking off—get off your ass and write it out (or better yet, type it and save us the eye-strain). You'll get off when you see your story in print—and so will a lot of other Daddies and sons! Send to: Drummer Daddies, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. □

"Today is your 29th birthday and I've decided to offer you a present. I'm only going to offer it once... The present I am offering you is to be your Daddy... If you decide to accept my gift—and the submission that goes with it—be at my house tonight at eight o'clock."

will be your boss and you will submit to whatever I feel will benefit you. I don't want you to answer right now. I want you to think about it. If you decide to accept my gift—and the submission that goes with it—be at my house tonight at eight o'clock."

At eight o'clock sharp, I knocked on his door.

That evening was the beginning of our relationship and my training. My Daddy has his own unique set of goals for me and very effective methods to see that I achieve them. The goal of the first evening was to give me a complete taste of what discipline and punishment was all about and, after receiving it, I would be given my last opportunity to reject his birthday gift. I would receive two forms of punishment that evening. First, I was ordered to strip and spread-eagle myself face-down on the bed. I obeyed immediately

white, soapy water began to flow into me and I grunted and strained to hold it. The minutes seemed to turn into hours and still the enema poured into me. When I felt as though I would lose control, I felt Daddy pull the tube out of me. All he said was, "Remember, if you can't hold it, we'll have to start from the beginning again." In the silence of the bathroom, my own animal-like sounds seemed to amplify as I struggled to contain the enema. My Daddy watched me carefully and seemed to smile each time a new wave of cramps set in. I worked hard to maintain the control my Daddy wanted. After a very long time, he gave me permission to let the enema go.

After a hot shower, my Daddy took me to bed and fucked me. He was rough, but afterwards I wallowed in his tenderness, and knew at that

DRUMSTICKS

Epitaph for a Dog Slave

Allow me, Sir, to introduce myself, an insolent young pup who wanted to be left tied up, a cur just asking for abuse.

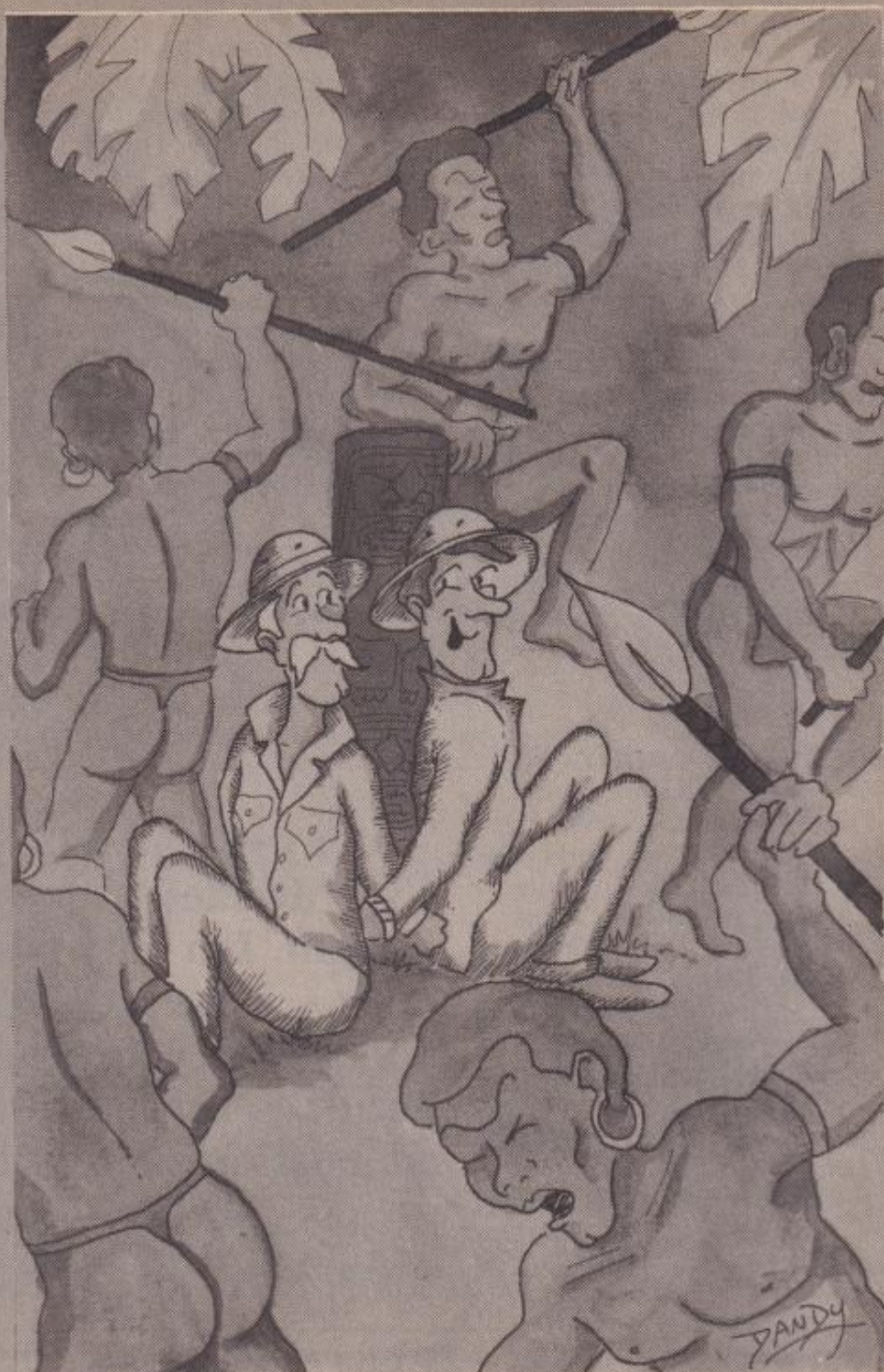
In need of training, for a fact, I carried my own leash and whip and practiced how to whine and nip, to get my tail end soundly smacked.

I liked a heavy guy, a bruiser, a strict disciplinarian, a ramrod military man who pegged me for a all-time loser.

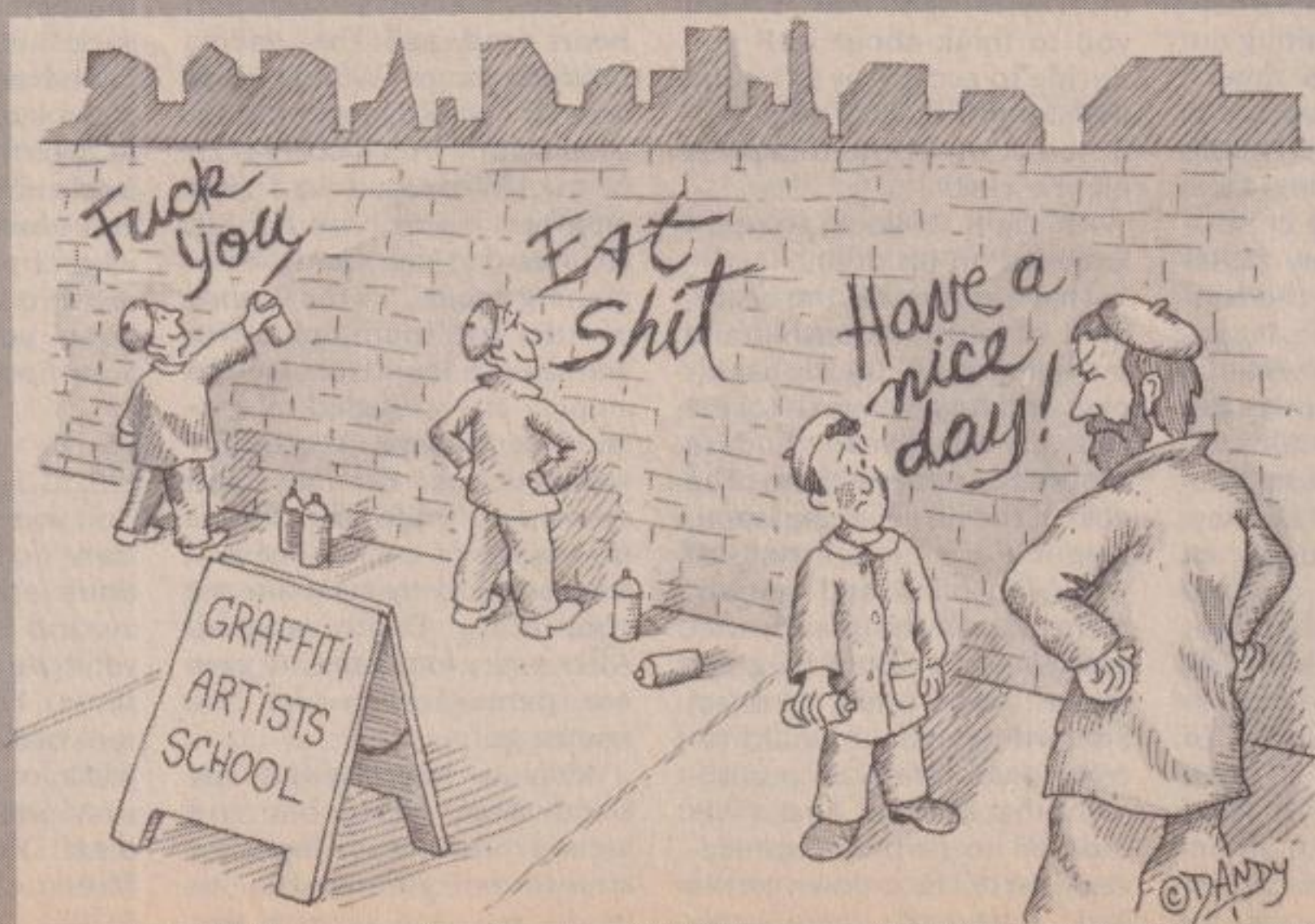
Down on my knees to beg for favor, I licked his cruddy boots and feet. Humiliation so complete had an extraordinary flavor!

No lack of empathy could dim it, and though I had a few close calls with crazies out to bust my balls, only here have I reached my limit.

—Robert Boucheron



If I could just get my hands free, I could beat off one last time!"



Cockwalk

CONCLUSION:

If you think being held delicately poised on the edge of orgasm—trembling, gasping, gnashing your teeth, biting your tongue and lips, balling your fists, flexing your muscles, waiting in screaming silence to be tipped over into the world of mindless, convulsive ecstasy—is too intense...at the moment it is all you live for. Just that. Nothing else matters...

By DON PERRY

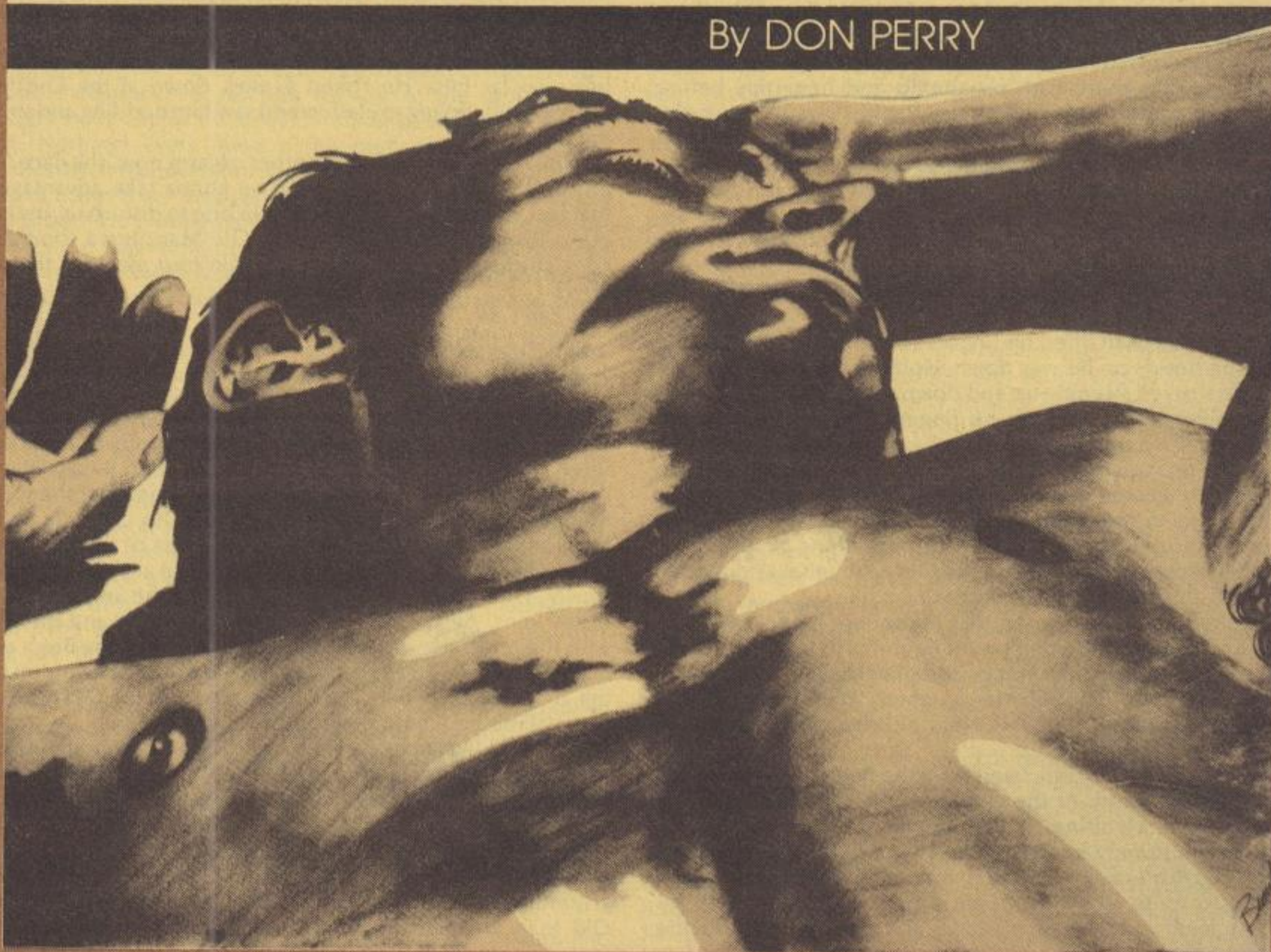


Illustration: Beauford Stowell

The Boy tilted his head back and twitched as the Old Man's hot, moist mouth devoured his nose. He saw stars. Heard the wind whistle through his brain. Felt a dripping, broad probe slither into each nostril, drilling deep, seeking his throat. He pulled himself free of the leeching orifice and shook his head violently to clear it. He snorted the Old Man's saliva and swallowed, almost came then. He planted his feet wider, dug his toes firmly into the turf, and balked. He cleared his nose and let the slime slide slowly to his belly. He wanted to come badly now. His meat-impacted guts contracted in sympathy like an iron claw, and he heard the Old Man's wavering moan in answer. They hung together.

The Old Man's glistening, nude body gleamed with bunched muscle as he strained to keep the Boy on his toes. His ass, beaded with sweat, flexed into firmly dimpled, perfect globes as he bent his knees and bored upward with his hips. He held the Boy steady with his hands clamped around the Boy's hard, narrow waist. His long, swollen cock was shoved belly-deep up into the Boy's virgin asshole, and was being sucked deeper by an internal vacuum that caused part of his ball sac and pubic hairs to be drawn up into the ravenous hole.

"You've wanted this so bad for so long," the Old Man whispered rapturously. They were in the middle of the old lady's back lawn. It was almost dark. Night sounds had begun to fill the air with chirping and croaking, and illusive piping shadows flittered through the trees. The grass was cool under their bare, rocking feet. They shifted and shivered slightly. The Boy was groaning, a low rumbling like a cornered animal ready to attack. His body was alive under the Old Man's hands, his muscles spasming, jerking and quivering. His hard-on sliced up into the evening air like a bobbing scimitar, long and slim and wickedly curved.

The Old Man began stroking the Boy's slick, sleek flanks with his powerful gripping hands. He stroked down over the Boy's trembling hips that cradled his gut-stuffing meat between them, then down onto the downy, solid thighs. He kneaded the corded muscle there with his thumb and fingertips before massaging upward again over the flanks. Upward over the smooth, taut ribcage. The tips of his fingers snagged briefly on those jutting, pouting tits and made the Boy snarl and drool. Then further upward until his hands cupped the bushy, dripping armpits. The Boy's arms shot straight up into the air, exposing his pits in total submission for the Old Man to maul. But the Old Man started to rub down again...

Oh, no! My tits! Not again! The Boy gritted his teeth. *Jesus! I can't, his mind shrieked, I'll come!*

But the Old Man lifted his fingers and ignored the extended pleading bosses on his way down. Holding the Boy away from him, he stroked strongly up and down the Boy's body. Up and down, relentlessly, drawing his fingers back and around the overly sensitive nipples each time he neared them.

"Come on, you hot, dancin' dick rider," the Old Man spat at the Boy. He geared down slightly with his hips, giving the Boy some room to move, and was satisfied when the Boy's hips began to thrust in small, jerking, fucking motions, almost unnoticeable except for the suction the Old Man felt way down on the wrist-thick, hairy hilt of his cock.

"Ummmm—Yeah! Loosen that impaction, kiddo," the Old Man encouraged. "We don't want rigor mortis to set in, do we? You want to come before you go completely out of your fuckin' mind, don't you?" The Old Man laughed. "Well, your Old Man knows just what to do, baby. Hold on a sec while I make an adjustment here."

The Old Man freed one hand from the Boy's body and raised it to the Boy's head. At the same time, he slid his other hand quickly up to a pulsing, aching nipple and squeezed it hard, twirling the stumpy knob back and forth like he was tuning a radio. The Boy's cock twanged sharply, and an almighty scream started to erupt from his throat. The Old Man clamped his poised hand over the Boy's face, abruptly shutting off the unholy noise. The Boy's body thrashed and fucked madly a few seconds before a single rope of ripe, breeding seed exploded

from the end of his rigid dong.

"There goes another guaranteed, sure-fire baby that some bitch won't get knocked up with," the Old Man chuckled to himself, and he took immediate emergency action.

Oh, yes, he was ready for the Boy this time. He knew exactly what he had to do. He pulled the Boy to his knees, mounting him on his lap. He stretched out his legs, inside the Boys' and instructed him in harsh, barked commands to turn around and face him as he laid back. As soon as the Boy was facing him, saddled on potent, splayed thighs, he reached up and slapped the Boy forcefully across both cheeks, backhanding the right cheek with a teeth-jarring smack. Three drops of dribbling spunk oozed from the head of the Boy's jiggling prick before the flow stopped altogether. All of this was accomplished in just under ten seconds.

And now the Boy started to cry. Broken, muffled sobs quietly reached the Old Man's ears. Tears streamed down the Boy's face and fell into the Old Man's heaving belly hairs, filling his hair-choked navel.

"Easy, Boy. Easy now," the Old Man grinned meanly. "I've been usin' ya pretty hard. I know. Settle down. Relax your ass. And stop diggin' those knees so hard into my ribs, Boy. You ain't gonna fall off. Not the way you're mounted. Right on the horn of my saddle, baby. Diggin' deep. Dick-diggin' deep."

As soon as the Boy loosened the abdominal vice he held on the Old Man's torso with his deep-squatting legs, his ass and thigh muscles relaxed automatically, causing him to sink firmly and snugly onto the hilt of the Old Man's hips like they were made for each other. And the Old Man's cock was drilled, bored, sunk up into his perched body so far, the boy couldn't figure out just where the fat-feeling head was buried. In his belly? It felt full, like it was up in there. But his spine felt different too. Like he had a splint nudged in alongside it, keeping his body erect. He knew if he tried to move he would have to do so very carefully, so as not to puncture or break something vital. Oooooooo, MAN! He was glutted; stuffed so full...so far into. He risked a peek down at the Old Man through stiff, drying eyelashes and saw him nodding and smirking up at him.

"You're a long way from another orgasm now, shit-face," he growled nastily, "and baby, are we gonna take advantage of that fact. It's dark now. No lights. No one to disturb us, my little pony. Ready to take a ride on the Old Man? Just a short one? Long strides on a short course? Wiggle your ass! Wag that tail, Boy!"

"I can't, sir," the Boy yowled.

"What's this I'm hearin'?"

"It hurts!"

The Old Man hoisted his ass off the ground, lifting the Boy with him. The Boy leaned back a bit and remained perfectly erect, instead of pitching forward. The Boy grimaced, but kept silent. The Old Man lowered him slowly, then jerked him up again until only his shoulders and heels supported them. The Boy oooooohed and aaaaaahed and kept his carefully poised position, his knotted legs hugging the sides of the Old Man's body. The Old Man began bucking hard, up and down. At first, slowly. Then faster, harder, demonstrating the awesome force of his loins. All the muscles in his body corded and bunched with the effort. He grunted and guffawed when the Boy's arms began to flail, his head snapping back each time he flew up into the air. He looked like a bucking bronco. But the Old Man was one stallion he would never bust.

"You ride like a goddamned dude, Boy. Loosen up. It won't hurt ya so bad. Relax." He could feed his deep dick churning the Boy's guts with every move, reaming the hole wider, slackening the snug hold it had on his punishing pecker.

The Old Man heaved his butt upward with one almighty, jouncing jolt, flinging the Boy forward. The Boy's hands hit the ground, palms down, just above the Old Man's shoulders. The Old Man lifted his body off the ground using his arms, and pressed it up against the Boy's. The contact was electric. Hairy, hard manpecks mashing into lean, fuzzy, big-titted boypecks.

Their tense abdomens rose and fell with their heavy breathing, touching in tingling contact briefly each time. The two impressive bodies strained together; rubbed together. The Old Man's hairy chest scrubbed and bent the Boy's long nipples flat between them.

The Old Man stared intensely into the Boy's eyes, which were only inches from his. He plumbed the depths of the Boy's soul. He wanted to lock lips with this panting, bare-assed Boy, who had his dick drilled so deep in him, filling him with a lust so overpowering his sweating body was a mass of goose-bumps. But he knew better not to. The Boy was hungry. His eyes bugged with a fiery, passionate desire. He was moaning with a lost, pleasure-racked profoundness, leaning into the Old Man. His hot, sweet breath burst from his mouth like a chugging exhaust. The Old Man drank it in, sucked the moist jets and savored them.

"I know," he whispered softly to the Boy. "You've already told me. You don't have to put it into words again. You're all mine now." He leaned back and pushed the Boy back into an erect mount.

The Boy relaxed his legs and wiggled his ass. His inflamed, invaded bowel rippled like tender-feeling fingers around the immense helmet of hot meat. He stroked the front of his torso lovingly; slowly. His numb, wet, prickling skin stretched tight and thin over his tucked-in, undulant abdomen, over his thrusting chest with its red, reaching nipples.

The Boy squared his shoulders back further. He put his hands behind his head and flexed his muscles, stretching and twisting his upper body. He knew the Old Man was watching his every move, every small response. And he knew he looked real good. His tits protruded far out, like beacons searching for attention. He flexed his pecs this way and that, showing off his tits to the Old Man from every thrusting angle. He rode the Old Man strongly for several seconds, rising straight up off the big dong and nearly reaching the head, before he had to lower himself slowly, keeping that fat forearm of meat directly centered in his clutching channel. He felt the friction of the sliding cock through every cell in his body. Nothing could ever feel that good. Nothing! Every move of his body now was made to reconfirm that wonder. And each time he was amazed, thrilled, to learn it was true. And getting better. His deep knee-squats felt so good! He pumped his ass for another full minute, grunting out loud each time he sank down onto the Old Man. His hard-on nodded angrily, and the Boy noticed the Old Man lick his lips as he watched the handsome erection bob up and down in front of his face.

The Old Man caressed and kneaded the Boy's muscular, hairy legs, resisting the temptation to grab the floating dong and dub it. He watched the Boy's tight pouch of furry eggs descend to his belly and felt the hot nuts dig into him for a moment before the Boy lifted off again. The Boy rode him beautifully, his stiffly cocked body pistoning and hunching and grunting. The Boy still held his hands behind his head.

"What a showoff you are," the Old Man groaned, holding his hips steady for the Boy.

The Boy's face was contorted in a rictus of sensuality. They made love with their eyes. The Old Man purred under his breath. The Boy vocalized in a variety of lecherous, inhuman cries; just the way anyone enjoying a big dick would. Their bodies said the rest. The Old Man began to rock his hips furiously, jabbing up at the Boy's falling ass, soldily jamming home the last few difficult inches. He was surprised the Boy came all the way back down for it. But getting it all into him was what he seemed to want most. When it was all the way in him, when his big ass flattened into the cradle of the Old Man's hips, his knees would slam into the Old Man's ribs, and his slippery buns would slide around the hilt of the trunk he was mounted on, grinding it deeper in. The Boy obviously craved all the Old Man had to give him.

The Old Man was sincerely comforted by this action. He knew he was opening the Boy to a lifetime of other men, some of whom would be hung even heavier than he was. And the Boy

would be able to take on all comers, including his monstrously pole-cocked friend Virgil. That was something he wanted to be right there to watch. The Boy was going to have to invent a whole series of new responses for that one.

He watched the Boy take a couple more leaping bounds on his dick. He watched the trim, taut torso twist and stretch and flex. It was a very gamy riding style for a rank beginner. And especially on such a big cock. The ass-lips couldn't quite kiss the head this way. But he knew it was feeling good. And it was a very pretty sight to see. The Boy was giving it all to him, showing everything—thrusting his tingling tits out for Daddy to play with—spreading his legs in a wide, bouncing, yawning split, opening his crotch to show Daddy how fucking hot he was, giving the Old Man a quick shot of his own mucus-glistening, bloated shaft sticking straight up just below the Boy's tightly drawn balls, before he squatted deeply to swallow the steaming meat again up into his gluttonous ass.

The Old Man captured the Boy's hips in his hands on the next downstroke and held him down. "That was a nice little practice run you just took." There was admiration in the Old Man's voice. "Excellent response. I liked the hands behind the head routine, and the tension it put on your tits. A lot of guys get embarrassed by their hard-ons and the way they ride out there in front of them. Takes some of the oomph out of their humpin'. You not only enjoy being hard, you love to watch it dance when you ride. When you first started to ride, you were strokin' yourself with your hands. That was hot. I'm gonna teach ya to make love to your body with your hands when ya ride. I'm gonna show you a real raunchy way to ride a man. You're good enough for the big time, kid. Good enough to ride for the money. Real, live, fuck-show ridin'. But your only audience will be me. Think of it as an audition. We'll call your new style Easy Rider. You'll ride like you're workin' for the big O and gettin' dangerously close right from the first good buck of your ass. Towards the end, you'll be ridin' like you're comin' continuously. There won't be any part of your body you can leave alone with your hands. They'll be all over you, strokin', kneadin', playin' and havin' a horny fuckin' field day. You'll cup your balls and your tits and pout obscenely at me like a goddamned tramp, while your ass bucks and fucks in an easy rhythm that uses every inch of my stud horsecock. You'll reach back and play with your buns and strain with your fingers to feel the burning thickness speared up inside you."

The Boy squirmed and whined, his crying jag long forgotten. He had his hands clasped behind his back now. Any position to make his chest thrust tighter. He also found that the more he sucked in his tummy and ground down on the Old Man's pelvis, the more stress he put on his pud, which was so hard now it hardly bounced at all. Every beat of his heart made it jiggle maddeningly. He kept looking from his big boner to the Old Man and back. The Old Man looked at the splendid dong, up at the Boy and back. Suddenly they both started laughing. It was just what they needed.

"Go, Boy," the Old Man ordered. "Ride that big fucker. Wait! Wait! Not just yet. I got a little trick that'll help ya."

The Old Man made a circle with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand and slipped it over the shiny bald noggin of the Boy's hard-on. He let it rest just behind the flaring ridge of the crown.

"There. Now ya got somethin' to fuck, Boy. Instead of thin air. Try it once. Nice 'n easy, Rider."

The Boy unclasped his hands from behind his back and slid them down to his packed ass. He cupped the big buns and pulled himself up off the long, stabbing cock, thrusting forward as he did so. His own erection slid easily through the ring the Old Man held on him.

"Keep comin', Boy. Way up. Take my hand with you." The Boy had his dick completely buried through the Old Man's fingers. He loved the things that hot hand was doing to him as he continued pressing into it on his way to the top. He felt like his guts were falling out; like he was taking a humongous dump. At this angle, he could feel every bump, ridge and vein

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on the bloated fuck-pole that was sliding out of him like slick
shit. He felt his pouting ass-lips hugging the shaft, dragging
down on it, desperately trying to hold it in, to keep it from
falling out. His fingers dug into his hard buns as he lifted further
and further. Was there no end to this cock? His body arched
painfully. His knees dug through the grass and hit pay dirt. Yes,
there was an end to this cock, alright. He felt it slam into his anus
and strain it wide before bouncing back into the waiting room
where it remained lodged like a balled fist.

"Hold it right there!" the Old Man barked. The Boy had risen
so far forward the Old Man could lift his head and lick the Boy's
balls. But he didn't. Because he could smell the Boy's ass. It was
a rich, funky, virgin odor that mingled heavenly with the sweaty
musk of the Boy's crotch. The Old Man knew if he laid his
tongue in there now, it would never see the back of his teeth
again. But what a view! He let his fingers dig into the wet crevice
alongside the Boy's equipment and soak up some of the heady
Boy smell. He wanted to rub it all over him, to wallow in it. He
was contemplating some serious face-sitting when he felt the
Boy's uplifted ass begin to make tight little circle-jerks around
the stout head of his love muscle.

"Boy, you know just what to do, don't ya? Dancin' on the end
of my dick. Roll it around in there. There's plenty of room. Oh,
yeah! Oh, yeah!" he groaned fitfully when he felt the Boy's
anus tugging hard on the head until the flared ridge at the back
peeked through the anal ring. "Man, I can't wait to teach you to
suck that big mutha. That's the next hole we're gonna bust
open, baby. I'm gonna put a set of lips on ya that'll spell
cocksucker all over your face. Even straight guys will want to see
and feel those lips wrapped around their cocks. There ain't
nothin' a guy loves more than a talented deeper-than-throat
cocksucker. You just wait, Boy. Your Old Man's gonna teach ya
to suck like an old pro. You'll love hearin' the words: Eat me. Eat
me, dick-lips. Chow down."

The Boy's empty, clutching bowels growled hungrily. He
swallowed hard. The Old Man watched the Boy's adam's apple
bob up and down his neck, the sign of someone hot to suck
cock. To take his mind off it, the Boy humped back onto the
very beef he wanted to eat so badly, wanted to feel being
stuffed down his throat the way it was being wedged up his
asshole now. He gulped the long, fat sausage with his bowel,
swallowing it deep, cramming his guts full. He closed his eyes
and rode, fucking himself royally. His hands roamed all over his
arching, aching body in a search and destroy mission that left
trails of red bruises and goose bumps. His nipples shot out to
their limits, pulling the wide aureoles into constricted rings
around their bases.

The Boy looked up at the waxing moon and expelled one
long, agonizing howl, like a wolf giving up the ghost. His hands
explored between his rocking, flexing legs and tickled his tin-
gling groin. He thrust forward up onto his knees and back onto
his toes, still fondling his crotch. He fucked the Old Man's
fingers with great humping bucks. He gripped the Old Man's
arm and stroked it gently, almost reverently, loving its hairy
thickness. He wondered idly what it would feel like to have that
bristling forearm plowed to the elbow between his legs. Could
he ride it like this one? He guessed he would find a way. Then,
maybe, he could try a leg to the knee. Would learn how to use
all a man's body. He would have his teeth pulled so the Old
Man could fist his throat. Oh, God! He was so horny! And that
pumping stud bullcock felt so good!

When he started to pick up his rhythm a bit, the Old Man
decided it was time to move on. The Boy was scrambling up the
ladder of pleasure too fast. He knew the Boy would probably
come and keep right on riding, but he wanted to be totally in
charge the next time the Boy hauled his ashes. He wanted to be
the one who fucked the Boy over it... a big one. So big, the
Boy's balls, trying to follow the come out, would be sucked up
into the little crotch pockets on either side of the base of the
cock. It hurt like hell, but the Boy would be too busy wolfing
Virgil's load to let it bother him much. The Old Man would pop
them back out the same time he burped the Boy's hole with his

fingers to release some of his own load. But the Boy would still be inhaling Virgil. You see, Virgil liked to come twice. To fill a guy's belly with it...

Yeah, ole Virge really knew how to feed a guy. He guessed he was gonna have to let his best buddy break that hole. Virge knew just how to do it. Nice 'n easy. No fuss. The one cock he had ever seen and thought no man could possibly eat. And how many times had he watched that huge meat-whistle disappear into a guy's mouth right down to the balls? Whew! "Eat me," Virge would whisper, and in it went. He would pull it all back out, whisper "Eat me" again, and it was as good as gone. Virge would make love to the guy's head with his hands, chanting "Eat me, eat me" softly, setting the rhythm. The toughest gag reflex was quickly put to sleep, allowing the guy to relax and learn how to suck cock all over again. Virge gave a guy a quick crash course before he blew his first wad. The second firing was reserved for some very serious sucking. Virge dragged you to your knees in front of him for that one. And he took his time. He liked to be left alone with the guy while he made love to his face. For Virge, fucking ass was a hard-action sport. He took a guy down to his cellar for that, and worked out thoroughly with him, letting the guy fight him off as long as he could with one hand tied behind his back. But cocksucking was something else. Something very special. More intimate. Virge knew his deeper-than-deep-throat penetrations were a shock to the body at first. He liked to gently educate the mouth and show a guy that what looked impossible was not only possible, but much more intensely satisfying than getting laid. To ingurgitate all that meat. Over and over again. Right down the old esophagus. Giving a guy lots of time to fantasize what that big load would do to him when it finally came. Would it blow the back of his head off? When some of it backed up his nose and came shooting out of it, would it run down onto Virge's shaft and be fed back to him? Would he be able to gulp those big, swinging nuts and swallow too? But most of all, he would wonder how Virge knew he would get off being on his knees in front of him

when he started feeding it to him in earnest. And where in hell did this guy learn to move his hips like that? Would he fuck him like that too? Yes, lots to fantasize about while he feasted, hearing those hots words "Eat me" before each mighty swallow, eating hungrily, forcing his whole upper body down onto it. All alone with Virgil. So alone...

But the Old Man had something else on his mind at the moment, and once again found himself having to take immediate emergency action. The Boy was fucking himself easily, moaning like a lost soul, babbling "Oh, sir!" and riding full-length up and down with high shag strokes. It was time to move on before it was too late. The Old Man tightened the circle he held around the Boy's prong with his thumb and forefinger and squeezed hard. The Boy stopped humping, a startled look crossed his face; his jaw dropped open. The Old Man allowed him to sink carefully back onto his abdomen, quivering tensely. "Turn around!" he ordered. "Go ahead. DO IT! Rotate, Boy!"

The Boy rammed the Old Man in the ribs with his left knee, trying to hustle his ass around so that he faced the Old Man's feet. The Old Man whooshed in pain, but managed to keep his precence of mind long enough to help lift the Boy's leg up and over his chest. As soon as the Boy was mounted backwards, he lifted himself into a sitting position and bent his knees slightly so that his feet were flat on the ground. Then he drew his feet together and crossed his legs between the Boy's knees, heaving himself forward at the same time. The Boy toppled forward onto his hands. The Old Man rose to his knees behind the Boy, still joined to him. He reached up and got a hold on the Boy's shoulders and slid his knees forward along the Boy's flanks. He pulled himself up onto the Boy's backside, mounting him high. His cock was a prodigious lever, reaming the Boy's asshole up the crack of his ass, stretching it towards his coccyx.

They fucked hard. The Boy couldn't say it was the only way the Old Man knew how to fuck, but his strength amazed him... those potent, driving thrusts delivered by his sleek, sturdy

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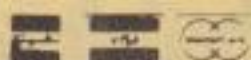
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thighs. The Boy tried to think rationally, clinging to his ragged senses as long as he could before they sank slowly beneath the surface of reason and he lost it. Now he fucked back hard, matching the Old Man stroke for stroke. The Old Man rode him expertly, digging his knees into the Boy's ribs, urging him from a trot to a canter to a gallop—pacing him, racing him like the fine bred fuck-horse he was, giving him his stride but never relinquishing control of his direction... towards the backstairs of Virgil's house. They would win this race together.

The Boy gasped and wheezed. His nostrils flared; his teeth bared. He could feel the Old Man's knees slip and slide along his glistening, frothing flank. He felt the Old Man grasp the horn of his saddle firmly. The Boy lost his stride and faltered for a moment.

"Come on, Boy. We'll win this race by a head," the Old Man said, squeezing the drooling knob of the Boy's horn.

Urged on by the Old Man's now pokey prodding, the Boy recovered and regained his footing. They trotted along leisurely. The Boy's hooter drubbed up and down through the Old Man's kneading fist, the rhythm matching that of his easy riding. It drove him quite mad. He gritted his teeth and fought his rising climax. They still had a few feet to go to reach the stairs, and he wanted to get the Old Man there before he stumbled again, knowing he would be dragged back up onto his hands and knees if he did, and didn't know if he could manage it at this point.

"GRRRRRR—UNGH!" he grumbled loudly, heaving and bucking slowly, fiercely... lurching awkwardly up onto the first stairs...

The Old Man slipped back off the Boy's rump a bit and dug his toes into the ground. He pulled his cock all the way out to the head and drove it up the Boy's ass as hard as he could. The Boy climbed the stairs, knocking his knees and scraping his elbows. The Old Man held the Boy's pecker flat against his belly to prevent him from ramming it into a board. He drew back and slammed into the Boy again and again, once, occasionally twice, for every stair. There weren't many.

What a racket they made! The Boy was delirious, growling and snarling like a rabid dog. As they neared the top stair, the Boy leaned forward and sank his teeth into the front edge of the stair, ripping and tearing at the wood until a long sliver came loose in his mouth. The Old Man drove into him again, harder. They cleared the top stair.

A bright light flooded them. A door flew open. A tall shadow blocked the doorway.

"What the fuck!?!..."

The Boy crouched on the porch, his ass held high, his legs spread wide, with the Old Man mounted deeply.

"For God's sake, Virgil!" he heard the Old Man mutter, out of breath, "Get me The Bed! Quick!"

"Whatcha got there, Old Man? Up to your old tricks, I see."

"Just shut up, Virgil, and hold that damn door open for me."

The Old Man prodded the Boy's ass delicately and found that the minimum of movement inside caused him to strut forward on his hands and knees. He was sure the Boy wasn't trying to crawl off his cock. He kept his knees spread wide apart, and held his ass high, making it jut back, wide open, and taut as a bow string. His back bowed down and rose sharply near the shoulders. His whole body was a symphony of bunched, firm muscle, one supple mound flowing smoothly into another. The Boy held his head high and strutted his stuff.

"Where'd this boy learn to bulldog like that, Old Man?"

"He's a natural. Can't you see that? Wait till you see him fuck."

"Oh? You've already gotten that far with him?"

"Sorta." The Old Man mounted high upon the Boy's backside and bulldogged him calmly through the doorway, past Virgil, and into the shed, where The Bed waited their arrival.

"Son of a gun, Old Man. You are somethin' else."

"So are you, good buddy," the Old Man mumbled to himself, looking up at his friend as they passed...

Virgil was a tall and angular man; clearly a laborer. Slabs of

muscle layered his naked torso, buried under clumps of matted, silky brown fur. He was bald, and his frank, open face revealed days of stubble. His arms were long and cumbersome; his hands massive and calloused, his whole body belying a slim, lean masquerade. Undeniably a man you would not entertain the thought of tangling with in bed unless you were well experienced... or a fast learner.

The Boy's asshole squelched and belched around the Old Man's churning cock. They were headed straight for The Bed. It was one of those old, long, narrow, steel-framed cots. Minus its mattress. Slung from the frame near one end was a set of stirrups.

The Bed looked menacing. Cold, hard iron. Naked steel. Yet there was something terrifyingly erotic about it. The way it just sat there. Waiting. For them. An unmerciful meatrack. Giving both pain and pleasure. The Boy felt a thrill of dreadful excitement course through the length of his spine.

"...and I won't even have to use The Harness." The Boy caught the words suddenly, snapping out of his reverie.

"The Harness? Shit," Virgil sniggered outrageously. "You still got that fuckin' thing?"

Virgil was referring to a contraption the Old Man had picked up in Japan when he was stationed there during the War. He had never actually used it on anyone. Didn't even know if it would work for that matter. It consisted of a tough leather pouch that fitted over a guy's groin. The lip of the pouch was elastic and threaded with a long rawhide strap which ran back through the loops of a belt worn snugly about the waist. The strap was long enough to end in reins near the small of the back. When the reins were tugged upon by the rider, the pouch tightened about the wearer's groin, contracting the male equipment into a compacted mass. Degree of pressure on the reins determined the tightness of compaction. The pouch could, conceivably, be tightened to the point where circulation would be cut off and the wearer's balls would be squeezed painfully together. Also, if the pouch were moistened while being worn and allowed to dry somewhat...

In theory, The Harness sounded like a formidable piece of equipment. When the reins were jerked, the wearer's ass danced to the beat of the rider's music. Enough pressure was exerted on the wearer's balls to make his hips jump and allow his trusty reamer to drive his engorged prick into the breach with much greater facility. The Harness would eliminate the need for voluntary ass action. By skillful manipulation of the reins, a guy could be made to buck enthusiastically beyond his will, forcing a cock in and out of his hole without recourse, until he could accept it willingly and proudly. Even then, The Harness could be used to teach rhythm and control. It was a training harness in every sense of the word.

The Old Man had originally purchased it to use at gang bangs. Unfortunately, he had found most of his victims, after some friendly persuasion, were more than willing to have their brains fucked out by him and his buddies (especially after being cock-walked). They took his monster cock to the hilt gleefully, riding its full-length strokes with gut-sucking groans of wild-eyed pleasure. Tight, hairy assholes giving way for a stretching, deep-probing prick. Opening wide for powerful, sucking lunges, wrenching belly thrusts. Loving it. Crying out for it with total body response. Ah, the sounds: excited babbling; glassy-eyed whinings vying frantically to explain unbelievable sensations; mad whimperings translated roughly as "OH, SIR!" over and over and over, punctuated by surging hip thrusts, contracting muscles and thrashing arms and legs. Ah, yes. But above all, the Old Man cherished the way a cute ass jerked, jumped, clutched and ground around his entrenched mallet with well-oiled precision, accepting freely its prodigious length and girth, dancing erotically to the tune of its own sweet, osculating music. He had plunged his dripping dork into the most unlikely places and emerged triumphant—assuaged—drained. His big balls emptied of their potent libation, absorbed by the greedy bodies he had so effectively plundered. "That'll put hair on your pecker," he was known to chorus upon finishing off a particularly satisfy-

ing fuck, filling the reamed cavity with his frothing, rich cream...

"This Boy is not only fun to watch, Old Man, he's a joy to listen to. I thing you've got a real groaner on your hands."

"On my dick, Virgil," the Old Man groaned, nearing The Bed.

"How long you been at him?"

"Excuse me, Virgil. I'd like to chat, but... I got a piece mission here to perform." And once again the Boy proved he knew just what to do. When they were close enough alongside The Bed, he lifted himself up onto the bare springs and felt the Old Man follow closely behind, hardly losing an inch of penetration. He clambered gingerly to the center of The Bed and gamboled to make the necessary adjustments, while the Old Man got his feet into the stirrups, lifted the Boy's ass to a suitable angle, and prepared to ride herd.

The Old Man's long dong glided effortlessly way in and way out of the Boy's dilated asshole. He pumped with deep shag strokes, digging his toes into the stirrups for purchase. His hips rocked in a wide swinging arc, knees bent, his hands on the Boy's ass, drawing it back onto him when he drove forward. The Boy knew just where he was coming from, and moved his butt expertly to accommodate each new thrust, capturing the full length of the fat meat in his well-fucked hole with clockwork precision, taking it straight up his chute.

They fucked sublimely, grunting and howling their pleasure. The Old Man jogged into the Boy harder and faster. Their bodies slammed together, filling the shed with sharp, wet, flesh-smacking sounds. The Boy started grunting like a pig, knowing it was what the Old Man liked to hear when they got going at it good. He wanted to hear the Boy wallowing in the gratification his cock could give; making a pig of himself, riding his ass back for more. If getting fucked felt this good, what did heaven have to offer?

The Boy dug his knees into the bare, barbed springs of The Bed and let the pain mingle sensuously with his pleasure. It

made him buck harder. He was really getting into it now, really putting out for this slick polecat who was socking it to his bunghole like a man possessed. His tits felt like cow's udders heavy with milk. His balls ached and throbbed and shifted. He gripped the bed rail with both hands and held on for dear life as the Old Man prepared to ride him through the floor.

The Old Man leaned back and drilled his heels down beneath the stirrups, standing up, holding the Boy's pistoning ass and delivering from the hips. His whole body bent backward when he humped forward, hauling the Boy back onto him. Slam-dunking a perfect basket over and over and over again, filling it to the brim with his endless swamproot, straightening a good section of intestine each time. The Boy's guts burned like an inferno, like a hellfire was consuming his bowel. He opened his mouth and half expected to see smoke come billowing out of it, but heard his involuntary, incessant squeals and grunts instead.

Virgil was hard as a rock. His wounding cock stretched excruciatingly down his pants leg to the knee, nearly splitting the material. And when the Old Man started to slap the Boy's bounding buttocks open-handed on every stroke, making it jolt out of control for a few savage, choppy seconds, Virgil couldn't stand it any longer. He unzipped his pants and peeled them down, unimprisoning his third leg which hung at half-mast, swelling and threatening. The lengthy, broad beam of meat twitched and rose to fuller erection with every pulse of Virgil's pounding heart. It took four hands to encircle it entirely... and the Old Man frequently helped him jerk it off.

Virgil began to look anemic as more blood from his body drained down to further engorge his rising sex. He stayed near the rear of The Bed. No sense scaring the Boy half to death just yet. Not that the Boy could see more than an inch or two in front of him through those revel-glazed eyeballs. The Old Man's low hanging balls were swinging forward and slapping against the Boy's; Virgil watched the Old Man's splayed, flexing buns as he finished undressing, removing something from his pants pocket.

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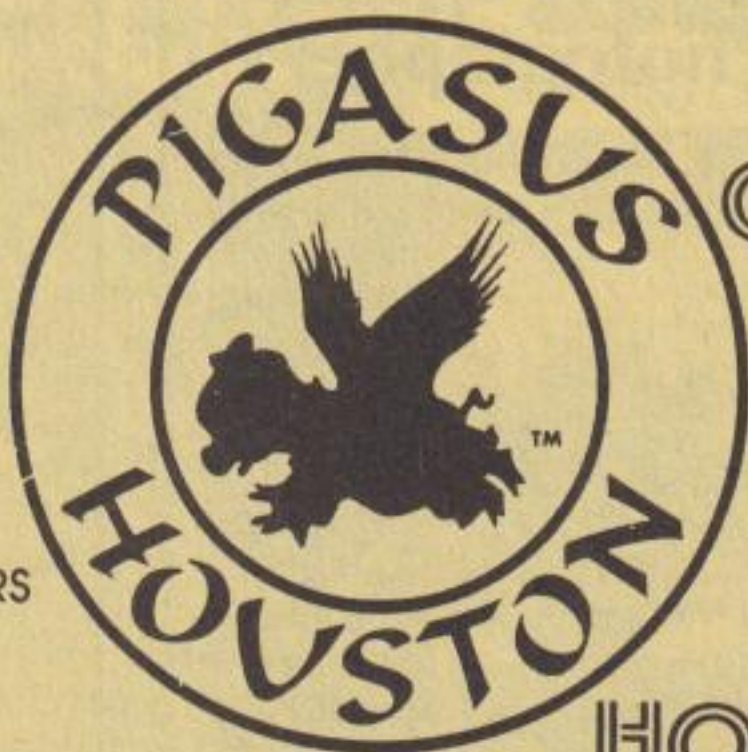
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Virgil's thick, planed abdominal muscles tightened into boards as he rose to full extension; a great upthrusting club of corrugated cock. It was Virgil's massive abdominal development that prevented him from being able to bend forward and capture the flared, fist-sized knob of his cock between his lips. He could only stroke the thing in frustration, drooling and dreaming of the next mouth he would feed it to. He thought of his long shaft as a mere "poke" that helped push the biggest and best part of him towards a man's belly. The kind of sex he loved most. Drawing the lips of a voracious, slobbering pig onto his poke. And there was just no way you were going to get off it once Virgil got you that far. He would rip your ears off if you tried to bite him. In fact, he would make real good use of your ears if you tried to fight it—God didn't put ears on a man for nothing. You learned fast with Virgil if you didn't want to be called "elephant ears" the rest of your life. Being called "dick lips" would be embarrassment enough.

The Old Man licked his own swollen lips as he caught sight of Virgil out of the corner of his eye. Was it time to pay for his room and board again, he hoped? Virgil always made damn sure the Old Man flossed his teeth every morning... the hard way. And every evening, Virgil would put a head on the Old Man's beer. The Old Man was getting so much protein he had to work it off next door helping the old lady. Or by busting virgins. And this town was full of 'em. But the list got shorter every time the Old Man came to call. He could smell them out. Like a fucking bloodhound. And if you were old enough, you got it. The Old Man always left a slew of fresh busted meat for Virgil to continue with their sex education. And with Virgil you learned to suck cock first. Then you learned to get fucked all over again. From the beginning.

And if you didn't leave town to seek better employment elsewhere, you got added to the list of Virgil regulars. That's the way it worked in this town. And once you were added to Virgil's list of regulars, harem psychology took over. The more you pleased Virgil, the more regular you got. As much as Virgil

loved taming a set of virgin lips, he treasured his little list of regular eager eaters more: The scrawny-necked farmboys who went home and practiced on their pet ponies; the boys who grew up in large families starving for attention and now starved for his cock; the lonely, intelligent ones who taught him a few new tricks of their own. Virgil used them hard while it lasted, making them his personal walking sperm banks.

Of course, he liked to fuck them too. One way or the other, Virgil always gave them a bellyful. And when they came crawling back for more, he made them crawl... bare-assed. He would back away from them slowly, his great boom of meat bobbing like a treasure at the end of the rainbow. He would stroke its length enticingly, pointing the head down at their parting, dripping lips, letting them back him into a corner. Then he would aim himself at the approaching carnivore orifice, whisper "Eat me" and watch carefully as the ravening boy pressed his yawning lips forward and didn't stop until he kissed balls. Only then would Virgil let the boy suck his captured treasure, gritting his teeth to avoid coming, wanting to see how long the boy would last on it. Some of the boys would suck forever if he let them. Their jaws seemed to unhinge and just hang open, even after he pulled out. He would have to slap them hard across the face to bring them back to reality. This town had some very dedicated cocksuckers. Thanks to Virgil. Some of the boys came just to cop a load off Virgil, thinking his seed made them stronger, more masculine. These boys he usually wound up fucking, depositing his load in their bowels instead. A couple of days later, when they'd shit it out and feel their strength spilling out with it, they'd come back on all fours for more.

The Old Man's fucking movements reminded Virgil of a belly dancer. The way his hips tick-tocked in exotic rhythm like a pendulum, jerking and jumping in gyrating pelvic thrusts, his cock slicing into the Boy's gaping hole like he was carving a turkey.

Virgil was proceeding gradually, by degrees, to the head of



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The Bed, where the Boy's mouth ate air, his frozen voice box struggling vainly to express something beyond his brain's ability. He stepped quietly in front of the Boy's strained, streaming face, and pressed within inches of it. The Boy's nostril's fluted immediately when he caught a whiff of the pungent sex—the one human appendage that for most of its part is absolutely hairless, making it smell, taste, and feel uniquely different; a totally special development of human evolution possessed only by the male.

The Boy blinked his eyes and tried to focus. For a moment he thought the Old Man's balls weren't that big. Then he remembered seeing that another person had been present... somewhere. And there was even a name...

"Virgil..." he croaked.

"In the flesh, Boy."

"Ah..." he started to utter, but was forced to groan heavily again as the Old Man continued punishing him from behind. He tried to look up, to see if there was an end to the rearing mass of meat hovering before his face, and suddenly felt a hand in his hair. His head was yanked back—

"Eat me."

The Boy's eyes bugged insanely. A great corded vein pulsed visibly in his forehead. He felt his jaw being forced down towards his chest. The great, flared helmet of meat was constricted into a hard, compact ball as it slid down into his gullet. His whole upper body convulsed as he gulped with a mighty effort, and swallowed.

The Old Man watched Virgil's stud salami disappear slowly into the Boy's mouth. Virgil, too, watched himself, concentrating intently on feeding it to the Boy. He was deep in the Boy's throat now. He felt the Boy's jaw yawn to its limit and knew he had enough room to feed it all to him. And he knew the Boy wanted it. Every time he softly urged the Boy to "Eat me," the Boy quivered from head to toe and burped himself forward, impaling more of the tasty shaft between his snug lips.

Virgil massaged the Boy's jaw muscles to get them to relax

while he fed the stoutest part of his prong to him; the great hairy hilt... five thick inches of prime bullcock. He couldn't wait to watch the Boy's expression change dramatically when that part of him got stuffed into the breach. His own long fingers couldn't quite span the bulky hilt of his dick.

One last "Eat me" and that great fistful of meat was devoured by the hungry maw. The Boy was not only on it, he was making strange gurgling and strangling noises around it. Of course the Boy couldn't breathe. But Virgil knew that at this particular moment, the Boy didn't really care either. The Boy wanted to suck the huge boom of cock Virgil had glutted through his neck and into his upper chest. He wanted to back all the way off it and have the whole incredible mass fed to him again. He wanted to eat it and suck on it and show Virgil what a horny little cocksucker he could be, gobbling that impossible/possible hilt with one last gurgling lunge, jamming his chin into his chest, and mashing his upper lip into his nose. The Boy rubbed his nose in the dense mat of Virgil's foxfur, intoxicated by the hot, animal funk of the man. He felt the huge, wet balls roll against his chin. He ground his lips viciously around the wiry base of Virgil's feast-fit-for-a-king, and hummed happily.

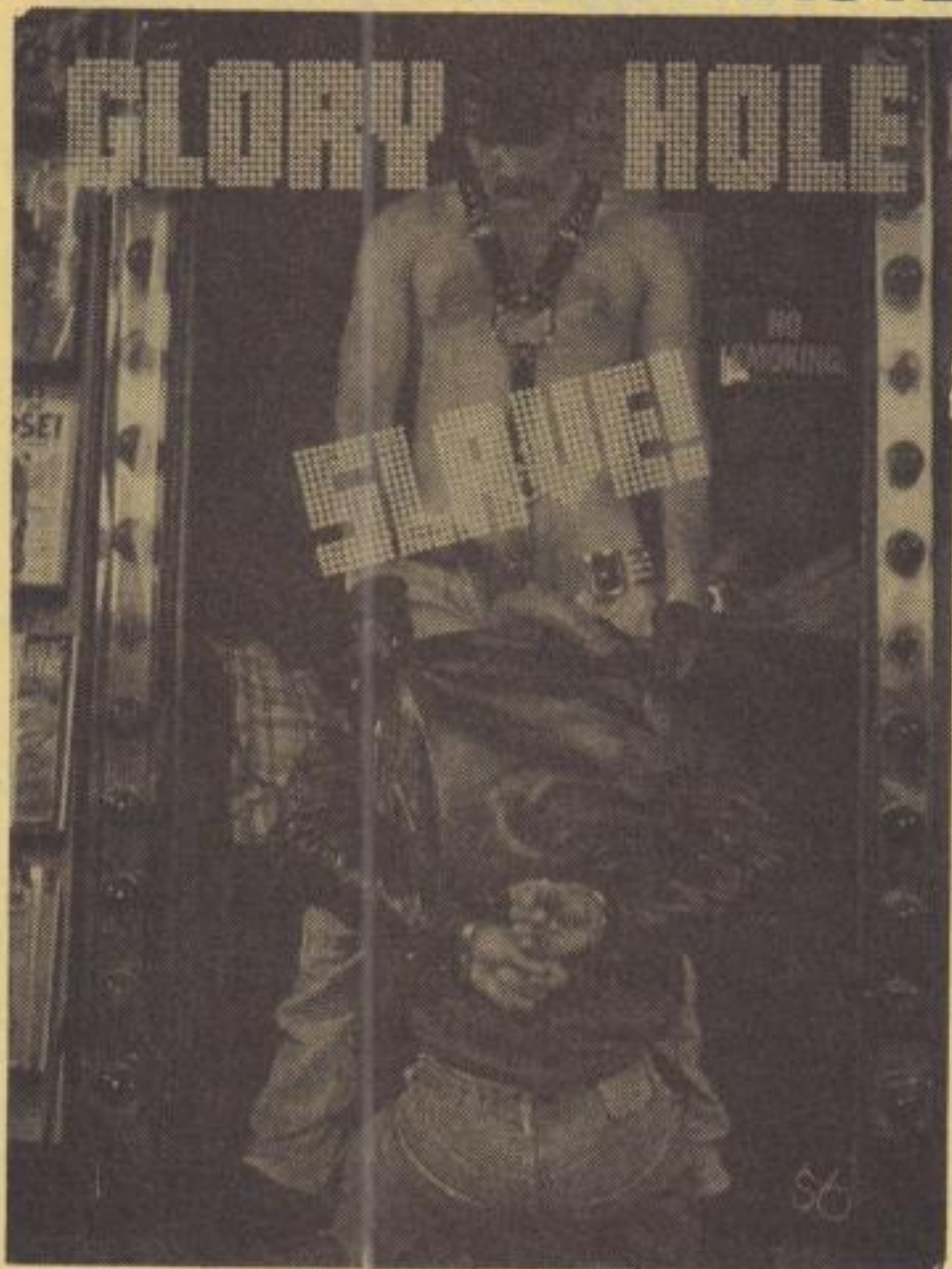
The Old Man was sliding back deep into the Boy's bowel with his own fiendish power-play, causing him to stop gorging for a moment and grunt like a stuck pig for the Old Man. The Boy pulled back off Virgil several inches, and swallowed strongly, attempting to bring the long dongs buried inside him together.

"Yeah! Yeah!" the Old man encouraged. "Rub those deep heads together. Deep, dickin' dongs. Full of it. Just fuckin' full of dick, Boy. You are so full of it."

The two men started to withdraw together, knowing they were turning the Boy inside out as they did so; felt his body convulse, watched him knee-dance on the bare springs. Heard his rock-hard hard-on slapping his belly, keeping time with the inhuman grunts he was making.

The two men glanced at each other and grinned. They had been allowing the Boy time enough to enjoy both cocks. Now it

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was time to bring it all home to him—to literally fuck him to hell and back. To use him. To tear him apart emotionally, then mend him with one gigantic, body-bloating double climax.

"Let's do it!" they chorused, as they drove forward into the Boy together, slamming into him, jamming themselves all the way home. Snot flew out of the Boy's nose and landed on the shaft of Virgil's thrusting cock. He fed it to the Boy. The Boy's knees exploded outward on the bare springs, tearing the flesh, nearly splitting his crotch. A harsh scream vibrated Virgil's entrenched cock against the roof of the Boy's mouth. The Old Man grabbed the Boy's thrashing hips and Virgil got hold of his ears as they prepared their last assault.

The Boy's mind turned to mush—liquified. Occasionally an electric impression bubbled sluggishly to the surface: the hot, wet thwack of a man's heavy balls against his dripping crotch; a desire to claw at his tight, tingling tits; his face streaked with slime; a full belly; his bleary, bugging eyes; a sense of warm well-being, of being taken care of, of wanting this reaming and pounding to last forever. Craving each new, hard, long double thrust.

They confused the Boy by starting to alter their thrusts. And when the Boy started to seesaw and ride onto them, they would nail him with one quick withdrawl followed by an especially nasty double whammy.

They both knew the Boy couldn't possibly hold up long under this brutal pounding. Virgil looked down and saw the Boy's cock wither and shrivel. His face was beet red and weak; a muffled "Um" could be heard each time he slammed between the Boy's lips. He thought he might have already broken the Boy's nose and loosened a few teeth. An endless stream of mucus ran from each nostril, helping to lubricate his shaft. Virgil grabbed the Boy by the ears again to slow his hunching shoulders.

"Don't gulp your meat, Boy. It'll give you indigestion. Eat it slowly. Savor every inch." He pulled way back, almost popping the head loose from the Boy's tight liplock.

The Old Man continued his vicious pounding at the rear, unaware of the slowing of the forward action. He was blissed-out and would continue now until he came.

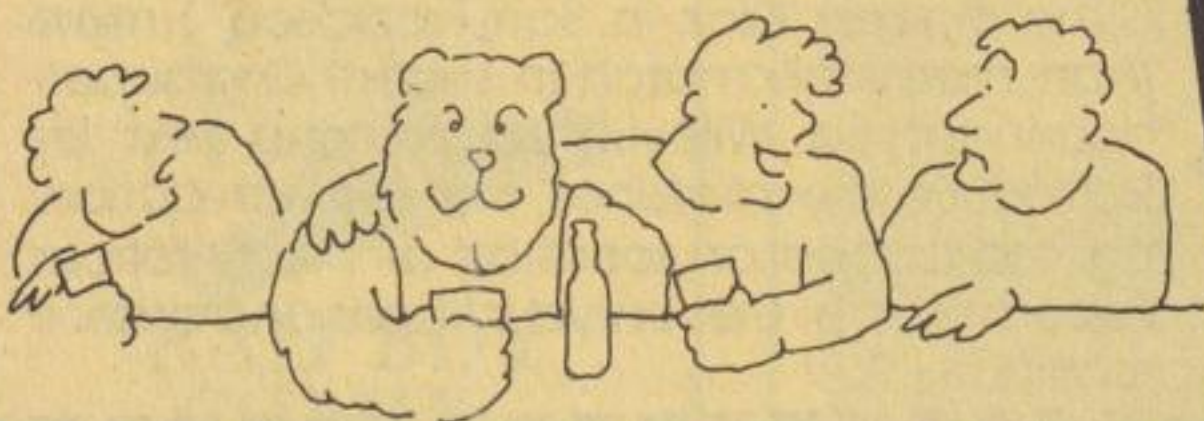
Virgil fed the Boy slowly. He let the Boy knob-job him, feeling the talented tongue snake around his fat meat like a boa constrictor, before he pushed it back into the waiting throat and continued to push until the lips stretched to thin red bands around the full diameter of his stud hilt, and the Boy's face looked like a blowfish sucking for oxygen. He ground the distorted face around his groin, enjoying immensely the remarkable facial expressions of a man impaled orally on his bat of meat. He watched the Boy's neck muscles bulge from strain and bloated cock. He bent his knees and pummeled the Boy's face with the swamp of his groin.

The Boy was starting to get hard again. He held his cock-whipped ass high and steady for the Old Man. Virgil continued to hold the Boy all the way on him, giving the Boy his first lesson in breath control. And he was such a good boy. Instead of fucking for the Old Man, he applied all his concentration to the huge blockage in his throat, holding his breath longer than he had ever held it before, until tiny pin-pricks of light began to dance against a black background, and the roaring in his ears was the frantic pumping of his confused heart; and the cramping muscles in his neck, back and shoulders became a shrieking agony. Only then did his upper torso heave in one almighty convulsion and forcibly vomit up the monster invader. His cock was fully erect now. And he was aware of a difference between the two cocks that plowed him. They were bigger than before. If that were possible. Yes, he felt fuller. Stretched to his limits. Well, almost. The two tubes of meat vibrated strangely—hotly. They were getting ready to come... and so was he.

He panicked. He tried to crawl away from one cock only to find himself impaled on the other. His whole body spasmed and shook. He tried to rip Virgil's hands from his ears and screamed around his cock when he felt and heard cartilage cracking. Virgil did not let go. It was an almost frightening scene to

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HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY LOVER.



by
CARLO CARLUCCI

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behold. Both men had seen it before—a guy going ape-shit at the thought of two big dicks spewing their copious loads into him at both ends while he was coming at the same time. It was a mind-blowing thing just to contemplate, let alone know it was going to happen right...NOW!

The two men drove forward and rose up onto their toes, lifting the Boy clear off The Bed, suspended and impaled between them. Virgil grasped the Boy's elbows, and the Old Man grabbed his hips. And all three of them exploded together. Come shot out of the Boy's cock and nose, the spurts matching those of the cocks buried deep within him. He felt the two powerful hips jerk and grind against him, bending his body into an arch as they flooded him with boiling, greasy sperm. He gagged and swallowed. Gagged and swallowed. He felt something warm dripping off his balls and he heard his ass farting a diarrhea of bubbling ball juice, his bowel too full to hold it all.

"Virgil! Virgil!" the Old Man shouted, trying to get his attention. "Virgil! Where is it? Did you bring it?"

"Yessss," Virgil hissed between clenched teeth. He reached down with one hand, carefully balancing the stuffed, come-streaming Boy between them, trying not to bang the Boy's chin on the bed rail, and picked it up. He had had enough presence of mind to take it out of his pants when he was stripping, and had set it down by the head of The Bed, knowing the Old Man would want it. It was his trademark.

"Give it to me quick, Virgil! Before we lose him."

Virgil handed the Old Man his Fire Brand. It was almost as small as a cigarette lighter. But it emitted twin flames that heated up the iron letters snapped into its top until they glowed red. It was made to permanently initialize personal possessions.

The Old Man signaled Virgil and they lowered the Boy to The Bed. He ignited the Fire Brand and watched his initials "T O M" heat to a bright glow.

The Boy was just beginning to recover slightly. Virgil had retreated from his butchered throat, and the big head was starting to pop from his distended jaw, when the Old Man

shoved the smoking brand between his wide-spread legs and pressed it into his crotch...

"UNGHHHHHHHH!"

The Boy smelled the stench of his own flesh burning before he lapsed into unconsciousness. □

Widgett

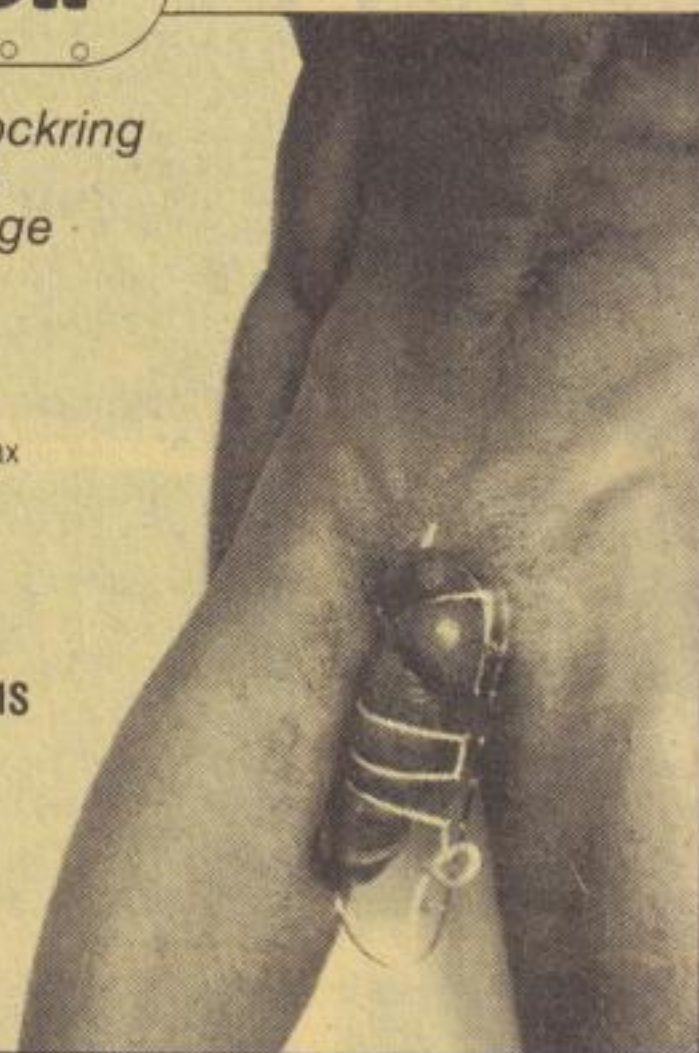
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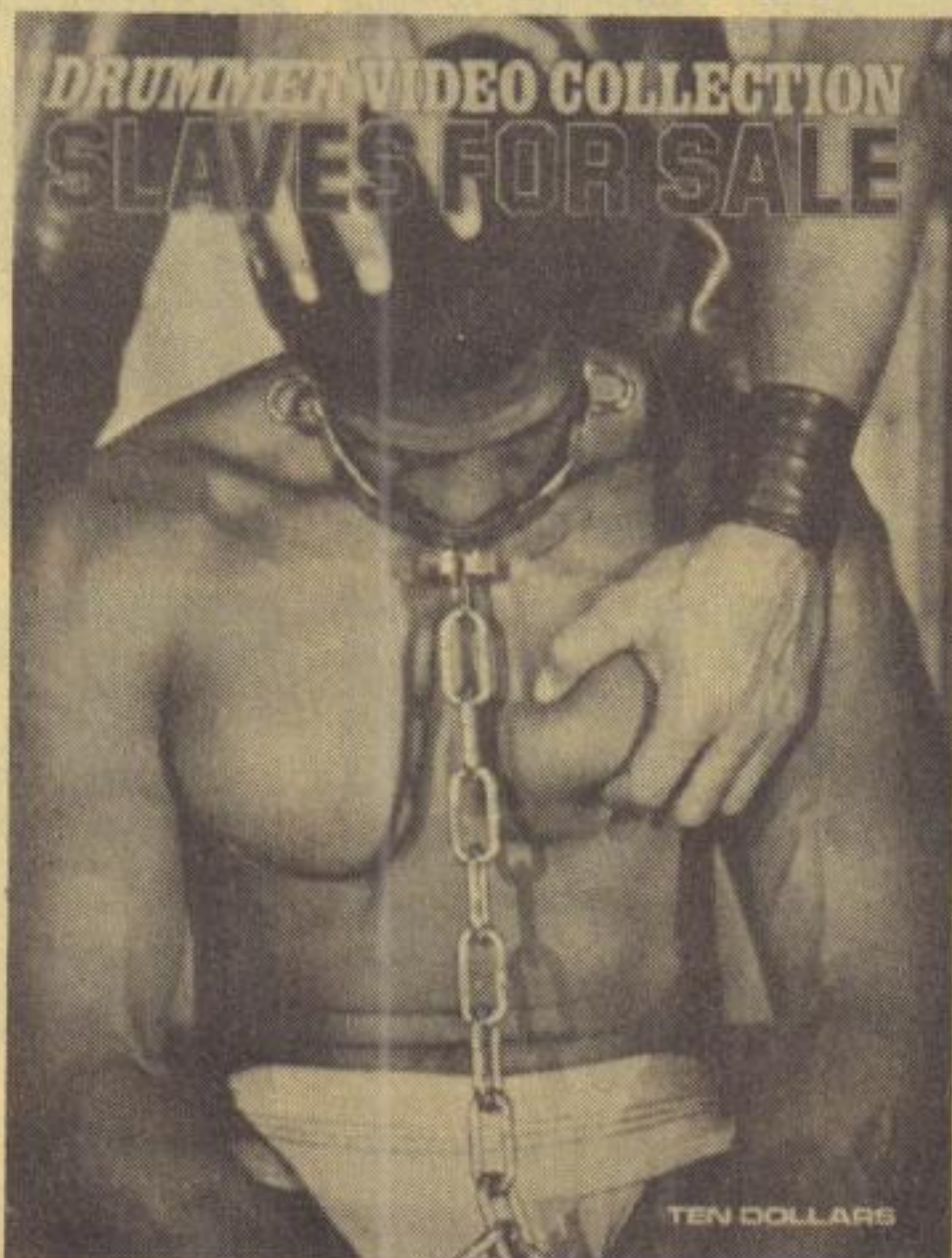
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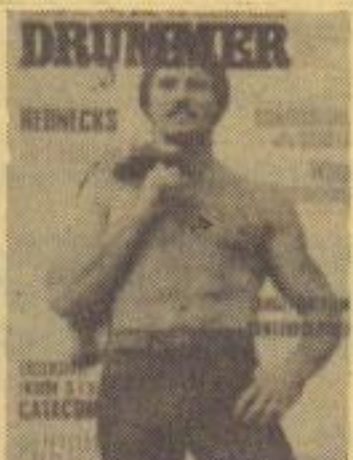
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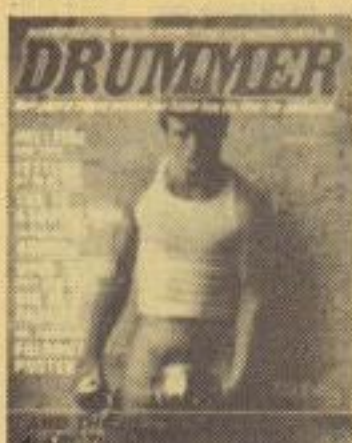
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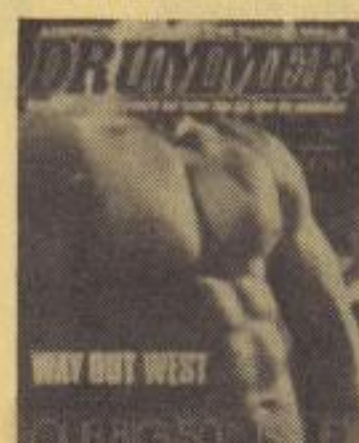
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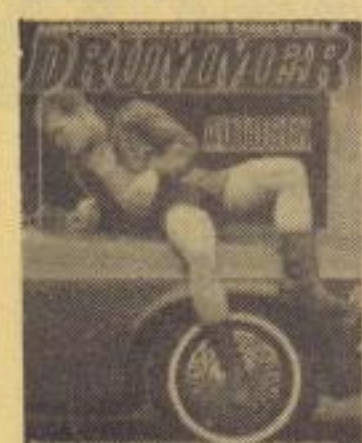
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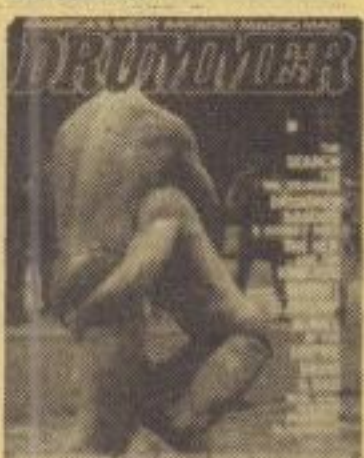
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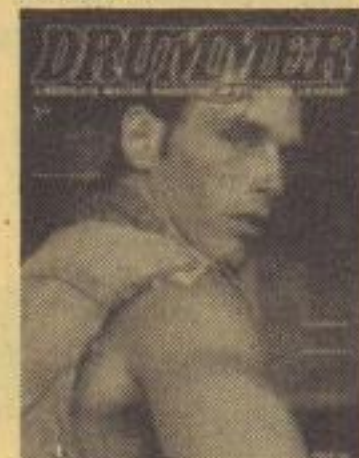
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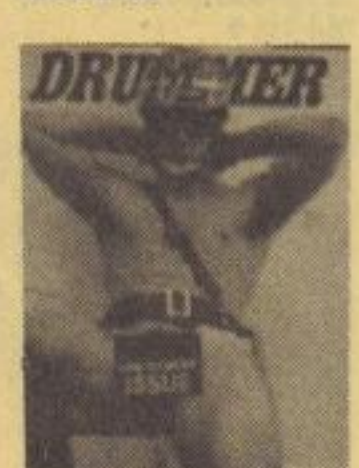
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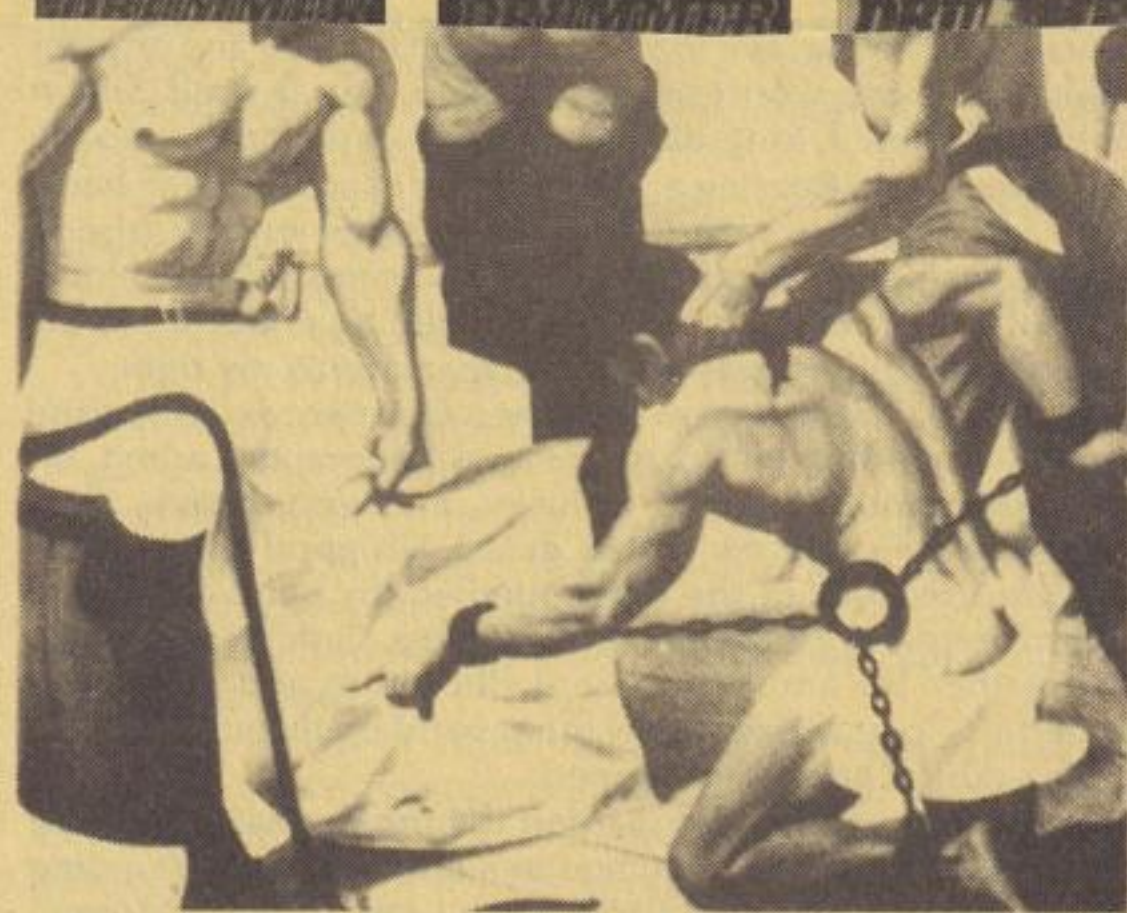


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good tumble, I'd wager. I see you admire a fine ship when you see one. But I tell ye, ye and your friend here out not to miss the opportunity to place your hard yards between the tight thighs of each other and savour the pleasure only that can bring.

Pardon me while I take a sip. Ahhh! That helps warm these stiff old bones. Could use the Indies sun now, but how I cursed it then. Now where was I?

By
DAVID ALAN





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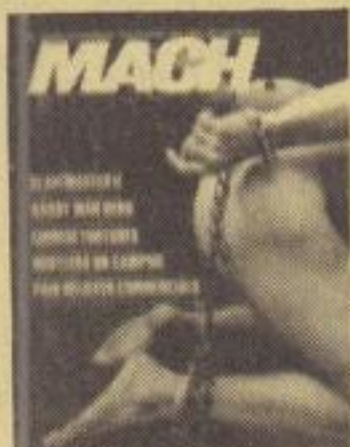
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The Rape of Panama Town

Aye, laddies, what Silver told you is true enough. I was with the great Morgan himself at the sack of Panama City. That was nearly half a hundred years ago now, a long time. Must be but a few of us left who were there. Charles Stuart was king then. A good plainspeaking Englishman, and not some German foreigner...

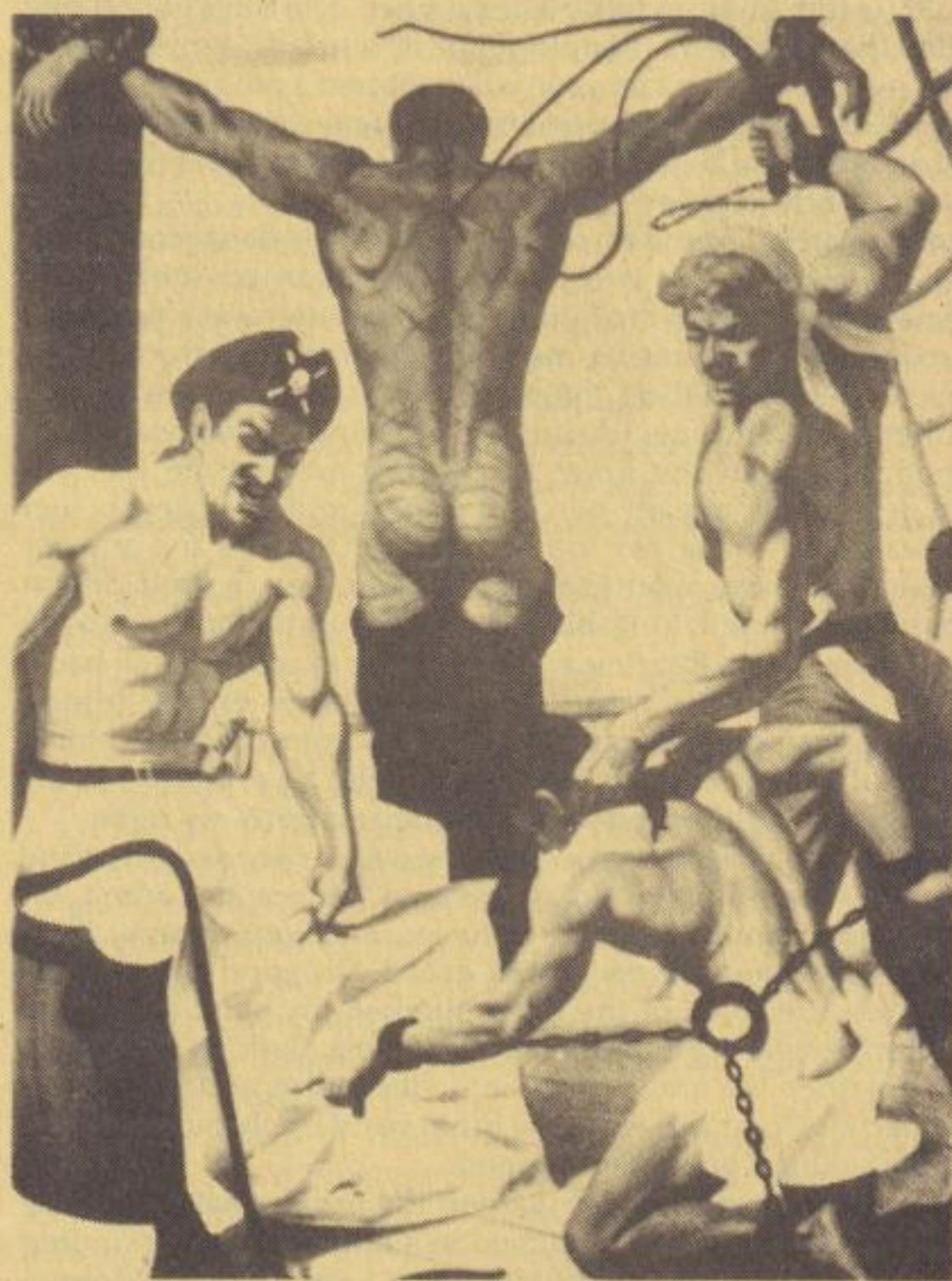
But, say, how abouts you buy an old man a pint afore you hear my story?

Now there is them that says Governor Morgan was a dishonest backstabber. His heart was a black one, indeed, and he were a thief among thieves. I can't deny that his accounting of the treasure from his raids always seemed a bit less than it should have been. Some would say about nine pieces of eight to the ten less, but I'll nary speak ill of the dead! I got my fair share.

Thank you, lad. Aye, young sir, that serving wench is a sturdy craft and a good tumble, I'd wager. I see you admire a fine ship when you see one. But I tell ye, ye and your friend here out not to miss the opportunity to place your hard yards between the tight thighs of each other and savour the pleasure only that can bring.

Pardon me while I take a sip. Ahhh! That helps warm these stiff old bones. Could use the Indies sun now, but how I cursed it then. Now where was I?

By
DAVID ALAN



Well, 'tis history now. The story of how Morgan's grand enterprise was marshalled in secret at the end of 1670—if you can imagine keeping a secret in the Indies, awash with the dregs of every state in Europe. But then no one could believe it could be done anyway. Everyone has heard how we took our canoes as far up the river as we could and then walked ten days through that accursed, stinking jungle till we came to the plain before the jewel of the Indies, Panama town. By then our numbers had dwindled down to eight hundred; a third had fallen by the wayside. And I tell you I quailed when I saw the enemy host adrawed up afore us and the sun sparklin' on all that steel!

The Spanish governor had mustered four hundred horse and twenty-one hundred foot against us. Not to mention the herd of two thousand wild cattle they first drove upon us in the hopes of trampling us into the dirt—only battle in history where cows were used, I'd say. Before we even got to the Spanish, we had killed us a fine mess of fresh provisions.

But, by all that's holy, we smashed them despite their numbers. The smell of all that gold had driven us to a frenzy. And any person knows one good English cutthroat—or a Dutch or even a French one—is worth any five Spaniards put together. In a few hours we had them fleeing back into the town. Except for the smart ones who headed around the city into the bush! There were six hundred Spaniards, if there were a one, left there dead and a-dying upon that field before the city gates. As I surveyed the slaughter, my very veins burned with blood lust. For I was driven not just by the desire for loot, but by the thirst for revenge. Driven by a pure, unblemished hate...

The governor had formed up what remained of the garrison—musketeers, pikemen, and a few horsemen—in the main plaza of the town. While their tightly packed position and breastplates with helmets gave them some protection, we could rush them from three sides at once. The dogs got off one volley that dropped a couple score of our lads. I myself went head over heels on a comrade who stopped a plug of lead right in front of me, but I was up and running again in an instant. They had no time to reload before we were swarming over them like a pack of howling devils.

Immediately I found myself in an extremely dangerous situation. I was faced by two armed swordsmen on foot with a helmetless horseman crowding close. The latter was attempting to maneuver his prancing mare for a killing blow from above while I tried to hold off the other two. It looked grim for me. Suddenly, behind me, I heard the warbling, trilling war cry of Simon, and then the great black giant was beside me. His tattooed visage, already perched upon shoulders over six feet tall, was so terrifying, as it loomed through the dust and powder smoke, that it was worth six good armed men in itself. Simon sent his self-forged, long-bladed African hunting spear into the side of the horse. Rearing and screaming in agony, it fell backwards and sideways with its rider into other enemy troops, creating even more confusion. Then my companion, wielding the deadly razor-edged cane cutting knife he preferred to the conventional cutlass, was upon the Spaniard to my right.

This left me free to turn to the other. Our swords flashed and clashed in lightning interplay; then, as fate—and, I admit, his good skill—would have it, a lucky, and very heavy, blow smashed down upon my cutlass guard. His good Toledo steel held, but the force of the blow numbed my hand and entire forearm, rendering it for the nonce useless. Quickly, before he could gather for another strike, I ducked in and under and jammed the long dagger in my other hand up through his chin into the skull. The blade snapped.

Turning in confusion, I discarded the broken haft and stood dumbly with cutlass still clutched in a numbed, unresponding hand. Not more than two yards away I saw Captain Morgan himself down on his back wrestling with an enemy whose hand, locked aloft by the Captain's grip, was raised with a stabbing dagger poised for the death blow. With my left hand, I awkwardly freed my trusty Bess, a horse pistol, from my belt and jammed it under the pig's helmet as I pulled the trigger.

The resultant blast sprayed the Captain with the churl's

brains—and probably came near to deafening him for the rest of the day. Heaving to his feet, Morgan gave me a look of recognition and a "Thank 'e, sirrah, for the favor." Then he joined the race after the now broken and fleeing enemy ranks. My hand just beginning to tingle back to life, I trailed disconsolately along behind.

A few hours later found me sitting on a step on a side street off from the governor's palace. The captain had set up court there while the town was being systematically searched and its leading citizens rounded up. The force of Morgan's iron will was keeping the men from going wild in an orgy of rape and plunder. That would come later. Now the inventorying of the major part of the loot—and the further uncovering of hidden treasure—was underway. My own blood lust had been at least temporarily satiated by the day's fighting. Hands resting on the pommel of my sword, my chin in turn on them, the point of the blade planted in the dirt, I brooded. For all my hatred of the Spaniard I no longer had any desire to hear the screams of the heads of households being tortured in order to learn the hiding place of their family wealth. In many cases, there was none to uncover anyways. No, despite what the enemy had done to my family, I had no stomach for what was happening around the palace for now.

Then they began to make use of me. At first, it felt as if I were being split apart with an axe. A slap to my dangling eggs nearly made me swoon. They all had their turn, crying, grunting, and squealing above me, their dripping sweat stinging the cuts on my back.

It was hard to believe, but only three years had passed since the Spanish raiding party had descended upon my father's sugar plantation. The bastards had been clever. Our land was on the far side of the island from the fort and garrison. Moreover, the surf on our side was always rough and dangerous. It was a miracle the blasted heathen had made the landing intact. They had the additional advantage of nearly total surprise. Only a sharp-eyed slave on the farthest edge of the cultivated fields had seen the party cutting its way through the bush and ran to warn us. In a fight the slaves, except for Simon, our black goliath of a *commandeur*, were useless and fled to the jungle once the cry was raised—understandably, as, to prevent runaways from taking to the sea, they had been told tall tales since childhood of Spaniards who roasted and ate slaves. So it came to my father, my younger brother, the old Dutch overseer, and Simon to make a stand. The battle, if it could be called that, was brief and bloody. My father and old Uncle Piet were killed; my mother and old maiden aunt butchered on the spot. Simon, I, and my brother and still younger sister, along with what slaves could be rounded up, were too valuable on the slave market to be killed. Simon and I gave a good accounting of ourselves—but then the more we killed the greater the proportional share among the survivors. So we were worth the trouble to take alive. As it were, I was almost killed accidentally by a great blow to my skull from behind.

In the weeks that followed, only Simon's determined nursing kept me alive. I was carried nearly senseless from the plantation. I remember vaguely the house and fields burning. A woman—it must have been my sister—screaming. Then we were in some foul-smelling bilge-slopping hold. The fever quickly got to me through my cracked skull. What became of my brother and sister I never knew—sold into slavery, I'd guess. I never saw my sister after the day of the attack. She apparently went on the other ship. I remember vaguely through my fever dreams dim and blurred visions of my young brother, at the other end of the hold, being held down and used by our captors. His flesh was incredibly white and shining in the darkness. He must have screamed—I don't remember. After he had been sufficiently tamed, they used him like a bitch. Sometimes two would use him simultaneously, one riding his rear, the other using his mouth while their companions gathered around and watched.

By the time we made port, after a few more raids that netted the Spaniards some more black slaves, I was on my way to recovery. Simon and I were put on the slave block together. If I had in my youthful arrogance been willing to listen to and profit from Simon's experience—he had been carried away into slavery from Africa when he was about fourteen years of age—I could have spared myself some grief. While I was being pawed by some would-be purchaser, one made the mistake of trying to inspect my teeth. I bit his hand. To add to the injury, I caused him to scream and thus lose his dignity.

The dealer's assistants pried my jaws apart and ripped the remaining shreds of my pantaloons from my lower body. I was quickly hung by my wrists from a cross beam, naked except for my old leather belt. Then for the first—and last—time in my life, I got a taste of the lash. But, of course, the slaver had no intention of damaging a valuable piece of merchandise. He swarmed over the gentlemen with his solicitations and hastened them out of the warehouse door to the accompaniment of my screams comingled of rage as well as of pain. As soon as they were gone, the assistants started to crack their whips on empty air. But I still bear to this day a half dozen good scars on my back.

Then I was lowered to the floor. One of the three gave me his knee hard enough to render me helpless as they undid my wrists and then relashed my hands behind my back, pulling them up high and looping the rope around my neck. An iron collar with ring was snapped around my neck. A cord attached to it was pulled through a large staple fastened to the plank floor and my face was pulled tight to the floor, the iron of the staple pressing into my cheek. Seizing my hips, they lifted me up on my knees and ropes were wound around my upper legs, the prickly hemp scratching my sensitive balls, then my thighs were pulled apart and lashed to spikes driven into the floor. There I was rendered helpless, face and shoulders on the floor, arse in the air and spread wide. Behind me I heard the rustle of clothes being removed.

Then they began to make use of me. At first, it felt as if I were being split apart with an axe. A slap to my dangling eggs nearly made me swoon. They all had their turn, crying, grunting, and squealing above me, their dripping sweat stinging the cuts on my back. And when each of the three had had me once, they started again! Sometime during the ordeal I fainted.

My hardships, however, had all been in vain. It would seem that earlier that day other eyes, more downcast and devout, had decided upon Simon and me. That evening, we were delivered to the fortress dungeon of Cartagena to be held for our new owner.

While Simon was lodged in a cell, I was taken into another large room, carved out of the great rock upon which the citadel had been built overlooking the harbor. Moisture on the walls glistened in the torchlight. It was largely bare but for a long heavy table, upon which were a large flagon and some cups, along with paper and writing instruments, and some chairs. A brazier and irons stood near the table. Then in the gloom I saw the other engine. My escort, the governor, his chaplain, and a

couple of guards lounged in a group by the table while the gaoler and his two burly assistants seized me and stretched me full length upon the rack. Securing wrists and ankles, they pulled the winches taut and locked them in place with the ratchets. While in no great discomfort, I was secure and had no ability to move.

"Cover him! Have some decency," hissed the cleric, a spotted hound robed in the black and white habit of the Dominicans, the order of the Inquisition. This provoked an outburst of merriment from the mustachioed governor. "Do as the good padre says," he told the gaoler while nearly choking with laughter. Rummaging in the corner, the latter tossed a dirty scrap of cloth over my manhood; for I was still clad, if that is the word, in only my belt. Otherwise, I owned as much as when I came into the world.

"Pardon me, *senor*," said the grinning official in a very good English, along with a mock bow of courtesy. "The good father fears the sin of concupiscence, how does one say in your language, sin with—of—the eyes. I hope you will enjoy our hospitality as much as I did that of your country when my chaplain and I were attached to our embassy to your king's court.

"Now we must leave you," he added with a leering grin. "The Inquisitor himself will be along later for a most private interview, good sir." As they left, the priest cast a backwards lingering glance at my near-naked body. My yard, lying up and across one thigh, was of far greater than average endowment and was often the envy of those who saw it. The thin cloth completely outlined each curve. I knew what he really wanted, the rutting beast. I gave the dog a parting salute the only way I could, by using my muscles to jerk my cock under the cloth. He stared daggers and quickly turned away.

Hours passed. Somewhere water dripped monotonously. Then a cowed figure drifted into the chamber. So silent was the entrance that I was unaware until he stopped by my head. Turning, I could make out no features in the blackness of the hood.

"Are you thirsty, my son?" came the voice in good, if accented, English. Then he disappeared from my view to return with a cup of wine. He gently lifted and supported my head as I sipped the strong, aromatic mixture. I fell back, immediately giddy. There was something in the drink. It took a few moments to realize the visitor's hands were caressing my flesh. He traced my layered pectoral muscles, caressing and pinching the nipples, then drifted on to my rippled stomach.

"You pig!" I spat through clenched teeth.

In answer came a surprisingly strong and stinging slap across the face. Blood welted from one cheek where the mounted stone in a ring had cut deeply.

"Listen, heretical dog, I am your new master! You will obey and submit to all I demand."

"Spanish whore, if I were loose I would ring your filthy vulture's neck!" I shot back.

"It grieves me, my child, that you do not yet understand fully your position. Very well..."

With that his hand darted under the cloth seizing my balls and twisting hard. I gasped, but bit hard on my tongue so as not to give him the pleasure of a scream.

Then he turned to the brazier and selected an iron from it.

"The iron is cold now, but the gaoler can soon heat it." He laid the cold iron point against my armpit. "I flinched. 'Imagine it red hot,' he hissed. 'Red hot for the most sensitive and secret part of your body!'"

Since my range of vision was limited, I could not help but flinch again, to the extent my bonds allowed, when I felt the cold again—this time near a nipple. Then it was drawn along my side to the hollow of my hip joint.

The cloth was tossed away, and it was his turn to gasp in surprise. "So what was reported to me is true," he said. But he quickly recovered his aplomb and slowly drew the iron along the inside of my thigh. He even enjoyed lifting the sac with it. The cold point nudged at the fleshy folds under my thighs and probed my tight entrance. I relaxed the muscles as best I could,

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and the tip slid in. The cold was shockingly alive to my sensitiveness.

But he was tired of this game. He laid the iron between my legs, the point still inside me. I felt his moist lips on the padded flesh of my chest. Black hatred consumed me—yet I was powerless to move. As the lips traveled down towards my navel, his hand closed about my organ. He began to slowly manipulate the loose skin of the shaft. To my horror, my own body was betraying me. My yard lengthened and hardened, and I was quickly grown to my full length. He skinned back the head and tortured the sensitive underside of the plum with his fingers. It was slick with my own juices. Then his lips closed over the deep scarlet, uncovered head. I had never had such an experience before! I could not resist such sweet suckling—it was itself a refined agony. Each time I thought I was ready to explode, having reached the ultimate limit of my endurance, my tormenter could sense my nearness and would interrupt his suckling and pulling on the shaft.

Lifting my head put a great strain on my neck muscles so that my head swam and my ears rang. I thought I heard a disturbance from a distance, but I was lost in sweet wave after wave of pleasure. Something poisonous had been in the wine, for I was stimulated far beyond any natural state. Finally, I approached for yet another time my peak, and this time he pressed his suit. I could not contain my ecstasy. To my shame, a sobbing scream of the purest pleasure from my lips echoed and rang in the chamber as warm spurt after spurt rewarded his slurping lips.

He still did not rush. To prolong his own enjoyment, he did not swallow initially, but caught the flood in his mouth, then allowed it to run down my great shaft. He played with the liquid treasure with his tongue before finally swallowing. Hate warred with pleasure within me.

Fortunately, my contorted face could not betray the fact that Simon stood behind him with an uplifted cutlass. As he stood up, there came the ghastly sound as if a large melon had been hurled unto a stone pavement, and my tormentor fell across my legs, his skull split to the jawbone.

Our jailors had made the usual mistake of underestimating Simon. For he had a natural keenness bred of years of survival from a jungle childhood and toughened by years of slavery, a type of intelligence unknown to the softer peoples of Europe. From there our escape was an easy matter. Our dead friends supplied us with garments, albeit bloodied ones. Simon's towering height was our biggest problem, but he kept his posture stooped. Provisions and a small sailboat were also but small problems, although I regretted the innocent tradesman we left dead in our wake. We were afloat nearly a week, subsisting upon fish and stolen supplies, until we were picked up by a Dutch ship, friendly to our English buccaneers. Indeed, were we much feted for our escape from the overrated fort at Cartagena. But that was before Captain Morgan taught the Spanish they were not invincible in the Indies...

But on that day we took Panama, my reverie of the past was interrupted by the appearance of Simon before me. He had a handsome mulatto wench leaning upon his arm, stark naked except for some cheap baubles he had draped about her person.

"Well, Simon," I said, "you have already done well for yourself."

He grinned broadly, then...

"Captain wants to see you," he rumbled, with a jerk of his hand towards the palace.

Upon reaching the government house, I found Morgan sitting behind a great table surrounded by a number of his chief lieutenants. The surface of the table and floor were stacked with most of the town's loot. While as fond of the bottle as any seafaring rogue, the captain was always sober when it came to business. Doubtless, he had been sipping from the great goblet before him all afternoon, but there was no drunkenness in those cruel grey eyes that had terrorized many a stouter man than I.

"Well, lad, after this morning's good work—from which my ears are still ringing—I owe you an extra share of hard cash in addition to your regular share. I'll see you get your bonus.

"And," he paused to smile, "you may have your pick of our special treasure." With that he nodded towards a small, disheveled group of younger captives of both sexes, chiefly distinguished by their comeliness, and in many cases, near nakedness, as they clutched the torn remnants of their clothing to them.

I surveyed the band. Like the magical lodestone, my eyes were drawn to a tall thin youth of haughty aristocratic mien, even in his badly torn shirt and muddy breeches. It was the very foe who had tried to cut me down from horseback.

"I want him," I cried, pointing. I realized I was trembling, partially from deliberate challenge of his cool, yet oddly soft, deep brown eyes, and partially from a raging excitement. I was overwhelmed with the desire to force him to submit to me, as I had submitted to the slavers and the Inquisitor.

Morgan tossed back his head and gave a hearty laugh. His black heart understood perfectly.

"Aye, lad, he's yours."

"No!" came a bellowing roar. It was Matthias, one of Morgan's chief officers. "He isn't yours. I took him and he's mine, ye skulking rat. You and yer gentleman's manners. He's mine, not yours. And I'll cut yer balls off first, you whore's son."

Unthinking, I pulled my blade. Matthias' eyes narrowed and he did likewise. Then it struck me what I had done. Matthias was a dangerous foe, even half drunk. And one of the best swordsmen I had ever seen. He had probably killed twice as many men in single combat as I had years of age.

Morgan made no sign or motion to intervene. My glance towards him was nearly my undoing. From the corner of my eye I caught the flash of my opponent's blade. I sidestepped, parried, and our blades locked. From the start I was hard pressed to hold my own. Then I went backwards over a small, loot-filled chest on the floor.

At that moment, Matthias made his fatal mistake. For he paused to savour his triumph. Drink had made him overconfident. I twisted Bess upwards under my belt without even pulling her free and pulled the trigger. The blast was deafening in the room. Through the great cloud of blue smoke, a stupefied expression spread across the blackguard's face to match the spreading red splotch across the front of his filthy white blouse. His attempt to speak brought a comical wheeze and bubbling of blood froth to his lips. Then he swayed, crumpled to his knees, and fell downward.

I freed the still smoking pistol and sat up on the floor, too frightened even to look at the captain. Even more terrified at the realization I had drawn in his presence without leave.

"Well," he said as I scrambled to my feet, "ye won fair and square, or at least as we know fair." I could see anger was struggling with amusement in his eyes. "And I don't know how much more of your presence my poor ears can stand this day."

He walked over and unceremoniously kicked the corpse in the head. "Ye were a good sea rat and comrade, Matthias. But you were getting old, slow, and drink fuddled your brains. And ye paid for it."

Then turning to me: "Take your prize, you mother's scum!"

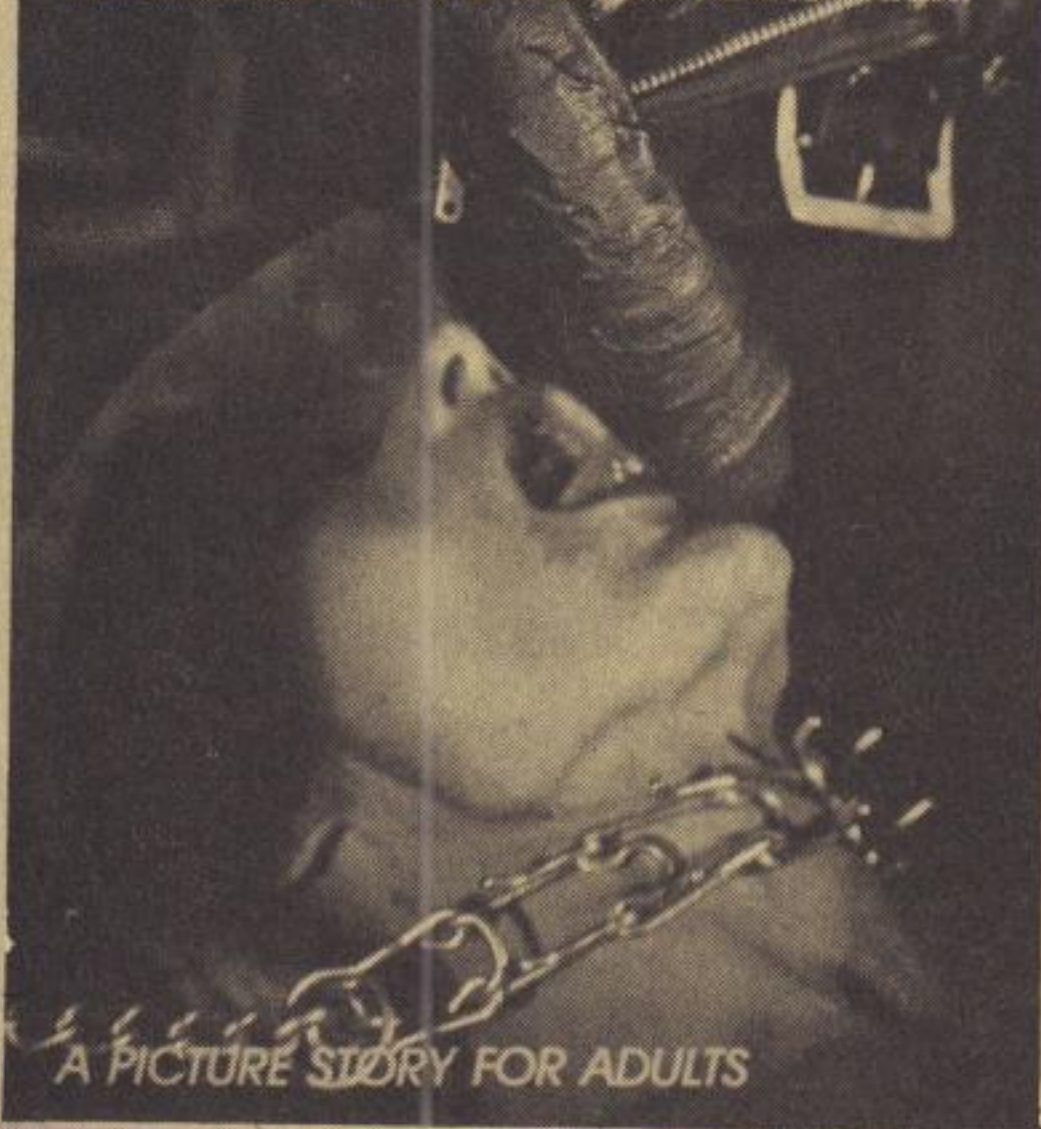
I was not about to allow time for Morgan's mood to shift. The sooner I was out of his sight the better. Moreover, the fight and my fine triumph over a dangerous foe had aroused my bloodlust anew and my loins were astir. My yard was starting to bulge in my trousers. I seized my captive by an upper arm (his hands being securely lashed behind his back), propelling him up the stairs as Morgan's gales of laughter followed after us.

I literally threw my captive through the door of an upstairs room and against the wall. He regarded me with a steady, even gaze. I was puzzled by the lack of fear or even defiance. But I set to work with a vengeance tearing away what remained of his torn clothes. A small cross about his neck I snatched off and stuffed into my pocket. The more of his flesh that came into view, the more excited I became. I cut away the remains of his

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trousers, ripped off the belt. Wearing only his calf-length riding boots of fine Cordovan leather, my prize stood naked before me. His mien reminded me of a fine purebred Spanish stallion. Especially eye-catching were his high slender legs and the small, yet perfectly formed and intensely muscular globes of his rear. These I fondled with greater and more intense pleasure than even handfuls of gold pieces have given me.

I sent him crashing to the floor with a heavy push to his chest. Tore off his boots. Far too small for me, their quality alone would fetch a handsome sum from one of my shipmates. As he lay naked upon the floor, I made further survey of this living loot. A true gem he was. He had dark black hair and exquisite almond eyes. His finely chisled features were those of the finest Castilian aristocrat with perhaps a hint of the moor of Granada or even the Marrano. He was long and lean: his slender body was as smooth and hairless as a babe's, except for a perfect black triangular patch at his manhood. While the latter was no match for mine, it was pure white and of a long and most pleasing slenderness. The prepuce was of great beauty being a very snug, bulb-shaped fit tapering to a slender point.

"Yes, my aristocrat," I thought, "you'll pay for your haughtiness." Remembering the fate of my family, I luxuriated in allowing my rage to build within me uniting to my lust.

I stripped. My throbbing, aching yard, the head already partially unsheathed and moist with desire for what was to come, sprang from its confines. At the sight of it, I saw my captive's eyes for the first time widen in surprise.

Mercilessly, I seized his rich luxurious hair and dragged him to his knees.

"Suckle, you Spanish pig!" I yelled. "Suckle!" And I thrust my shaft down his throat. Initially gagging, he recovered as I pulled partways out and began to stroke. My hips began the primal dance as I ground them into his face. I lost consciousness of time as I enjoyed his favours; minutes seemed as long as hours. In and out I pumped my yard, or alternately forced his head back and forth. But I would not allow myself release. Each time I got close, I pulled out and rested, admiring the glistening strand stretching from his lips to my manhood's tip. Or enjoyed rubbing it all over his face.

Outside the window, the final plundering and firing of the city had begun. It would not, as customary, be held for ransom, but totally destroyed, for Morgan desired his name and this deed to live long in the memories of men. Panama was dying. And its death, with all the day's red work and lust, excited me all the more. Cries, crashes, screams, along with occasional gunshots, rose from the streets below. I could even hear the crackle of flames and watched sparks waft past the window.

As the afternoon darkened, the yellow and orange glow illuminated the room, throwing our dancing shadows on the wall. As I continued my thrusting, I watched another of our band drag a naked youth past the doorway into an adjoining room.

Now I decided it was time to fully take my prize. I moved round behind him and forced his shoulders and face to the floor. Then I knelt behind his stern galley. Aye, from that perspective he was the prettiest and finest I had ever seen. Again I had to run my hands over those smooth, firm globes. In the fast fading light, using my thumbs, I pried his cleft apart to examine that hidden tropical channel I would soon be navigating. Beautiful and puckered, moist and mysterious, I smelled the fragrance of musk and earth with the tiniest hint of spice. I ran a thumbnail along the end of those sensitive nether lips and was rewarded by a delicate shudder.

Then I boarded. His surrender was but a muffled cry. Disappointed in such a meager response, I thrust hard and deep, then rotated my hips from side to side, while digging my fingers into his sides with deliberate cruelty. No response. Angrier still, I locked a fist in his curly top and twisted, pulling his head back and up hard. Yet he refused me the satisfaction of a sound—only two tears furrowed his blanched cheeks.

Through the walls came muffled, but piteous and heart-tearing, screams that told me the youth in the next room was

likewise being boarded. I tried to prolong my pleasure, but from the other room soon came another scream, this time a shriek of orgasmic pleasure, and I knew my shipmate had finished with his captive.

I labored, panting, great drops of sweat falling from my forehead and face to splash on that ivory back and those pinioned arms. Awash in a sea of delicious pleasure, assaulted now by sounds in which bloodlust mingled in sexual excitement, smelling the sweat, sex, and blood, remembering the violence I had myself known and having now the full sweetness of revenge, I could no longer hold back. My cannonade gave its great salute; I shuddered from bow to stern like a storm-wracked vessel driven unto the rocks while I wailed like her drowning crew. Exhausted, we both sank to the floor. I stretched full length upon his back as outside the flames rose higher in the night sky.

It was early morning when I awoke with the feeling something was amiss. Then I realized my captive lay on his side next to me, one leg crooked up and across my groin, his arm across my chest. In sudden alarm, I realized somehow he had worked his wrists free. He could have put my knife in me during the night!

My stirring awoke my prize. Rising up on one elbow he looked down on me and smiled. His hand crept down to my cock which sprang instantly to life. Deftly he slipped his warm mouth down and engulfed me. My head fell back in relaxed pleasure. Desire for control and dominance had fled. His mouth and hand together worked the loose skin skillfully upon the shaft. Now it was his turn to take his dalliance. He threw one leg over me and, gripping me firmly in one hand, lowered himself upon the shaft, grimacing. He was in command riding his steed, gently rising and falling, while he pulled on his own shaft. I hooked a forefinger over his chin and he suckled on my finger as he rode. With my other hand I traced the beautiful curve of his jaw and then down the hollow where neck and throat joined. For the first time, I admired his unusually large, rich chocolate brown nipples. Such a contrast to my smaller, downy pink ones.

He communicated to me, with just his smile, his desire to show me yet another trick. He leaned all the way back until he was lying supine, his head pointing away from me. His legs were alongside my body, his feet in my armpits. There he churned while I, by lifting my head slightly, could admire my shaft buried in his body, the knotted muscles of the inside of his thighs and, above all, his upthrust shaft. He uncovered his most hidden nakedness to me, his fingers deftly playing about the underside of the exposed tip.

Then he was back upright, leaning forward. Our gasps blended and, as I erupted inside him, he pulled himself off, his bunghole squeezing my yard as his juices splattered my stomach. I watched his abdominal muscles dance with each spurt. Leaning forward, he slipped his arms around and under my shoulders. Our mouths met and he gently forced his tongue inside my mouth, tenderly caressing the sensitive underside of my lips. Still on top of me, we drifted to sleep.

When next I awoke, I was looking up into Simon's grinning face, framed against the window and haloed by the glaring noonday tropical sun.

"Well," I said, squinting in the glare and tenderly mussing the dark head of hair nestled in the hollow of my shoulder, "I guess we have a new shipmate this day."

So, my young friends, that is the story of the taking of Panama town with the great Morgan. Juan, my greatest prize, and I were shipmates—and hammockmates—for nigh a good seven or eight years afore he were killed in action. It were all a long time ago now...

I see the morning fog has cleared. I think I shall bestir myself to the table out yonder and enjoy the sun. Another pint! Why thank ye. A true gentleman you be, young sir! You must be going now? Well, I thank you and your handsome friend for the drink. And a good day to ye, gentlemen. □

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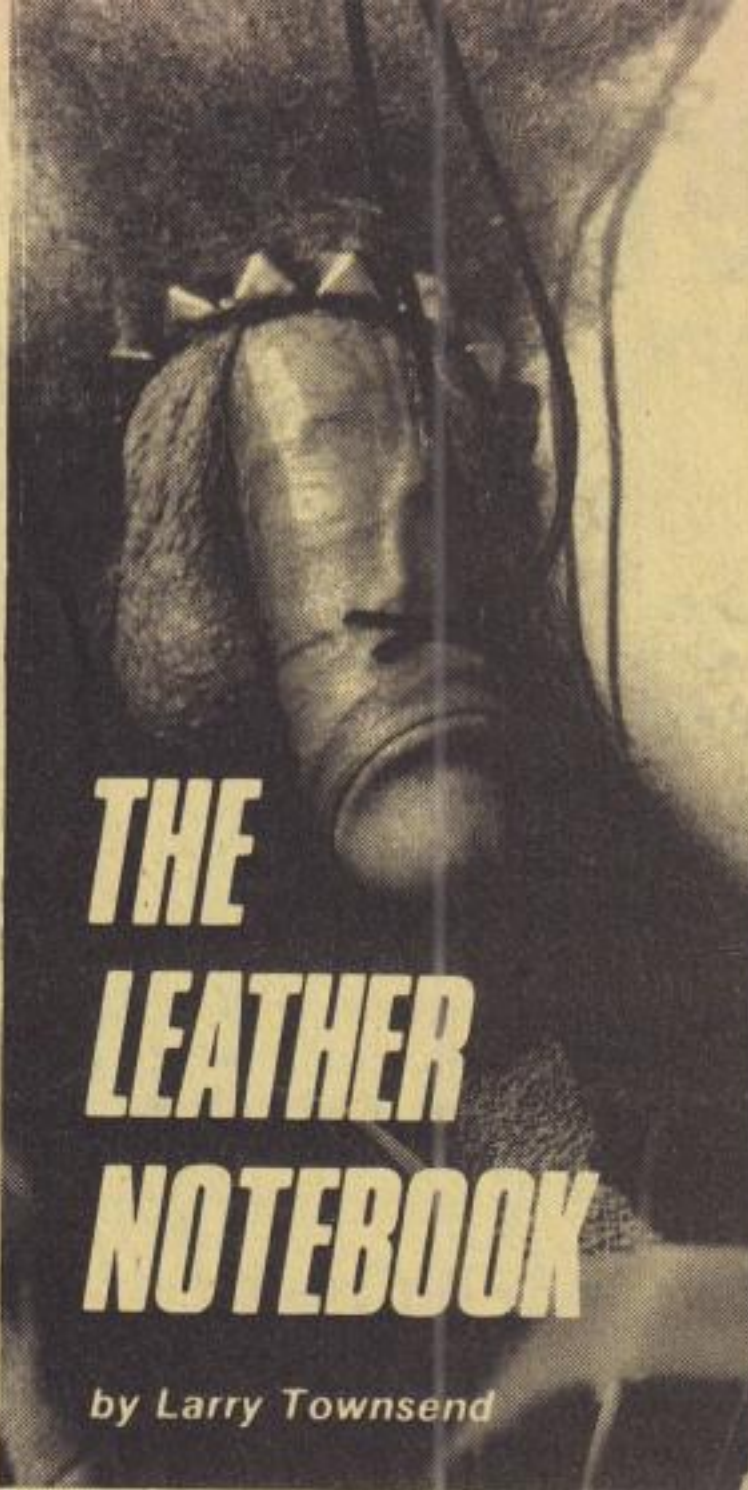
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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

I am a latent homosexual and a bottom, and have just come out. I go to an adult book store here, and there are always three or four or more young gays (some queens) hanging around there cruising. There are also holes in some of the booths. What are they cruising and waiting for? I am an older person (50) and am curious about it. Am I supposed to pay them or whatever to go down on them, or what? Actually I would like a well-hung one to fuck me, but is all this safe? I am afraid of AIDS. Please answer me. PLEASE!

Chuck, Las Vegas, NV

Dear Chuck,

I don't know much about the hustler scene in Las Vegas, but I've never heard of pay-for-play through a glory hole (holes between booths in bookstores or public johns). If you see a guy who looks interesting, why not just ask him if he'd like a drink, or make some other innocuous suggestion, and see how he responds. If he wants money, he's going to ask for it. Be careful, though, not to make the first overture. It could be a vice squad trap. I don't know what you look like, but a guy at 50 looking for young numbers may well be expected to pay.

As for "safe sex," any act involving the exchange of body fluids is suspect. With a hustler there is a higher risk, as with anyone who has multiple partners. While you're at the adult bookstore, why not buy a copy of Dameron's Guide and check out the bars in your area? Your chances of health risk should be less with non-pros, although these days there is no guarantee with anyone.

Dear Larry,

I was told by a friend of mine that one night he slept with an American guy who had an 11" cock, and although my friend was small in body size he claimed that he was able to take the whole 11" prick inside his ass. My question is whether this is possible, and if so what is your advice for me to be able to take such a huge tool. Techniques, materials, creams that help me in taking such a large penis deep inside my hole. Your advice is well appreciated. Please let me know as soon as possible, because I'd love to try it, but without pain. Thanks for your help.

Ali, Singapore

Dear Ali,

I think your first problem is going to be finding that 11" beauty, but you'll have to solve that one for yourself. As to taking a large cock, this is not particularly difficult if you are able to make yourself relax. In this sense, the problem is more mental than physical. A really good lubricant is going to help, of course. There is a new one on the market called Astroglide, which is the best ass-fucking product I've ever found. (It's not viscous enough for FF, but otherwise ideal.) I don't know how much time and effort you want to expend in training for this great event, but you can certainly condition your sphincter to relax through some homework with dildos of gradually increasing sizes, assuming the real thing is not available. Body size has little to do with a guy's ability to take it up the ass, although the danger of rupturing the rectal lining is greater if the length of the anal channel is shorter (distance between the asshole and the point at which the tube bends to enter the colon). Good hunting!

Dear Larry,

About seven months ago I met my lover, who is attractive enough to have had his picture in *Drummer*. We hit it off very well at first. I prefer Top, and he bottom—but we trade off. He had done a lot of SM things with his former lover while on drugs. All of this excites me, although I don't like to use dope. He says it's impossible without it. As a result, our sex life has dwindled down to just jerking off once every couple of weeks. He now claims he can't be fucked, due to outside venereal warts (that have lasted over four months, despite doctor's treatment). Any mention of SM is promptly dropped as impossible; yet he fantasizes about it. Despite his claim of pain from fucking, I know he uses a dildo when I'm away.

Here is a chance for a great monogamous relationship, but I don't know how to make it work. We've reached a point where we can't even talk about it any more. Got any ideas, before I drop out of this unsatisfactory situation?

Brad, NYC

Dear Brad,

It sounds to me as if you have gotten together with a guy who's been spoiled by his own beauty. If he really had any regard for you, he wouldn't put you through this mental anguish. On the other hand, you have probably given in to his whims until he thinks he can walk all over you... and he is. Bitching at him isn't going to help, and until life kicks him around a few times he probably isn't going to accept the fact that he could be at fault. You don't have that much time invested. Why don't you tell him to play with his dildo, while you go out and find the real thing. After all, the only reason to have a lover is to improve the quality of your life. When the relationship fails to do this, it's time to bail out.

Dear Larry,

Your comments in the *Leather Notebook* are always interesting and provocative. However, one of your recent replies to an inquiry puzzles me. In your advice to "Curious" (*Drummer* 79), you insist (rightly) that the slave offers his "total, unqualified submission" to the Master. You also write that since the "contract" between the Master and slave is purely voluntary on both sides, it can be broken at any time by either partner. These two viewpoints seem inconsistent.

Puzzled, Boca Raton, FL

Dear Puzzled,

Although these concepts do appear inconsistent, you must remember that we function within a society with very specific laws against involuntary servitude. Therefore, the slave must at all times be free to break the contract and demand his freedom. However, this is his ultimate recourse, and in doing so he is relinquishing all the positive aspects of a relationship that he presumably cherishes. In fact, the greatest threat the Master can make is just this sort of termination. It is the reverse of this, the slave's threat to terminate, that should remain unspoken, although a sensitive Master will recognize it. In other words, the slave has the choice of accepting whatever is demanded by his Master, or breaking it off. All or nothing. If a guy is truly (emotionally) a slave, his Master will have to be really gross before he (the slave) will take this extreme step. Remember that the true Master/slave relationship is a rare occurrence. To survive for any length of time there has to be a bond of love and understanding between the two guys involved. It's not a contest to see how much shit a slave will take before he splits.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.)

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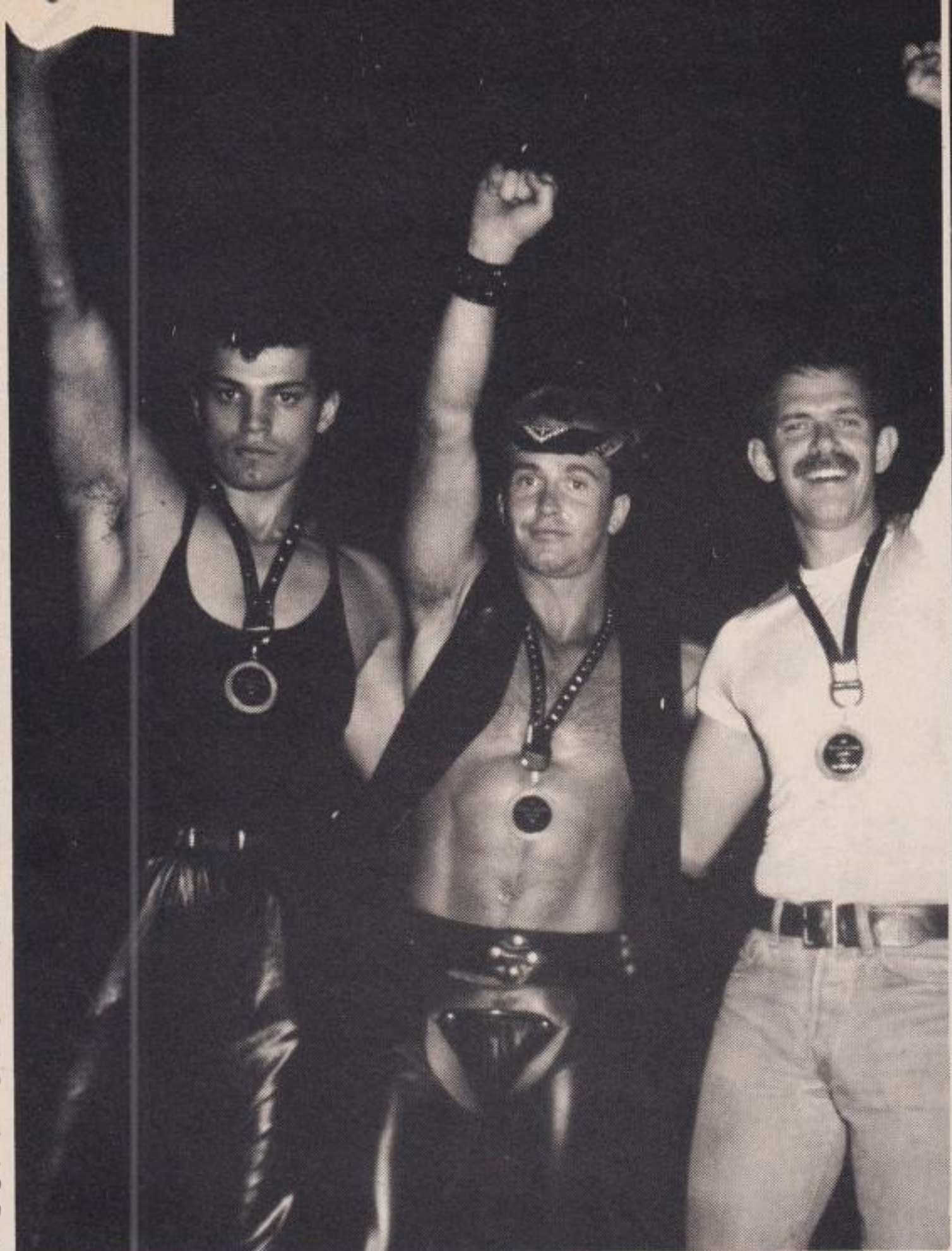
It promises to be the hottest and most spectacular event in the history of the Mr. Drummer Contest—leather's finest hour. With candidates like these, how could it be anything else?

Preceding page:
Contestant and
cohort getting
down at the Mr.
Southern Cali-
fornia Drummer
contest at Probe.

Below: Patrick
Toner onstage
with the Jon
Kass Dancers,
reaching for
new heights.
(Before the
month was out,
Toner would be
named 1985
International
Mr. Leather—
see page 56 and
this issue's
Report section.)

At right: Mr.
Southern Cali-
fornia Drummer
for 1985 (and
this issue's cov-
erman), Rydar
Hanson, flanked
by runners-up.
Center: Hanson
limbers up! (All
photos by Rose
de Castro.)

Far right: Han-
son in full gear,
and geared up
for the Finals in
San Francisco.



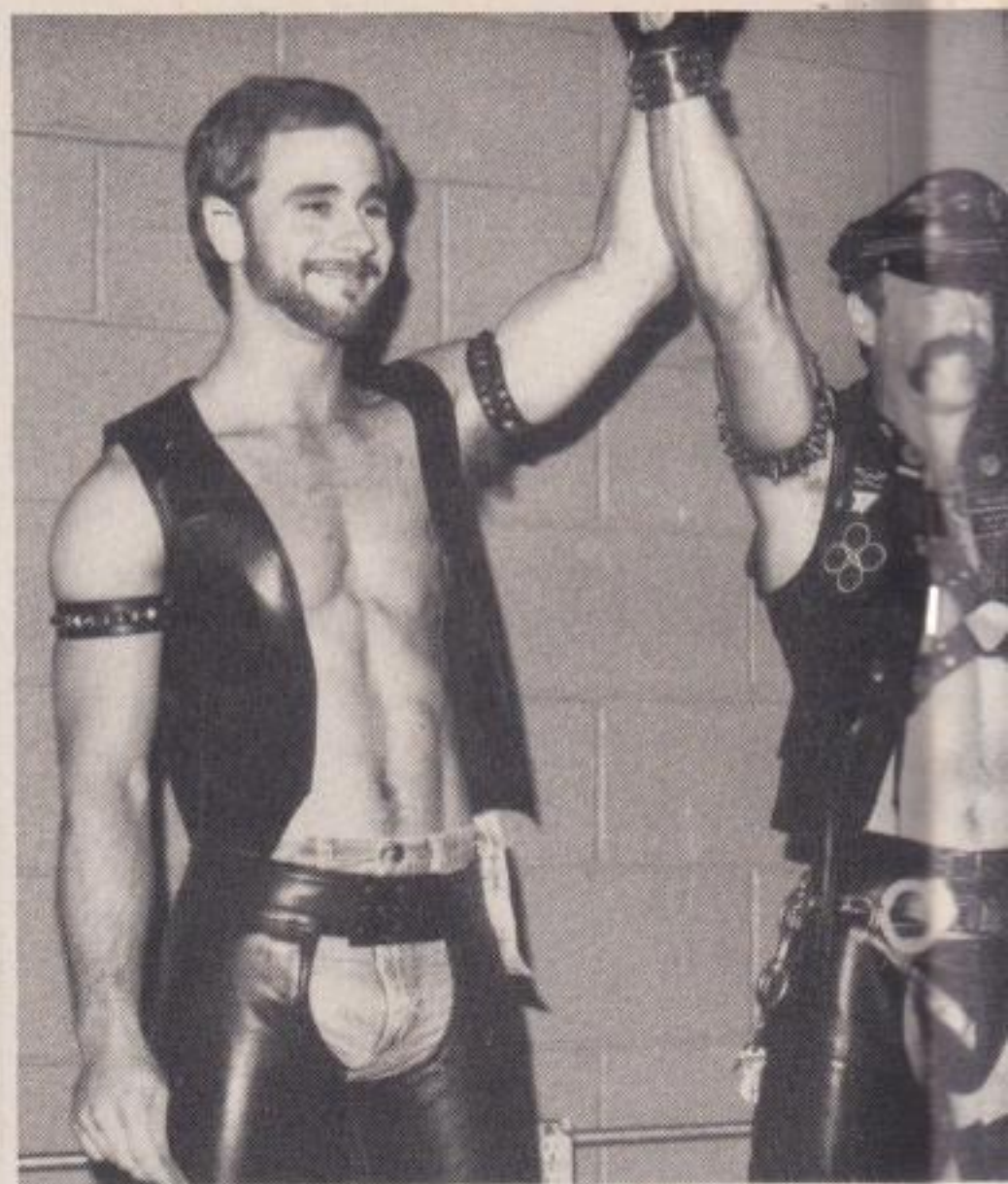


MR. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER LOS ANGELES

The stars came out—and we mean the motion picture kind—for the Southern California contest. It was the largest leather event ever witnessed in Los Angeles, as a crowd of leathermen (conservatively estimated at 1200) packed Probe to see German-born Rydar Hanson take the title. Leave it to Hollywood to pick a movie star—Hanson has strutted his considerable stuff in the leather epic *Chain Reactions* and Al Parker's *Head Trips*.

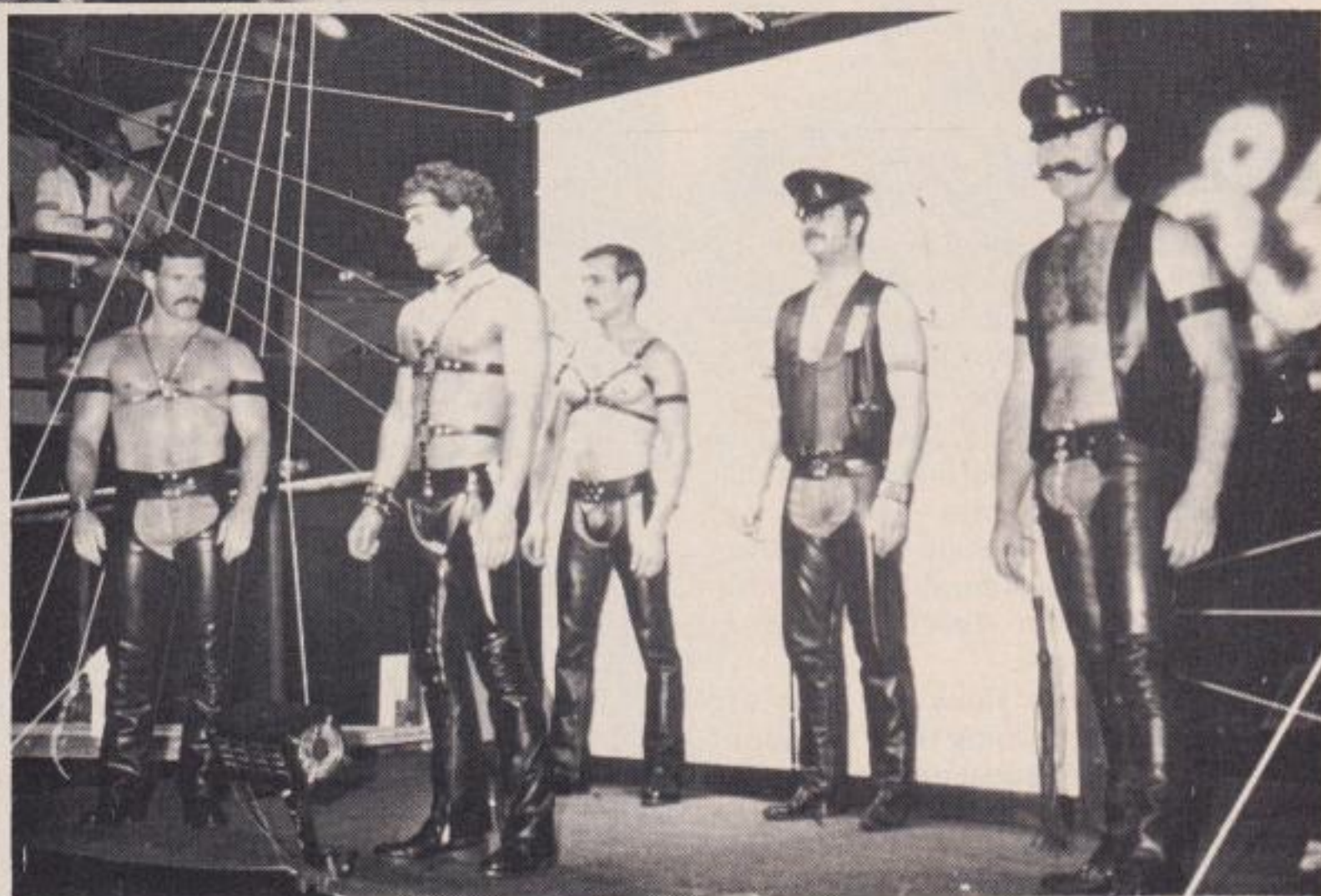
There was more show biz with the John Kass Dancers doing their notorious erotic turns and a repeat performance by Mario Simon, keeping the crowd at fever pitch. It was the night the stars came out in Leather.





MR. ROCKY MOUNTAIN DRUMMER

Packing plenty of brawn on a rock-hard physique wrapped in leather and chains, Mike Jones took Denver's leather community by storm. (Who was it who said: "Give me men to match my mountains"?) Co-hosted by Mr. S. of Denver and Tracks (where the contest was held), this was the largest Rocky Mountain event to date, and wrapped up the Mr. Drummer regional contests for April.





MR. EAST COAST DRUMMER

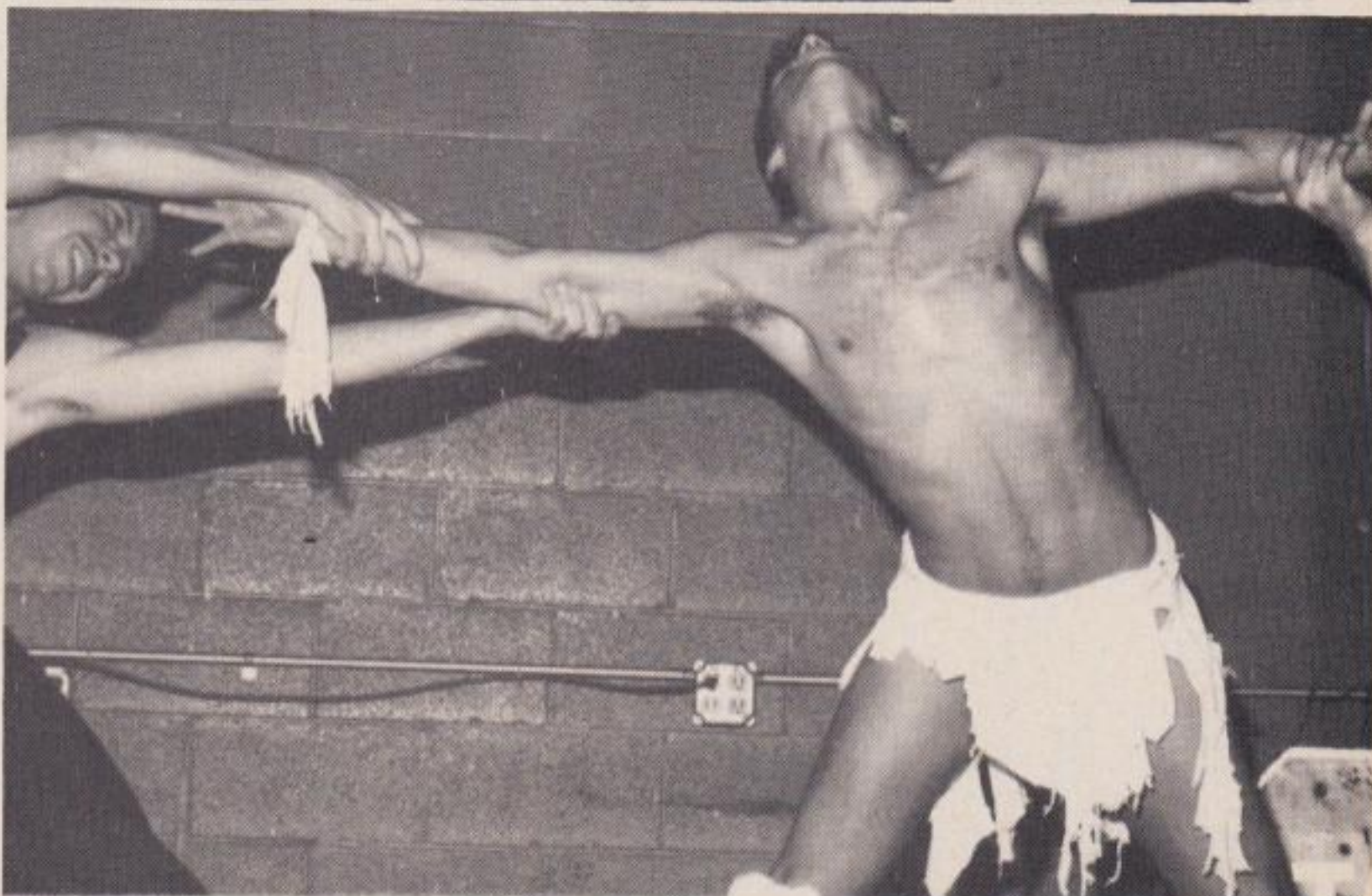
Breaking all attendance records at the Pittsburgh Trucking Co., with a capacity crowd of 350 leathermen, the East Coast contest (sponsored by Crucible MC) found a winner in hunky Carl Fetterman of Harrisburg, PA.

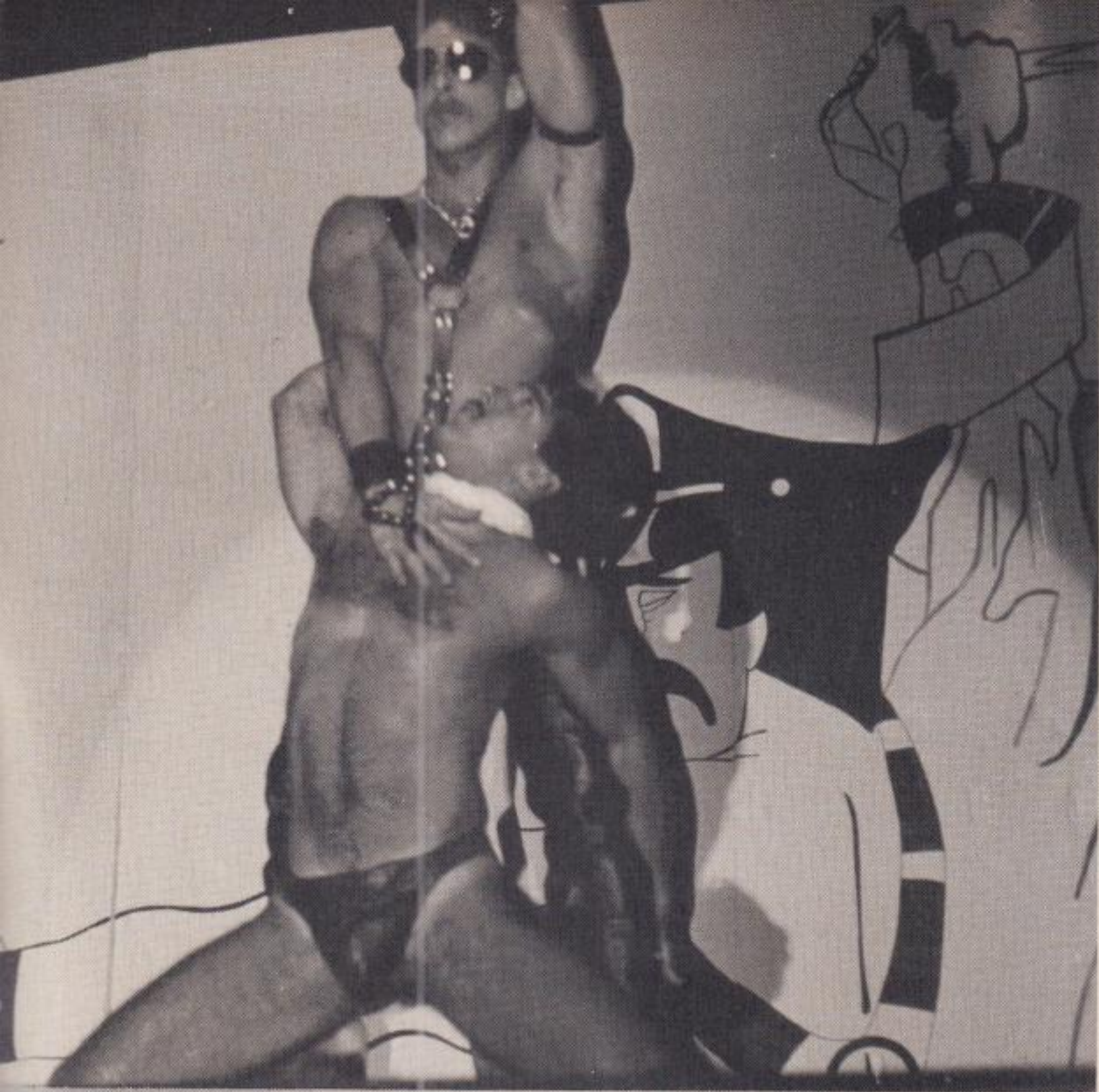
Regional leathermen were big behind the scenes, headed by emcee Bill Kristoff, Mr. Pittsburgh Leather, and a panel of judges including Jim Scott of Hide Park Leather; "Judge" House, president of Militia MC; Paul Gaspery of Zack's; and John Phillips, Mr. Appalachian Drummer 1984.

To keep the crowd sizzling between contest segments, Jim Caplan choreographed an original erotic dance piece in four episodes, "The Pleasure Dome," set to the music of Frankie Goes to Hollywood and following a young man's initiation into an SM fantasy world. Big doings in Pittsburgh, PA!

At left: The Mr. Rocky Mountain line-up, with winner Mike Jones at far left; and Jones with banner after taking the title. (Photos by Leon Groves.)

Above and right, clockwise: The winning line-up in Pittsburgh, with (l. to r.) runners-up Joe Weinagen and Jim Menapace and Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer Carl Fetterman; Jim Menapace flexing his way to 2nd Runner-up; and a tribal tableau from "The Pleasure Dome." (Photos by Ivann.)





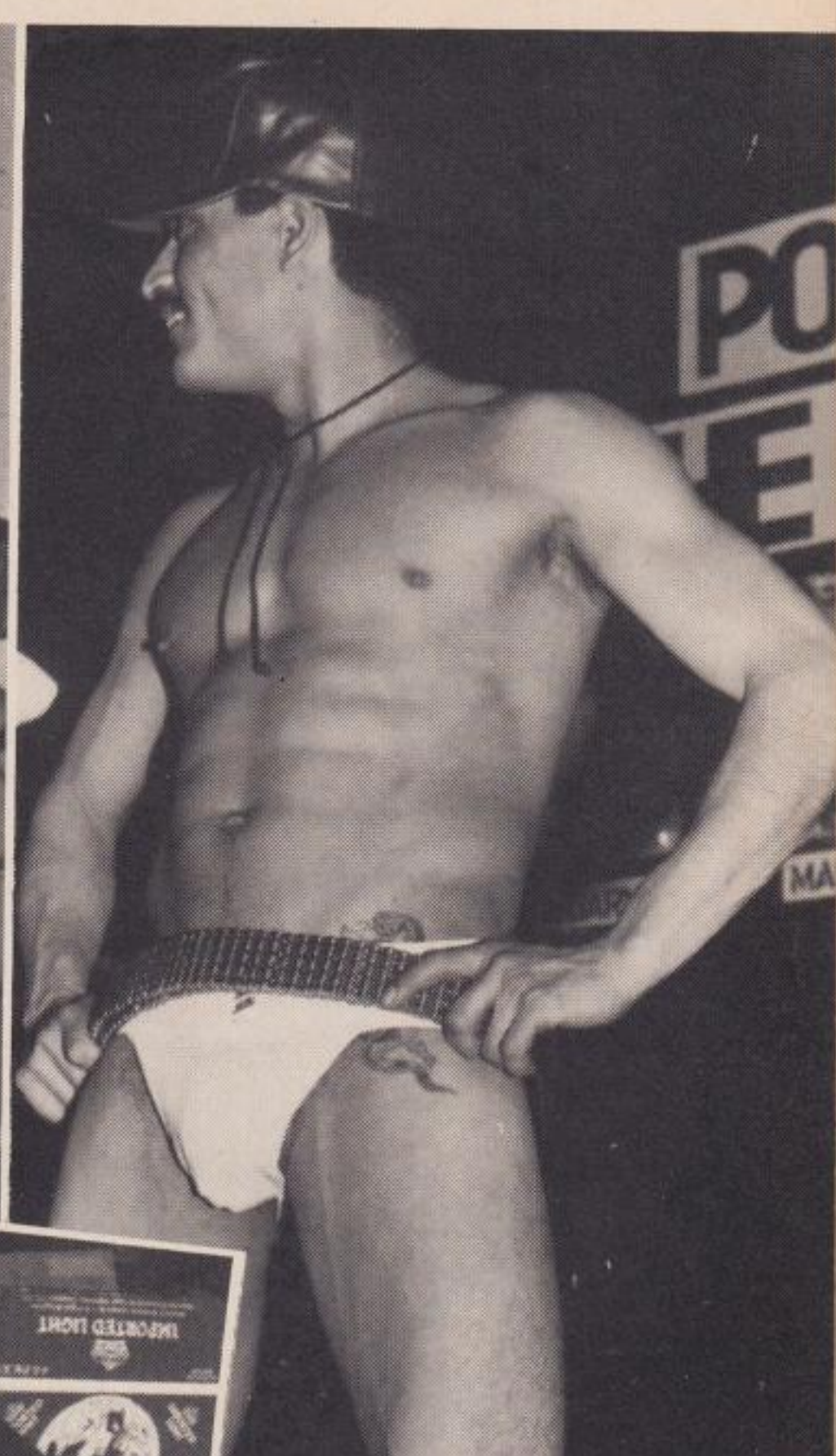
MR. SOUTHWEST DRUMMER

The local gay press called it "a *tour de force of leather*" when leathersmen from all over the Southwest gathered at Rich's in Houston to select smooth, muscular and dominant Joe Varvaro as their regional Mr. Drummer for 1985. Beyond his sheer animal appeal, Varvaro's fantasy act may have been the deciding factor. As reported in *Forum*, Joe "left little to the imagination as he whipped and shaved his fantasy subject to a frenzy. . . as the crowd screamed, yelled, and otherwise raised the decibel level at Rich's to a hitherto unknown peak."

Richie Mullins, Mr. Southwest Drummer '84, made a special appearance at the contest, which was sponsored by Eagle Leathers and raised over \$3000 for the KS/AIDS Foundation of Houston.

Left: Mr. Southwest Drummer 1985, Joe Varvaro, with slave (above) and without sunglasses (below). (Photos courtesy of Bob Kennedy.)

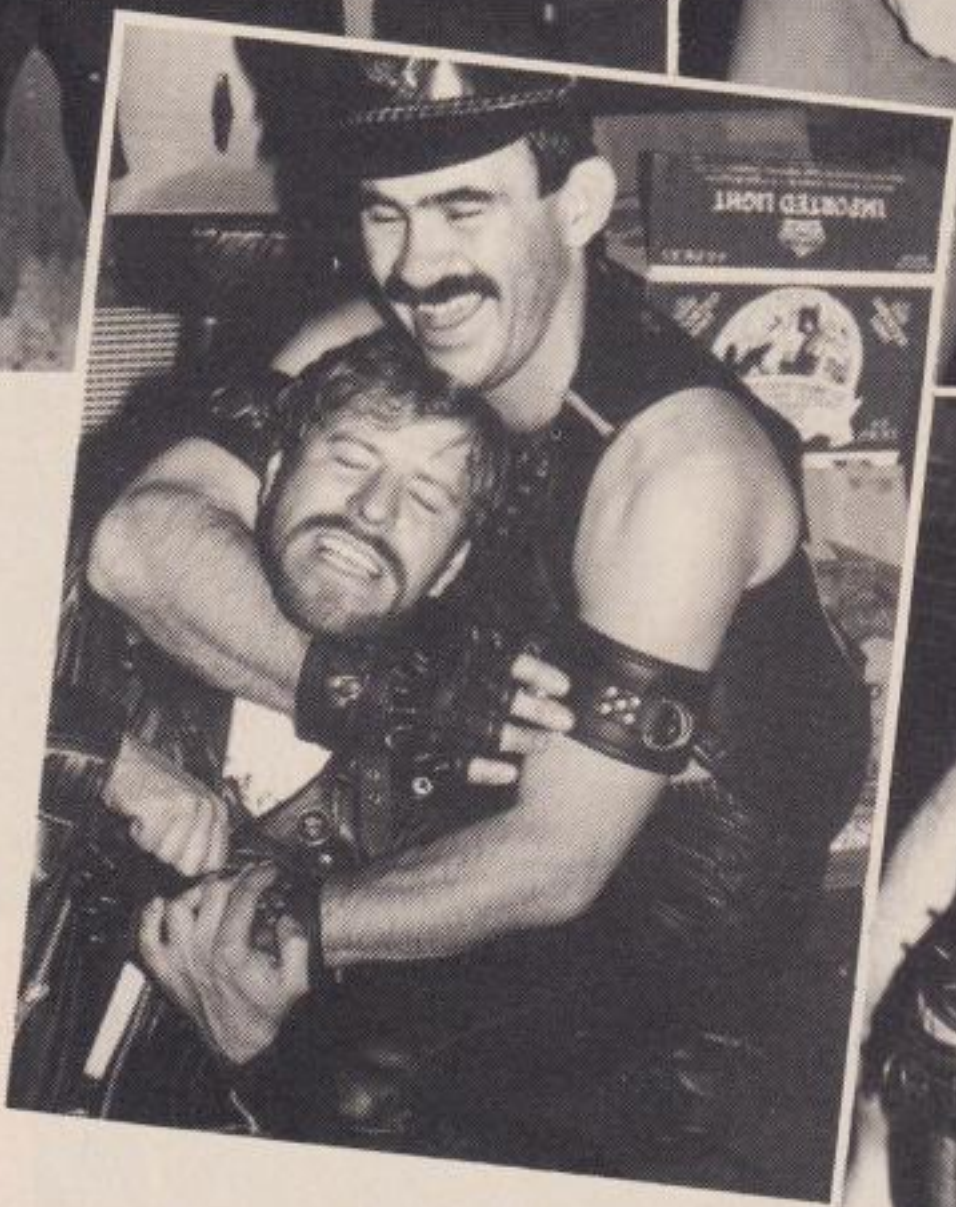




MR. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER

Last year's Mr. Northern California Drummer took the national title—so the leathersmen who gathered at Chaps in San Francisco for this year's regional contest were looking for a man to bring the honors home a second time. The Man: Mitch Brown, who peeled off his police uniform to show heavy leather lurking underneath.

There was more Bay Area leather behind the scenes, with judges including Jim Cvitanich, Glen Terrio and George Ash, as well as Dennis Forbes of *Advocate Men*—plus a special appearance by former DRUMMER coverman and International Mr. Leather for 1985, Patrick Toner. Sonny Cline, last year's Northern California winner who went on to take the national title, was also on hand for the event, which was a benefit for the S.F. AIDS Fund.



From above left, clockwise: International Mr. Leather '85, Patrick Toner (see pages 52 and 53) on stage at the Mr. Northern California contest; winner Mitch Brown in a blue mood with badge; a contestant in the jockstrap-and-cap division; Mitch Brown getting a congratulatory hug from a runner-up who went on (insert) to take his frustrations out on an innocent bystander. (Photos by Pat Urquhart.)





MR. SOUTHEAST DRUMMER

It started in April at Tacky's Bar in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. DRUMMER Men were there in force, with special appearances by Mr. Drummer '84, Sonny Cline, and last year's Mr. Southeast Drummer, brawny Ken Bergquist. Entertainment by Mario

("Drummerman") Simon kept the men moving and hot, but the hottest reactions came in response to winner Joe Brown, who literally ripped the clothes off his harnessed, half-naked slave for a demonstration of Masterly discipline. The crowd loved it!



Above and left: Burly Joe Brown takes his slave to task—and carries off the Mr. Southwest Drummer title. (Photos above from Playtime Magazine; photo at left from Tacky's Bar.)

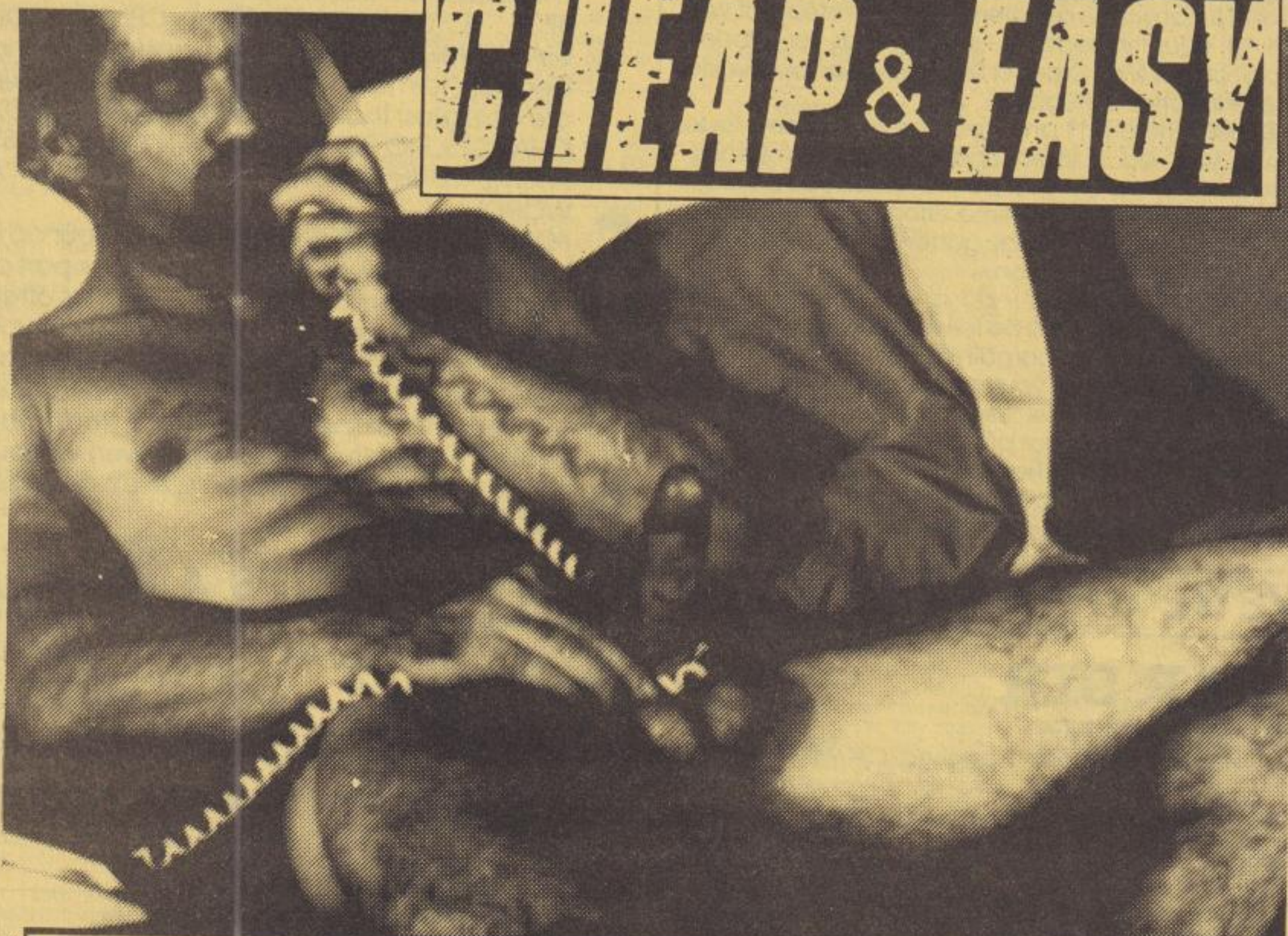
Pacific Northwest, Midwest and New England Contests

No photos yet on these contests—just the facts. Mr. Pacific Northwest Drummer (held at the J&L Saloon in Seattle): Kevin Petrow (aka "Thumper") of Canada. Mr. Midwest Drummer: Mark Ray of Kentucky. And Mr. New England Drummer is as yet unknown.

You'll see them all here next issue—or get your ass to San Francisco for the Finals on June 29 if you want to catch them in the flesh!

DEAR SIR:

CHEAP & EASY



Picture this:
You're horny (again).

So you pick up the
phone and punch a few numbers.

Some other dude comes on the line.
Some other horny dude. Live meat,
unrehearsed, and you've got him on the
phone.

Now what do you do?

That's your business.

To join, call the Connector at

(415) 346-8747.



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The 24-hour-a-day telephone cruise line.
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tions. No "unwanted charges." And no hired
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Our exclusive S&M, Jack Off, and Dating
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The Connector, Inc. 515 Broderick, Suite 2, San Francisco, CA 94117

Must be 18 years or older.



Dear Sir:

YOUR AD: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

PRINT IT OUT: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

WHERE WILL YOUR AD RUN? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under "Nationwide" or "International" instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

DEADLINE? There isn't any. You'll get in the next issue, even if your ad is listed under "Late Submissions." Subsequent insertions will find you where you belong if yours is more than a one-time effort.

DISCOUNT? You've already gotten it. Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

WANT A BOX NUMBER? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address immediately. That's a bargain!

PHONE NUMBER? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your and our protection.

PAYMENT? Pay by check, money order, VISA or MASTERCARD. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

CENSORSHIP? No, Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And you, of course, must be 21 or better.

TO REPLY TO A DEAR SIR OR USA BOX NUMBER: Enclose your reply in a stamped envelope with the box number penciled on the back. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them the same day we receive them.

If the ad has a USA Box number, follow the same instructions, but send it to: USA/Bud Berkeley, Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be.

THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A COMMUNICATION CENTER FOR LEATHERMEN! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as DRUMBEATS) we are doing just that. NO DEADLINES, NO \$7 BOX CHARGES, NO \$20 CANCELLATION FEE, NO \$5 PHONE VERIFICATION FEE. AND ONLY 50¢ A WORD!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS: Your ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to 'other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain!



WE'RE CHEAP AND EASY! ONLY FOUR BITS A WORD!

DEAR SIR,

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING
640 Natoma Street San Francisco, CA 94103

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Cost of Ad (_____ Words x 50¢) \$ _____
 Number of Insertions _____
☐ Box Number (Add \$1⁰⁰) _____
☐ Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1⁰⁰) _____
 Total Enclosed \$ _____

Payment enclosed is: ☐Check ☐Money Order ☐Visa ☐Mastercard

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

(I am 18 years of age or older)

HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 50¢ PER WORD!



DEAR SIR:

NATIONWIDE

HUNGRY MASCULINE CUNT

Goodlooking masculine man, 30, hung needs raunchy dirty talk and lots of verbal abuse while you and your friends rim and feed my man's pussy/cunt then let me shine your leather with my wet pussy. Will consider kinky fantasies with right men. W/S, light bondage, jockstraps, exhibitionism. No FF, pain, scat—just lots of good man-to-man fucking. Write raunchy letter with picture. Box 4498.

SLAVE WANTED BY TWO MASTERS

Send detailed application with full-length front and rear photo for consideration. All applicants will be answered—only one chosen. PO Box 825, Buffalo, NY 14205

DEAR SIR

I am a 32-year-old boy who's looking for training. I'm nice looking, clean shaven, personable and very responsible. I'm looking for a master who has the power to bind me more by his presence rather than ropes and chains. A man who can take the boy in me and make him a man. Sir, please write me. Box 4511.

NEED A GOOD TALKING TO? CALL TELEROTIC

The hottest talkers in the business just became the hottest new service in the business, and we've got a specialty: Hung Masters who are *dead serious* about making you work hard for it. Crave some hot SM action? We're the best at leaving you soaked, and damn proud of it. Call (213) 386-0448 anytime. VISA/MASTERCARD. Ask about our grand opening special.

HEAVY BALL ACTION

Weights, straps, stretching—no limits. Lower the balls the better! Lewis, PO Box 40264, Memphis, TN 38174-0264

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

who is into leather, B&D, heavy S&M. I will administer military discipline, physical training, confinement and verbal abuse. My slave must be willing to be pierced, tattooed, and shaved. Your Master is young, black hair, moustache, 5'7", 155 lbs., muscular and experienced. I am looking for a slave who is 35 to 50 and experienced. Your mind is the only thing I am interested in. Discretion is a must. I can travel; you must travel. Long-term relationship wanted. Your picture gets mine. Box 4485LF

MY SUMMER VACATION

Seeking manual labor for the full month of July. Prefer farm or construction labor. Me: 32, 6'1", 195, muscular, hairy, educated. Am into all sides of Fr & Gr, titwork and mutually satisfying SM. Box 4478

SWEDISH BEARDED BIKER

29, 185 cm, 80 kg, coming to U.S. Seeking big daddies, bearded. Into leather, rubber, BD, SM, (biker). Americans & Europeans. Send photo—you get one. Box 4444.

EAST COAST COP

Wants police/fire buddies. Action-oriented, tired of street faggots. FBI contributor number, photo. Box 4480

BOXING

Big dude wants to correspond/meet men into boxing, heavy contact, TT, and rough scenes. Send letter, photo to PO Box 222713, Carmel, CA 93922.

BOOT—WHIP BALL SLAVE

Bootlicking WM, 41, cut, 205, 6'2" into 501 button fly levis, military boots, BD, SM, whipping, Fr, Gr, and ball work (weights, vices, slapping, whipping). Also into Nautilus, duplicate, books, travel, computers. Not into FF, scat, WS, rimming, raunch, piercing, catheters, prods, damage. Travel a lot. Send phone #. Box 4344

STILL UNCUT?

Holding out for the right scene? Tell the Sarge all about it. Send description, photo (not necessary) and circumcision fantasy. All get replies; the chosen get clipped. Box 3433.

SLAVE WANTED

Two professional, caring, dominant GWM's mid-30's have position for obedient full-time slave. Application w/photo gets reply: MSTRS, P.O.B. 50286, WASH. D.C. 20004.

PROSPECTIVE SLAVE

This 35, 5'11" slim, hairy slave into SM & BD & TT wants to give almost virgin ass into FF—Seek daddy leather-master in 30's up with hairy chest hung. Please, Sir teach me total mental body control in degradation humiliation. I need to serve, respect, obey & worship a master. Awaiting your command, Sir. Can travel USA. Box 20648, Atlanta, GA 30320.

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

ATHLETIC SUBMISSIVE

28, 5'8", 145, brn/brn seeks good-looking dominant with great body, under 30. No smokers, drunks, etc. Will relocate West in May. Reply with photo to: P.O. Box 340129, Boca Raton, FL 33434.

X-LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER

Goodlooking, mature, lonely GWM, 31 yrs., muscular, masculine, 180 lbs. desires contact with current law enforcement officers for friendship, possible relationship. Discretion expected and assured. L.R.G., PO Box 14568, Chicago, IL 60614-0568

LOWLY GRUNT SLAVE WANTED!

Want to serve a former Marine? Not into bullshit or playing games and is serious about wanting to serve a good MASTER. This former MSgt is seeking a fulltime submissive male to serve as it is directed, instructed, ordered or commanded to. Bondage, discipline, C&BT, TT, or anything else this MASTER so chooses. Slave will lie in a strict disciplined military lifestyle. Send letter of application and appropriate photo for inspection to: Box 5002LF.

DIRTY LETTERS

I'll get off on reading your fantasies; you'll get off on my reply. The *only* limit you have is putting it down on paper. Al, Box 190, 484 Lakepark, Oakland, CA 94610.

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

HOT HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile (top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, WS, rimming, SM, more. Am 29, 160 lbs., 5'10", brown hair/ eyes, beard. Bridwell, Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686.

ANYTHING GOES!

WM, 30, 6'3", 7" bottom seeks top/daddy 35 to 50 plus to explore and expand my limits. C&BT, TT, B/D, exhibitionism, interrogation, WS. Into fantasies, uniforms, leather. Photo, please. Let's explore new roads. Box 4179LF.

ARE YOU READY

To live the piquant reality of hard driving, relentless servitude under two strong, horny, intense, stable, handsome, topmen? We've been together and into leather for years and know how to train and direct any slave, who is ready, to the total surrender of body and mind. You should apply only if you are serious and imaginative. No lazies, ego-heads or coldfeet. We expect you to be ready and willing; we will make you able. Slave's ass must be prepared for intelligent, heavy S/M, boot shine, white glove perfection, long-term, no bullshit, relationship. We're both experienced topmen into bondage, beating, verbal abuse, enforced humiliation, and giving orders. It is now time for us to train and develop a slave for our care and pleasure. We're 6'2" 175 lbs. blue/blonde uncut with good body. And Interchain member #879, 5'6" 145, blue/L. brown. with 9 1/2" log. Both 39 and in good shape. Your looks and body are unimportant. We will change them to fit our needs. Any race or age O.K. You must be masculine and healthy enough to be trained. If you are not ready for complete servitude don't waste our time. Address your humble resume with photo to MASTERS LARRY & MIKE, PO. Box 1104, Sandy, Utah 84091. LF4088.

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

PROMISCUOUS?

Healthy? Group! Looking for masculine multiple outlets & sexuality? Need makes of all interests to take part in Private Group. Must be clean & healthy & be able to locate in Houston—so self & equipment are readily accessible. Have facilities available if you desire and are accepted. If you're discreet, responsible and have some interest send confidential letter as to your preferences—active, passive, versatile, training needs and experiences, for additional details. Only mature (over 30), any race, but no drugs or drunks. Learn, experience and expand together. Beginners welcomed. Versatile W/M, 5'11", 180#. Box 3329LF.

GOOD HEAD

60, 6'2"; 190; blue eyes; white hair, reddish complexion. Handsome & excellent definition and large nipples; talented hole; expert mouth. Desires Master who commands sexual servitude & S/M. Bald cigar smokers a + (not required.) SM groups OK. Can travel. P.O. Box 90110, West Station, Nashville, TN 37209 (LF3986).

BOOT WORSHIPPING SLAVE

Begs to serve and service a hot master. Slave is 35, tall, lean 'n hungry, and above all, serious. Thank you for your attention, Sir. Box 3755LF

BOOTS, BIKES, BONDAGE

If you dig the feel, smell, and creak of total leather, the helplessness of prolonged, yet total and tender bondage (top/bottom), write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

LEATHER IN THE COUNTRY

Hunky and attractive WM 5'10", 155, brown hair and eyes has 40 secluded acres of woods and comfortable home. I seek a nature lover into outdoor activities, fitness, good nutrition and travel. I have the freedom and time to explore nature and seek someone with the aesthetic sense to enjoy it. Seek permanent relationship with leather buddy or daddy's boy. Let's explore geographically and sexually. Photo mandatory. Bob, Box 938, Merlin, OR 97532

YIN/YANG

Progressive Asian lifemate sought for adventure and mutual support by trim, concious GWM, 37. Varied artistic, spiritual, sexual and cultural interests lead my path to yours. Headed toward eventual rural self-sufficiency. I also enjoy urban, kinky and New Age pursuits. We've waited enough, buddy. It's time to put my long brown curls and your thick black crewcut together and work on our future, so send your dreams and a photo to Robert, Box 4500.

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC AGAIN

J-REE's Basement Studio, 222 Magnolia, Downtown Daytona Beach (next to Kentucky Fried Chicken). Afternoons. Ultrarealistic paintings—life-sized and larger: posed, action, couples, bondage, execution. \$4500-\$21,500; reproductions available. Commissions negotiable. (Inquiries: P.O. Box 2266, Daytona Beach, FL 32015-2266)

RELOCATE FOR MASTER

Hot, handsome slave, 6'2", 38, 170 seeks handsome 1-1 Master. Lots to offer, sincere, secure, travel anywhere. Photo/phone to PO Box 10181, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334

SLAVE WANTED

by sane, sadistic Master (30, 5'10", 165) for heavy SM, torture, full ownership. Must be healthy, over 28, under 6 ft., under 170 lbs., serious. Apply with photo to Box 4495.

NYC MASTER

seeks live-in slave—shave expenses at start. Box 4506

DIG SHOVING A BIG DILDO UP A HOT ASS?

Or maybe down his throat? Join national dildo club. Send \$3.00 for info and sample ads. N.D.C., 1069 El Centro, Los Angeles, CA 90038

DAD LOOKING FOR SON!

If you are a fem or into bars, games, drugs, or any other kind of bullshit, move on to the next ad. But if you need a *real* dad with a lot of love for you, let's talk. SON will be GWM 18-35, quiet, intelligent, industrious, loving, obedient, affectionate, submissive, very much daddy's little boy, and enthusiastically bottom. He needs a permanent, lifelong, protective and totally monogamous relationship with his dad who will give him the love, security, parental guidance and dominance he needs. Legal adoption a possibility. DAD is GWM top, 37, bl/bl, moustache, 6', 210, professional with many interests and a lot to offer his son: permanence, security, direction, protection, love and affection when earned—bare-assed punishment when deserved. WE will live in the country and develop mutual interests that will encourage your growth as my son while we have fun, become best friends, and develop a sexy and healthy father/son family relationship based on respect and discipline. You will submit a complete description of yourself, your life and background as well as your needs in a relationship with your dad; you will include your address, telephone number and two photographs (snaps OK; revealing not necessary) no more than six months old, and you will receive as much in return—same day. So snap to it, kid! D.A.D., 11900 Winterthur Lane, #101, Reston, VA 22091 (4524LF)

GETTING A HAIRCUT?

Let me trim you! Sexy, versatile longhair, 28, digs short-haired guys, haircutting (have clippers). Write with photo! T.R., 250 W. 57th St., Suite 1527, New York, NY 10107. You'll get more than a crewcut.

BLOND BOY WANTED

Young athletic slaveboy wanted. Novice OK. 25-year-old Master will train you to obey orders. Must wear collar; you will live in cell-like dormitory room in house on California beach. Write me with your fantasies, physical description. Photos get first response. Relocation available. Box 4451.

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED

by butch, attractive, well-built 33-year-old Master. Must be trim, masculine, 18-30. Training will include long whippings and endless fuck sessions. Box 4445.

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by Daddy/Master in late 30s. If you have a serious desire to be the son/slave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master include photo and phone with your response. Assistance with relocation available, if necessary. Box 4426.

EROTIC SEX

bondage, obedience, leather, sensuality, mind games. I will control your sexuality. Send detailed letter with revealing photo to Box 4432.

SERIOUS-MINDED NEW YORK MASOCHIST

Solid build, in search of a real sadist into ultimate C-C-C-B torture. Turning remaining fantasies into reality a must. If you respect limits, don't reply. I'm not tough, just determined. Will travel for the right sadist. Box 4434.

CASTRATION

Exchange accounts on castration—factual (historical or modern), fictional and/or techniques. Box 4435.

HOT BUILT RECEPTIVE

Boyish/masculine loner animal artist, 34 (Los Angeles), needs raunch, discipline, affection from tuned-in master/mentor. Ownership preferred. Box 4437.

PIPE-SMOKING TOPMAN WANTED

by good-looking GWM, 33, 5'8", 145, full head brown hair, moustache. I love bald pipe smokers with black fringe and moustache. I am Fr/a-p, Gr/p, like taking orders, light spanking. Skiing and classical music are a plus. Will travel. Please send photo. P.O. Box 3511, Washington, DC 20007.

SEEK SPECIAL GR/p GWM MATE

Horny Greek active GWM, 53, 5'8", 150 lbs., 7" cut, wants burly horny Greek passive GWM, monogamous mate, age 48+, over 6'2", 250 to 300 lbs., wanting his big, dirty, smelly asshole rimmed & ridden in bed nightly! No smoke, pain, drugs, WS, phonies, one-nighters! Looks unimportant! I love being scat bottom as well as top for nightly anal sex. Write to: Don, PO Box 556, Cleveland, OH 44107.

WM, CLEAN, UNCUT

wants to talk to and meet others of same. Good times and fun—not into SM. USA 516

UNCUT COCK WANTED

WM, 35, 5'6", 165 lbs., light brown hair, brown eyes, 6" hard, 2½" soft, into small or any size uncut guys with lots of foreskin overhang, or those that sink into themselves. Also into WS, piss games. Would enjoy overnite stays. Like outdoor scenes. Into astrology. USA 264.

EXTREMELY EXPERIENCED HEAD MAN

Loves uncuts. Weekdays 9 to 4:30pm only. No Sats/Suns/Holidays. Phone No. w/second letter, is wanted. USA 251.

THICK COCKHEAD, LOOSE FORESKIN

WM, 46, 5'10", 165 lbs., good body, seeks all into foreskin action. Have darkroom, like porn and JO scenes. Into foreskin stretching. Will experiment. USA 246.

CUT BUT STRETCHING

GWM, 32, 5'11", 150 lbs., 41" chest, 28" waist, 8", bodybuilder, Br/Gr, moustache, looking for similar into regaining foreskin and uncuts who are into hot skin action. USA 239.

BIG UNCUT SPERM OOZING

Goodlooking, insatiable Hispanic pumps hot intestines or salivas big urethras. Enjoys low, sizable sweetbreads. Knowledgeable! Prefer 6' or ? USA 237.

NASTY UNCUT DADDY WANTED

Are you the kind of Daddy that likes to sit on your boy's face and shove your uncut hose down his throat to take a piss? Got a beer belly? Hispanic? Hairly white trucker? Want to make him eat the cheese from under your floppy foreskin? Like him to sit between your legs and clean you from foreskin to asshole? Obedient son doesn't have to be told twice. SF boy is 30, goodlooking, 5'11", 150 lbs., fair and fairly hairless, uncut, thick cock, and waiting to hear from his nasty Daddy. USA 271

UNCUT? UNDER 35?

WM, 51, 6'2", 185 lbs., cut, wishes to meet you. USA 222.

UNCUT PHALLUS WORSHIPPER

Wish to correspond with other uncut phallus worshippers like myself. Experiences and photo if possible, etc. USA 149.

GWM, 44, 6'2", 6¼" CUT

170 lbs., seeks "Safe Sex" and possibly more with heavier GWM, 30-60, cut or uncut. I'm a successful professional man. Other interests: Classical music, skiing, travel. USA 219.

PLAYMATES WANTED

Goodlooking, young (21-28), preferably uncut cock wanted by handsome, uncut GWM, 42, into creative fun and games. USA 218.

HAVE LONG THICK FORESKIN

Like same and big balls. Send photo and I will do same. Box 104FQ

PARTIALLY-CUT WHITE PROFESSIONAL

34, hairy, blond. Into uncircumcised men to like to stretch their skin and spend time together enjoying each others cocks and minds. USA 114.

RESTORED?

Would like to correspond with man who has restored foreskin by stretching or who is in process. USA 274.

HAIRY UNCUTS WANTED

30-year-old wants 25-45 hairy uncuts. I like foreskin, body hair, masculinity, light SM, verbal domination. Moustache required. USA 267.

CUT

43-year-old GWM with beard, hairy chest, seeks uncut vacation companion dedicated to exhibitionism, stretching and ??? Write a few words about yourself, interests and what you think makes a great vacation. USA 408.

UNCUT SO. CAL TOP

into foreskin stretching and F.S. fantasies, CBs would like to hear from hot man into same. All replies answered. D. Master USA 530

CUT WITHOUT CONSENT

seeks to share skin with sensitive. Prefer married, uncut young man. Am attractive, 30 and admirer of cock au natural. USA 523

UNCUT SO. CA TOP

into foreskin stretching and foreskin fantasies, C/Bs would like to hear from hot men into same. All replies answered. D. Master, USA 530

UNCUT NON-SMOKER

6', 160 lbs, WM 40s wants uncut/cut, hirsute over 35, JO, jocks, leather, other fun. USA 410.

CUSTOM CIRCUMCISIONS

WM, 6', 180# interested in all aspects of circumcision, especially adults who have had custom circumcisions. Seeks to correspond and meet likeminded men. USA 502

I LOVE DARK, SMOOTH SKIN

I'm 30, 155 lbs., uncut 7½", goodlooking redhead. Light complexion and built, You are 18-30 Latin, Puerto Rican, Oriental or Black, sensitive, sensual and discrete. Write with photo; ladies and couples welcome. Have dinner and dessert. Box 100FQ

GWM

38, 5'11", 170 br/bl, several tattoos 9" uncut, 1-1 seeks correspondance/meeting other uncut GWMs, especially Latinos, Friendship, safe sex, possible relationship. Send photo letter. USA 648

GOODLOOKING

well-hung man, 30, 6', 165#, 8" handpole. Have true fetish for uncuts, aged 18-49. Interested in phone calls, photo exchanges, meetings for foreskin worship. USA 528

HOT, HUNGRY MOUTH

White male, 49, 5'8", 170 lbs., dark blond, blue eyes, masculine and uncut 8" thick cock, Gr/p, Fr/a. Looking for other white or Latin masculine uncut male who is into uncut cock worship. I am very hungry for smelly cock cheese, cum filled heavy balls. Leather & levis, sweaty crotch and jockstraps also turn me on. Please write—photo gets photos. USA 529

UNCUTS WANTED

experienced in stretching by 6', 170 lbs. hairless cut. Phone & photo gets same. Box 103FQ

WM, 48, 6'

8" thick cock, delightfully covered, gorgeously uncut with soft delicious sliding fully retractable foreskin desires photo exchange experience swapping pensals. I am married, bisexual, discrete meeting possible. USA 527

ALABAMA

FORESKIN HUMILIATION

21-year-old WM, cut at age 17 due to humiliation, especially over doctors examining uncut penis. Photo exchange, Phone J/O. Write to David, PO Box 59806, Birmingham, AL 35209. See Photo.

GOOD SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

I am a very good slave and a masochist. I am seeking good times with good-looking Leather Masters who enjoy being a Master as much as I enjoy being a slave to my Master. I will be a good urinal boy and ass wipe. I enjoy being humiliated, especially in public places and I need to suck lots of cocks. I need daily whippings and I can take a lot of abuse and use. However, I do not wish to be permanently marked. I love leather, chains, ropes, handcuffs and restraints and being bound up for use or abuse. Please, Sir! I need you. Don't you need me? Please, Sir! I will obey and make you proud of your slave. Thank you, Sir. Box 4460LF.

TEACH ME, SIR!

WM, 6', 220, 44, full beard, desires friend/ Top to show me how to be a bottom. Into some BD, CBT, dildos or the real thing. Have selection of "auto-erotic" hardware on hand. Must get to know and trust respondents before getting it on. Mutual discretion is expected and assured. Montgomery area preferred. Box 4481LF

HELP WANTED

We are two men in our mid-30s who are stuck in the South among the peaches and similar fruits. We happen to like playing with men—real men! We are (1) 6'2", blonde/blue, bearded with 8" uncut tool; (2) 6'1", brown fur and 7½" uncut protrusion. We are looking for men living in the South for mutual visits or visitors who would like to get it on while in the Mobile area. If you think you can handle two male-starved men, drop us a resume of what you have gotten into and would like to get into along with a recent picture (returnable) that shows your assets. We will get in touch with you for a very personal interview. Write: MCS, Box 16341, Mobile, AL 36616.

LEATHER, LEVIS & BOOTS

I would enjoy fun times with leather guys into Harley Davidson Motorcycles. Let's get together—be my guest! I'm 49, 5'10", 160, W, blue/brown. Enjoy as well: Horseback riding, mountain hikes, travel, oceans, music, good food & wine. Spend some time in U.K. each summer. Love leathers, levis & boots. Box 4482LF

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs, 44, br/br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns, LF 4403. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to: P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611, or call (907)283-4879.

ALASKAN LOOKING FOR A DADDY?

Straight acting, hairy, cut GWM, 37, 200, blue/brn. Quiet evenings home, hottub, gardening, split wood, fish, ocean, trees, Pavarotti, violin. USA 603.

LOOKING FOR W/M UNCUT CHUBBIES

40-60, short, little body hair. I'm AL K. 58, 215, Hawaiian. Meet, correspond, sawp nude pics. Box 4-122, Anchorage, AK 99509

UNCUT WANTS SAME

Would appreciate hearing from and meeting uncircumcised men. A photo would be nice. Thanks loads! USA 287.

ANCHORAGE

Handsome Latin man, 31, well-endowed, wants fun and kink with white uncut males, 25-40. Into creative sex, no hangups. Send photo and letter to: Box 3130, Anchorage, Alaska 99510.

ARIZONA

PHOENIX DADDY

looking for young WM who needs to be taught a lesson. I will administer a good bare-ass spanking and fuck your mouth for good measure. Send detailed letter with phone number. Newcomers welcome. Box 4522LF

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (19-35)

Dude for 3-way action. Top or bottom. We have private black room. Boxholder, Box 9484, Phoenix, AZ 85068.

ANIMAL WANTED

to be domesticated, collared, and kept as a pet by two firm but loving owners (GWM, 28, brn/brn; GWM, 44, gr/gr, uncut). Must be prepared to relocate to warm sunny Arizona. Non-smoker only. Photo. All answered. P.O. Box 35311, Tucson, AZ 85740

SEEKING YOUNG TRAVELER

Energetic guy 20-35 travel abroad to Europe in Summer; Islands in Winter. Non-smoker, sexually-flexible and happy. Send photo. No fats, feds, drugs. Val, P.O. Box 315, Mesa, AZ 85201

UNINHIBITED? SO AM I!

Like to write and meet others into c/w and skin. Like long, prolonged French sessions and cock pleasures. Enjoy it all. USA 113.

NEW AGE ARIES MALE

30s, slender, attractive. Just happens to have very handsome foreskin covering a magic mushroom inside in which magical healing dowers reside. USA 700

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

EXPERIENCED SM MASTER

searching for slaves. YOU: Hot, under 30, trim, capable of heavy bondage, whipping, TT, CBT. ME: Hot, 41, muscular, AIDS-aware. Have well-equipped blackroom. Send application to Box 4512LF. First consideration for applications with photo.

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST

Whip and torture this health-conscious, intelligent, professional, bootlicking, cocksucking torture slave. Into 501s, military boots, Fr, Gr, BD, SM, whipping, and ball torture. Moving to SF soon and visit SF frequently now. Nautilus, computers, bridge, travel, books. No WS, scat, FF, rear Fr. Send phone to Box 4532LF.

CANNIBALS?

GWM, 41, 6'0", 175#, 8 1/2" uncut into ritual bondage, having my cock balls, body chewed and pissed on by sadistic Master or many into bizarre and diabolical torture. Box 4509

FORESKIN WORSHIP

GM seeks men who like their foreskin worshiped. I am 32, 5'8", 130 lbs., 7 1/2" cut. Please send photo to: JWR, 2269 Market St., No 112, San Francisco, CA 94114.

FUR & FORESKIN

Husky "bear," 38, lush, uncut, 6-plus inches, wants to meet trim guys, 18-35 for JO, Fr. etc. Foreskin not required! Box 60264, Palo Alto, CA 94306.

FORESKIN TURNS ME ON

I am cut; not my fault. Have always been turned on by foreskin, so get in touch and make my dream come true. GWM, goodlooking, 6', 175#, hot! (415) 626-9657, Ray

UNCUT MAN

wants to meet other gym-type dudes. Am 46, 5'11", 176, balding and hairy chest. Bill (619) 283-2099

KNOW WHAT YOU NEED?

I do. Seek one man, slim to trim, 25 to 45 years, goodlooking with man smells and tasty uncut hung or thick cock with overhang to please on a regular basis. All scenes with right man. Photo exchange and serious calls to Tom, (415) 285-4196. I am 34, 5'9", 145 lbs, hot, 8" veined, cut, goodlooking and healthy.

SANTA CRUZ & BAY AREA

GM seeks same for friends, travel, correspondence, and fun. I am 28, lean, blond, cut. Speak French & English. Call Thomas (408) 426-5099.

UNCUT/HANDSOME

Educated GWM with sense of humor, 6'1", 155 lbs., 30s, br hair/eyes, moustache, seeks M; romance, social, friendship. USA 261, (415) 776-7837

UNCUT MODELS FOR FORESKIN II

Foreskin authors need you. All ages, types in good shape. Photos or descriptions to: Bud Berkeley, Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

LONG SKIN INTO JO

One-on-One, dig watching cuts beat it and skins rolling. SF Bay area. USA 248.

FORESKIN FOR 2?

Deprived GWM, 37, 5'10", 170 lbs., bald but with chest hair. Hopes you'll share! Write: Ed, Box 5028, Stanford, CA 94305.

CHEESE REMOVAL SERVICE!

Hot, husky WM, 38, wants to sniff and lick that smelly, dirty skin and wash it down with hot piss! Box 31151, San Francisco, CA 94131.

MAN WANTS TO BE YOUR BOY

I'm not a slim, young, hairless little boy, so if that's what you're looking for, you'll have to keep looking. But if you enjoy the idea of making a man into your boy, then this man is for you. I'm WM, 35, 5'10", handsome, muscular. Am novice, requiring some patience, but am eager to please my Daddy. Please, Sir, take control. Box 116DS.

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7865 Balboa 1141 3rd Avenue
Kearny Mesa, CA Chula Vista, CA
292-8083 585-3314

SEEK DOMINANT GWM

over 50, experienced in VA, CBT, B&D, very hirsute. Prefer cut. Size unimportant. Must be clean and sane and respect limits. POSITIVELY NO: Scat, TT, WS, heavy pain, or raunch. No monies involved at any time. Prefer non-smoker, but not necessary. Weight unimportant, but no freaks. I am not Gr/p, but am Fr/a-p. I am not cut, but am retracted all the time. I am new to leather, but interested. Box 4530LF

BUTT SLAVES WANTED (415) 752-0971

UNCUT ATTRACTIVE DADDY

Mid-40s, WM, 5'7", 155#, brown, blue, educated; likes his eager son to slowly clean him from foreskin to asshole, take Dad's hose down his throat, open his asslips wide to gently swallow Dad's hard dick and more! Redheads welcome, other daddies too. Classical music to C&W dancing, homelife, trips to the country, quiet times. Raunchy tastes aspiration, but AIDS aware and out of the fast lane and expect the same. Detailed letter and photo get same. S.F. USA 507

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

DESSERT B&D MATES

seek passive puppy and/or seasoned sire for seamy session. Photo, phone and particulars to: DBDM, PO Box 244, Palm Springs, CA 92263

NEED HOT, HUNKY, VERY THICK, DARK, HAIRY, MUSCULAR, MASCULINE HORN TOP STUD

Sit on my face, open my hungry hot receptive hairy hole—wide and deep. Belt my buns, TT, WS. Like *huge* wide dildos, *both* big hairy muscular arms. Love to tongue, lick, kiss and eat hot, juicy, hairy holes for hours! Not into *really heavy* SM, B&D or CBT! Put feet... anywhere! Tongue-clean hairy chest and armpits, ass—want to satisfy my top. Like long, no-holds-barred sessions. Well-trained and experienced. Will try anything. Box 4525LF.

UNCUT PROFESSIONAL MAN

over 50 welcomes letters from any age cut or uncut. Object: affectionate friendship, limited J/O. PO Box 2583, Redondo Beach, CA 90278-8083

UNCUT GUY

42, 6', thin, hung, wants weekday JO or WS action with cut or uncut guys. Video, polaroids, etc. Gary, #274, 3963 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010

BOYISH SWIMMER

bottom, 26, 5'7", 118 lbs., half-breed Indian, brown hair/eyes, clean, discrete, voyeur, J/O seeks top for sincerity, playing, eroticism, quiet times, friends... candid photo/letter exchange. J.H., PO Box 60234, Sunnyvale, CA 90488

MEN WITH FORESKINS WANTED

for action in L.A. area—all welcome. Send letter and explicit photo to James Fairchild, 960 N. Larrabee, #122, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

THICK & UNCUT

big balls, needs to be worked over by same. J.D., PO Box 3978, Long Beach, CA 90803.

WELL-HUNG

Recently blinded, heavy into JO, would like to correspond by tape. Can send photo. Write HAL, c/o Bill Braem, 4086 Cody Rd., Sherman Oaks, CA 91403.

DIG NOT UNCUT GUYS

Who want to get it on, 1-to-1 basis. Let's talk and MEAT to fulfill our fantasies Clay (213) 661-0839.

L.A. CHUBBY, UNCUT, MATURE
GWM, 6', 250, 40, 6" cock, nice skin. Fr/a, Gr/p loves older uncut men age 45-85 only. Cuddling to kinky. No size/wt. hangups. Luv U All. CA75. USA 641

VERSATILE HUSKY

GWM, 35 seeks Fr/Gr action with uncuts anywhere, especially Latins and Asians. Travel often. Answer all. Tom Lovelace, 6520 Selma, #420F, Hollywood, CA 90028

PANTING BIG BEAR

—looking for big cub to cuddle, coddle, nuzzle and gnaw. The Bear—Camden House #34, 6834 Variel, Canoga Park, CA 91303

Uncut, hung average, 5'7", 132, 26" waist, active, live on ranch, love sex w/1 guy, would like to meet country guy (A=tall=hairy) average looks. Gene, PO Box 128, Santa Ysabel, CA 92070. Photo gets mine.

MARLBORO MAN

42, thick, loose, 8½", hairy chest. Clint, Box E202, 4421 Pacific Coast Hwy, Torrance, CA 90505. Clean, but cheeze on request.

UNCUTS WANTED

Older GWM wants any race, 18 and up. Write: Meyers, 1946 N. Kenmore, L.A., CA 90027.

M.D. WANTED

I am seeking a well-qualified surgeon (M.D.) to do a cosmetic re-circumcision for me. Southern California area only. Any recommendations? Please advise! R.D. Mager, Box 5341, Pasadena, CA 91107.

ORANGE COUNTY, CA

Fr a/p, 7" uncut, phone, correspond, photos; bi or gay. (714) 637-6955 before 8am/after 10pm; anytime weekends. Gene S., Box 1427, Orange, CA 92668.

GWM, 29, PROFESSIONAL, 6', UNCUT

Brown hair/eyes, seeks discreet GWM, uncut, married okay, 28-40, to: Peter Christos, Box 126974, San Diego, CA 92101. Photo if possible. No wierdos.

HEY HUNG GUYS WITH SKINHEADS

This mature GWM has keen sense of smell & wet hot suction power for your unwashed, uncut prick, Sir! (213) 465-6732. Write: Box 6292, L.A., CA 90055.

FAT CHEESERS WANTED

by cut, slim, goodlooking WM, 30s, br hair/eyes. Prefer husky build Cauc., any age. No cigs or trade. Photo please to: S.L., No. 314, 4670 Hollywood Blvd., L.A. CA 90027.

HUNKY HANDSOME WELL-HUNG THICK

Cut, loves foreskin, JO, oral trips. Fr a/p. Into lots of skin and big loads. Hot letter, photo, phone gets same. G.B., Box 11990, Ste. 107, Santa Ana, CA 92711.

REDHEAD/BLUE EYES

5'10", 175 lbs., 5" uncut, goodlooking bodybuilder, 35. Like husky WMs, big thighs, small uncut cocks. Suck, JO, fantasies. No fuck/SM. 14711½ Burbank, L.A., CA 91411.

BOTCHED CIRCUMCISIONS, SCARS, RESTORATIONS, LONG FORESKINS MY OBSESSION!

Ivan Schroeder, 1453 E. Compton Blvd, Compton, CA 90221.

EXPERT DOCKER

& Foreskin Stretcher: Healthy WM, 38, gives fast head to disease-free men w/fat dick topped with extra long, slimy foreskin. Blind meat ok. (213) 665-6511.

LOOKING FOR LOVER

Looking for 18-28 GWM lover. Will assist to relocate to Los Angeles. Me: 35, GWM, brown/green, 145#, successful and attractive professional 5'11". Write to Rick Andrews, 7985 Santa Monica, #109-335, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

SENSUAL EUROPEAN

Goodlooking, well-built, Bi, young, trim, masculine, healthy, gentle, very clean, discrete and very selective, hung long, uncut with overhang, extra long foreskin. Interested in meeting other discrete, healthy uncut special with long foreskins or thick or just well-hung or most of all, those cut who appreciate lots of extra foreskin, and those who are average hung, but very trim and very attractive for intellectual as well as long sensual, sexual encounters, loving pursuits. Photo/phone—discretion assured! Boxholder, PO Box 2733, Hollywood, CA 90078

BOTTOMMAN

moving to L.A. late '85 seeks to meet Topmen into SM, WS, whipping. Am experienced, mid-thirties. Write: Suite 1112, PO Box 66973, Houston, TX 77006

IMPOSSIBLE DREAMER

Hot, handsome, San Diego slave is looking for a special Daddy. A man that can handle a discreet relationship, that may be married, bi, or gay. You should be dominant top who is concerned about his health. I am 22, 5'9", 150#, dark hair, blue eyes, smooth swimmer's build, computer science major, I enjoy leather, heavy BD, wrestling, verbal abuse and spanking. It would be nice to find a successful business man or other professional. I have no desire to be kept. Respond with letter and photo to Box 4496.

MASCULINE WM

38, 5'8", 180#, seeks same to expand healthy: Leather/levis, CB, TT, SM, JO, BD and shaving fantasies. Write: Ben, PO Box 90983, Long Beach, CA 90809

DADDY TRUCKER 43 SEEKS SON

Live and work for Dad. Must take orders and domination well. Young and slim. Call (619) 723-8481 Friday—Sunday, or write Box 4470.

DADDY LOOKING FOR SON

Rich in love. I have good steady job. Looking for son to share life with. Send photo to Bob, PO Box 4105, Bakersfield, CA 93387-4105

TOILET

San Diego County only. State age. Box 4442.

SADOMASOCHIST STUD

Experienced and versatile, tall, mid-40s. Likes bondage, suspension, whips, cock torment, hot wax, clamps, oral sex. Bob Johnston, 2170 W. Broadway, #196, Anaheim, CA 92804.

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (818) 846-9486.

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, goodlooking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service, GB, and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors, and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047.

STUD OFFERS HIS

Big Uncut Cock & Globes for C&B Torture. Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734.

OBEDIENT BLOND BODYBUILDER

6'3", 26, swimmer needs aggressive, order-giving, no-bullshit, arrogant, badass topman 30-50 to let me know who's boss. Cops, bikers, and cigar-smoking blue-collar types welcome. Bootlicking, spreadeagled jock needs abuse from the kind of man who just isn't satisfied until he's called "Sir!" Fred, PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116

LEATHER ACTION

Leatherman, 6', 175 lbs., goodlooking, seeks same for hot, healthy leather/uniform action, discipline, SM, outdoor bike scenes. Box 4148.

SLAVE TRAINEE WANTED

Daddy (White, 48, 6'2", 230 lbs.) and his boy (Black, 19, 5'11", 155 lbs.) are looking for a slave to train. Novice okay. Dad will teach his boy to be a Master. Only full-time, live-in, long-term SERIOUS need apply. Complete description and photo/phone to: Box 4177LF.

WANTED:

Healthy male slave, any race, 21-35, must be willingly disposed to total service, in any and all means, without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully-subservient existence, dedicated to its Master and His lifestyle. Send appropriate application humbly to: Master Conrad, P.O. Box #938, 29 Palms, Calif. 92277, include a complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable.

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot, hndsm W/m, 40, 6'1", 190#, sadistic, experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum by satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA., 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm).

PIERCED, TATTOOED LA TOP

Bearded, 6', 155#, W/m, mid-40's, looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/ oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos, C/B/T/T, W/S, shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks, ok. Photo/phone replies answered first. Box 3741.

THERE ARE NO LEATHER BARS IN MISSION VIEJO

Slave/prisoner looking for Master(s)/guard(s). Me: WM-34-6'-170-Lite brd, Tan, FA, GP, B&D, verbal abuse, ball & tit. tort., W.S., travel LA-SD You: =6', white, dominant, under 45, healthy, good shape. Photo & phone to: Box 2142, Mission Viejo, CA 92690-0142.

LOOKING FOR EXPERIENCED TOP MAN

Must have nice body, not hairy, no beard. Prefer no moustache should be into all clean scenes, maybe with well-equipped playroom. I am 42, 6'3", 180 with piercings and many tattoos. Experienced in some scenes, novice in others. Some limits. Disease conscious. Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight. Ask for Ron, and be discreet. Leave number and time to call if not home (213) 254-3038.

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY
Masculine, white man, 45, 5'9", 155#, seeks same to 45 as FF Bottom. Must have good head and body. Skiers welcome! Reply with photo and phone to Box 3869.

HEY BOY!

Want a Daddy? I mean a real Daddy! A Daddy with lots of love in his heart and a big bulge in his crotch, and all just for you! A Daddy who won't abuse you, but still a Daddy who'll show you the ropes and then use them on you as he makes you his slave/boy and takes you as his son. DADDY: W/M, young-looking 45, 145 lbs, 5'8", moustache, all his hair, dominant, and butt-fucking topman. BOY: Quiet, trim, young, smooth-faced, boyish, totally-obedient, thoroughly-submissive, affectionate, loving, and completely bottom. Any nationality of boy and beginner OK. Short, slim, small boy welcome. So is tall and skinny or well-built. Size not important, but Boy's desire to really be Daddy's Boy is. Boy's photo get Daddy's photo and Daddy's phone number. Box 3862LF.

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM

G/W/M, 23, 5'10", 150 lbs, short brown hair, moustache. Seeks hot, dominant, X-hung, hairy, Leather-Cowboy Masters-Daddies, who need service and cuddling. I am G-P, FAC (Deep Throat) will try most scenes. Clean, Healthy! (619)231-4496.

HUNG UNCUT DOG

6', 180, strong-legged specimen, handsome and eager, offers mouth, ass, C&B for punishment and mutual pleasure. Dog's mouth/ass eager cunt/urinal. Seeks cock-centered, natural dominant, preferably shorter white, latin, black. Polaroids, groups, dogfood ok. Animals possible. G.M. P.O. Box 26081, L.A., CA 90026. Swap pix.

WANTED L.A.

Two uncut, hairy, Daddies w/donkey dicks and low-hangers to force-feed 27-year-old stud. Need VA, WS, juicy bull meat, sweaty balls. Call anytime: (213)656-9813.

BIG FAT PIG

Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog—30, 6'4", 300+ lbs.—seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied slave with huge tits and hamhock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Box #3179LF.

38, W/M MASC. SEEKS

Mature, assertive men for good, hot sex. Call till 3 AM (202)547-9273.

SAN DIEGO

Top, 6'3", 195 lbs., 42, complete game room, tubs, chains, rim chairs, stocks, sling, ropes, clamps, collars, cross, cuffs, hoist harness, hoods, movies, dildoes, gags, leather, boots, urinals, video, whips, weights, mirrors, wax, vacuum, colonic. Bill (619)420-8967.

DENTURES LICKED

Oral service for uniformed sadists only. CHP/LAPD pref. (818)913-3819.

WANTED TOP

For bondage and water sports sessions. W/M, 48, 6' 0" 220. Into SM, FF, shaving, ball and tit play, etc. Have playroom and toys. Tel. (213)223-9348.

SLAVE WANTED

Naked and shackled. Your cock & balls harnessed. My cock shoved down your throat. That's your fate, cocksucker, as my fucking slave. S&M bottoms playing games or looking for heavy abuse, don't waste my time. I want a healthy slave at my feet, not a bloody victim on the rack. The right tight-assed, stiff-pricked, submissive, horny

cocksucker under 40 faces discipline, regimentation, control and absolute slavery. I'll own you, cocksucker, and I'll mold you into the crawling asshole slave, sextoxy, houseboy, and obedient pet I want you to be. Inexperienced, boyish, young pup or manly, untrained, macho novice OK. Be prepared to relocate and surrender up your naked ass to demanding, responsible, W/M Leathermaster, 45. Send humble letter and phone number. Do it now, cocksucker!! Box 3862LF

DESERT HEAT

Exploration of mutual interests in C/B, SM, L/L, shaving, sought by 5'10", 180 lb. tattooed muscular hotman in his late 40's, blk hair and brn eyes. Prefer you have similar interests, late 30's thru 40's who is muscular GWM living in or travel So. Calif. Correspondence welcome, also photo. Box 4254LF

SO BAY L.A.

GWM 30s, leather/levi guy in shape, clean cut & healthy seeks others in Torr, Redn, San P, LAX area for friends/fun on/off motorcycle. Ltr/Ph. # to Box 4248.

TALL MUSCULAR BLOND

Slim, 39, Gr/p, Fr/ap, JO, wants slim, 18-27, your place, often. Box 60851, Los Angeles, CA 90060

HOT MASC. CLOSET TV

likes to wear hose, girdle, garter-belt to service hot men. 6'1", 165, brn/blu. Also into enemas. J.D., P.O. Box 85772, Los Angeles, CA 90072

UNCUT BODYBUILDER

Hot BB, 31, 5'10", 190 lbs, hung, uncut, BI/Blu, moustache, seeks other BBs 20-45 for hot JO or more. Prefer over 175 lbs. All letters with pic will be answered. Penpals welcome. Box 281, 7869 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046

TIGHT ASS, DEEP THROAT BOTTOM

UNINHIBITED BOTTOM, WM, 24, 5'10", 155 lbs., masculine tight end, brn. hair, seeks to meet exceptionally masculine, X-HUNG, HAIRY DADDIES, MASTERS, POLICEMEN, TRUCKERS. INTO MOST SCENES—NEED LIMITS EXPANDED. I AM AFFECTIONATE, EDUCATED, DISCRETE, HEALTHY! Photo and phone to: MIKE, 6371 El Cajon Blvd., Suite 32, San Diego, CA 92115.

BLACK LEATHER MASTER

30, seeks intelligent, obedient slave 21-30, any race, for leather S&M sessions. No limits—no excuses. P.O. Box 81664, San Diego, CA 92138

TORRID, EROTIC LEATHER SEX

Hairy, beefy, masculine GWM, 30, 5'7", solid 160 lbs., with hot nipples needs wild workouts from sincere, stable, health-conscious, safe, discrete, macho top. No drugs or filth. Enjoy nature, good life. Possible relationship. Explore my abilities. "Roger", P.O. Box 93281, Los Angeles, CA 90093

ASS LICKER

available for individuals or groups. Men under 45 preferred. Have chair. San Diego County only. Box 4401

LEVI LEATHER LOVIN'

boot lickin' bottom seeks egotistical, demanding, arrogant type to serve and worship. Will surrender mind and body for your use and abuse. Dig boots—polished or rough, feet—clean or dirty, mental and physical workouts, SM, VA, hirsute bodies, hoods, collars, gloves, uniforms, kennel training, military discipline. 52, 6', 180 lbs., Travel USA. Box 4411LF

COP WORSHIPPER

Cops—call (818)913-3819 for boot service.

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Gauntlet

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Los Angeles, California 90069
Phone (213) 657-6677

ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE \$3.00.

WANTED: ASSHOLE MASTER

Horny, healthy Italian bottom seeks Master for fantasy discipline trips. My experienced ass is yours if you have a goodlooking body, facial hair and take-control attitude. I'm 33, 5'10", 155, beard, short brown hair and muscular from years of weightlifting. My trip includes dildos, toys, spanking, bondage, TT, CBT, FF, No WS or scat. Photo reply a must. Turn this cocky bottom into your asshole slave, Sir. *Thank you, Sir!* Box 4491

RUBBER SLAVE

GWM, 32, seeks slave for prolonged wearing of rubber gear and restraints. Very orally oriented. Photo/phone to: R.F., 1800 Market, #118, San Francisco, CA 94102

SLAVEBOYS/YOUNG MASOCHISTS

Butch, goodbodied, creative old Dad/Master has Toys for Boys to young 30s. Be teased, titillated, tortured in bondage within your expandable limits. Gentle with novices. Apply (photo helps) to: The Colonel, Box 902, Brisbane, CA 94005

KINKY PREPPY FOX WANTED

Into heavy titwork/tit clamps, bondage, smelly armpits/athletic socks & jocks, J/O, C/B torture, spanking, safe W/S, safe sex. You: 18-25, submissive, swimmer's body, bare chest, extremely cute, student, butch, college-looking preppy, no beard, uncut a plus. Me: 28, 5'6", 138 lbs., 8", brn/grn, moustache, bare chest, very hot, very picky. Will consider bottom is you're cute enough. No drugs, fats, fluid exchange. Picture a must. Branden, Ste 402, P.O. Box 15068, San Francisco, CA 94115-0068.

HOT SON SEEKS HORNY DADDY

Exceptional, rare treat "boy" seeks hot-shot daddy. Great looking, butch, smart-ass tough Italian son, 33, 5'9", 165#, hot, humpy, hung big, seeks handsome, butch, hung daddy, 45-60, for cock and ball work, ass play on a regular basis. Sex only, no other obligations. Your place. Uninhibited, enthusiastic action. No SM. Photos answered first. Experienced daddies write: Boxholder, 1230 Grant, #111, San Francisco, CA 94133.

LEATHER/RUBBER SADIST

Harley-riding Devil seeks demons for black-leather or black-rubber connections in my Inner Sanctum. I'll shove a leather-crotch Fuck to your hooded-head. You are bound in a leather or rubber straight-jacket. Surrender your sensibility with application to Boxholder, P.O. Box 99033, San Francisco, CA 94109. Enclose photo. Video recording a possibility.

OLD-FASHIONED

Bend-over, pants-down spanking, give or take. Call Dad (415) 626-8705.

BIG NIPPLES ON SLAB PECS

with a tight, defined stomach below. I've got 'em. If you do too, and safe mutual chest play is your thing, let's talk. GWM, 41, 6'3", 180, moustache. Write to: P.O. Box 14257, Station G, San Francisco, CA 94114.

SAFE SEX

No fluid exchange sought by W/M, 5'11", 150 lbs., blue/brn, blonde moustache, "cute," personable. Mutual masturbation, vanilla sex &/or C&B work, bondage and wrestling. Looking for boyfriends—not one-nighters. Ron, P.O. Box 14413, S.F., CA 94114. LF4045.

VERSATILE WRITER

Into SM and you name it, seeks man under 45 with good body. No JO phonecalls. 861-3183.

PHONE J/O

6', 165 lbs., W/m needs verbal abuse and hot JO phone calls between 11 P.M.—6 A.M. only. Dick, (415) 626-1385.

W/M, 34, NOVICE

Seeks bearded Master into patient, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one-nighters. Prefer hirsute, baldish, anally oriented, 38-55. Seek man whose life reflects and merits self-respect and who gets off on sharing self. 863-9756.

W/M SON SEEKS W/M DAD

Son is 28, 153 lbs, 5'11". DAD is someone who knows how to take care of us both. Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary, over the knee, etc. I will obey your parental guidance. Send your guidance to: David, Box 18891, San Jose, CA 95158.

FAIRFIELD/CONCORD

Masc., hairy B.B., 29-year-old looking for same. Into dirt bikes, backpacking and snow skiing & B.B. Also like bondage, C&BT and outdoor scenes. Write to: D.G.B., 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40, Concord, CA 94520. No fem, fats or fakes. Photo if possible.

S/M**PHONE SEX
(415)346-8747****HOT PIG FIST HOLE**

Seeks long, heavy, mutual FF with fun drugs. I'm hunky, hairy, 37, 5'10", 150 lbs., with double-wide deep hole. Come on buddy, let's feed our big sloppy butts and punch each others lights out! Hot letter & photo to: Box 4068.

BOSS MAN WANTS

Heavy-duty muscular macho boy wants to be a hot slave-animal. Your BOSS is into oil-sweat, interrogation-bondage, C/B-T/T, W/S, strainin' muscles, workouts in chains, and is 5'11", 175 lbs, 45, brown hair & eyes with moustache. So don't call till you're sure you got your shit together and then between 6 & 10 P.M. ONLY! I'm not into phone trips or bullshit callers. (415) 944-9984

PIERCED, TATOOED

GWM, 41, tattooed, pierced, adventurous. Seeks men. Cigars, uniforms and all basic pleasures. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 4256LF

ORAL SLAVE

Novice wouldbe slave, 36 needs cocksucking, W/S, V/B and humiliation training. Box 4381

HEY, BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you! (916) 391-9755, or write to Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

TIED UP AND TORTURED

Awaits looser of submission match with 22, 6', 195, college wrestler. If me no sweat, I can take it. Can you? Challenge letter with photo/phone. Box 4425.

BONDAGE ADEPT

seeks bondage addict capable of enduring prolonged sessions of increasing restraint. Discipline supplied on proper request. Goal is mind/body enslavement. Responsive tits, ass a plus. Bottoms ready to explore erotic limits of BD, reply to Box 4477.

ATTENTION-HANDBALLERS

Handsome, healthy, hunky into FF, looking for same. Blond/blue, 6', 180#, into safe, sane but aggressive butthole action. Also CBT, hot wax, toys, spanking, belts. Hot descriptive letter and photo receives same. (Will answer all and return photo.) 584 Castro, Ste. 451, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted/gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking, cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with attitude! A mean streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM, hoods, gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny, hairy WM, 29, 6', 160, brown hair, beard & moustache needs cigar smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711LF

SIR!

I want to worship you, Sir! I', late 30s (look younger), 6', 160, slim, dark brown hair and eyes, Gr-p, Fr-a, looking for a monogamous relationship with a naturally dominant, take-charge, loving and caring big-muscled jock, wrestler, football player, cop, military, construction workers, 25-45. Into light TT, physical BD, sweaty muscles—show me new things. Outdoor scenes among the redwoods? I want to please you, Sir! Ric, 1632 J Street, Eureka, CA 95501

BOTTOM PIGS

Experienced, erotic, sensual Top willing to workover and train a properly submissive, bottom pig possessing an insatiable desire for prolonged workout on his pighole. My range: excruciatingly delicate to brutally harsh depending upon my mood and your need. Bottom must be tight, fit, clean. I'm white, 37, handsome, 6', 160, cut 7", and in control. Box 4472LF

APPLICATIONS BEING ACCEPTED

by hot top, 34, 5'10", 150 lbs., 30" waist, 40" chest, hung, for a 30-35, goodlooking, mischievous slave, who will submit to SM, B&D, WS, exhibitionism, and education. Slave will enjoy leather, bodybuilding, and cigars as well as the arts and romance. Call for an appointment to present yourself for inspection. (415) 626-1670.

**SHORT HANDSOME
BODYBUILDER**

San Francisco native, discreet, even intelligent, experienced in SM. Expert at balancing pleasure with pain. Safe (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant "role"—I am sadistic, dominant and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5566.

HOT NOVICE

Guy, 30, 5'10", 170 lbs., new on the block, hot, hairy, defined body, moustache, hung, uncut, straight looks, needs training, VA, discipline scenes from hot topmen; into good bodies, leather, uniforms, attitude, light SM. Detailed replies with phone (photo if possible) get immediate response. D.M.M., Box 2511, S.F., CA 94126.

WANTED

Hot and horny Latin men to sit on my face and service their cocks. Hot Blonde-Blue eyed W/m, 5'10", 150 lbs. Call 6-12 PM 415 (931-2161).

LEATHER BONDAGE

Tall, muscular man wants to have his leather-hooded face ridden by your leather-covered crotch. Box 4292

FINE WHITE BOY TOILET

Clean-cut, handsome, seats the choicest, best defined black men for total shithole service, and full relief of their horsehung pissers. (415) 535-0867

YOUNG MUSCULAR SCATMAN
sought by slim, goodlooking, hungry black. Mutual scenes okay. Ben (415) 441-1550

SLAVE TRAINEE WANTED

Must be young, responsible, submissive, obedient, eager to please. Send photo, letter, phone number to Ron, Box 60666, Palo Alto, CA 94306

BONDAGE ENTHUSIAST

24-year-old, 170#, brown/green, 6 ft. bondage enthusiast seeks a steady buddy to play with. Top and/or bottom, 21-30, attractive, trim leatherman given special attention within the entire bondage spectrum. Rope, tape, plastic, rubber, prolonged scenes all fair game. Let's play. Russ, Box 4492

**DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND
BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!****SACRAMENTO
LEATHER
COUPLE**

(40s), tall S and short M, looking for medium-sized hunky to replace Charlie. No drugs. Box 4540.

**YOUNG
WHITE/
ASIAN**

wanted for lite bondage. No SM. I'm GWM, 47. (504) 831-9298

**LEAN, HARD, DEFINED MASO-
SLAVE**

seeks trim Sado-Master. Ready for dog training, complete toilet service, bondage, CBT, piercing, cigars. Any or all, but more important, your trip...your way. I am 42, 5'10", 150. Travel. Photo, phone, descriptive letter to PO Box 5906, San Francisco, CA 94101 (LF4519)

SLAVERY-OWNED-TORTURE

If you are haunted by these words; if you feel compelled to slavery; if you need to serve, then you will submit an appropriate application to: John Phillips, PO Box 2755, San Francisco, CA 94126. A man. A Master. Sensitive yet cruel. Sophisticated but tough. Patient, experienced, perceptive. Accomplished and successful. Early 40s, tall, well-built, damn goodlooking. Real slavery doesn't happen in a bar, over a weekend, or by fantasizing. Permanent ownership is achieved by thorough exploration, extensive training, and total commitment over time. The most intimate, personal relationship that two people can experience is a true master/slave relationship. (LF4533)

HOUSEBOYS & SLAVES

Which is what you were born to be and you know it. We are willing to train the right 21-35, husky, amenable man for complete service. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline. No bullshit. Send something about yourself and a photo to Box 1000. *You can call me Sir!*

CHEESE FREAK

Crotch cleaner available to hung, dirty-talkin' face sitters. 35 years plus with filthy jockstrapped, uncut, cheesy pissers and ripe assholes. The Tongue (415) 776-2844

JOCKSTRAP LOVERS ONLY

WM, heavy into bulging raunchy pouches. 6', 170 lbs., dark hazel eyes, 8" cut, into phone J/O, group action, jock exchange, W/S, no scat, exhibitionism, public toilets late at night. Only those who worship bulging jock pouches need reply. P.O. Box 4764, San Francisco, CA 94101

**HANDSOME CAUCASIAN DAD
SEEKS**

slim Chinese son who is under 30 for a warm, sincere, loving relationship. Photo please. 484 Lake Park Avenue, #36, Oakland, CA 94610

S.F. SATYR

Attractive 28 year old man, 6'1", 200 lbs., 8 thick, uncut inches. Fantasies too hot to print; too exciting to not make real! Jamie, Box 40561, S.F., CA 94140.

BEST BJ/EXPERT COCK PLEASER

Heavy hung, uncut, mature men only. No fats, feds. Day outcalls only. In SF & S. Marin, write to: D. Boyle, Box 451, Sausalito, CA 94965.

THE EROTIC PREPUCE:

Stuffing, stretching, pulling, piercing—removing? Lets share fantasy and experience. Balls too! Carl Pierce, Box 66032, Stockton, CA 95206.

BROTHER/DADDY

Handsome, uncut, 42-year-old big brother/daddy seeks young 18-28 preferably uncut little brother/son for mutual JO and creative safe sex and fun. Write: Peter 1522 Fulton, #2, SF, CA 94117.

UNCUTS ONLY

I, 41, uncut 8", 5'11", 165 lbs., dig piss, cheesy dicks, FF, raunchy jock photos. Box 493, Shingle Springs, CA 95682. 30 minutes from Sacramento.

UNCUT? INTO FORESKIN TYING?

Help me with serious research in exchange for sensuous good times! No SM, size, age unimportant. Write: Box 684, Berkeley, CA 94701.

GWM, 30, 6', UNCUT

Br/br, healthy, honest, goodlooking, wants to meet friends, uncut or cut, any race, or age. Please, photo if possible, thanks! 326 Evergreen Ave., Daly City, CA 94014.

MUTUAL JO

Interested in meeting guys, especially other uncuts like myself, for mutual JO, maybe more. Ron (415) 752-7268.

ARE YOU YOUTHFUL, BOYISH, UNCUT?

Need friendly relief, no strings? If at least 18, write to: Richard, Box 4052-BG, Woodside, CA 94062.

DIVORCED MAN

Lives in rural area of Fairfield (Travis Air Force Base location). Attractive, straight, but curious. Part American Indian looking for pow wows with other uncut males. Phone weekends (707) 864-0346.

HOT UNCUT BALLMASTER

Hung, trim, 40s, heavy C&BT, pref uncut. C. Johnson, Box 252, Burbank, CA 91503.

UNINHIBITED SHARING

Interested in uninhibited sharing of erotic stimulation of foreskin and shaft. Jerry Jansen, 37A Moss Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

UNCUT NON-SMOKER SEEKS SAME

6'2", 170 lbs., 37, dark brown hair, br eyes, moustache, like vege gardening, antiques, antique autos, play piano, country-type living. Call Rick (415) 676-2953.

MATURE HUSKY GUY

Wants mutual friends for FS worship and pleasure. Also water sports enthusiast. Weekdays, some weekends. Write with details. Enjoy all. USA 187.

HOT BOTTOM NEEDS TRAINING

U/C top needed to regularly plow tight bottom. Collegiate, humpy and super-hung, 25, 138, 5'7". Relationship-oriented, sincere. Photo. Please—tell me what you'll do with me. Reply to Database, P.O. Box 4250, Berkeley, CA 94704.

DEEP MASSAGING THROAT

for uncut men needing French service. (415) 563-0528

EXP FRENCH & TOTAL MASSAGE

offered to hairy uncuts who prefer not to reciprocate! 40s, butch face, fem body, S.F. Alan (415) 648-5875. Late ok.

FORESKIN FANATIC COUPLE

seek slim stud with thick foreskin and heavy balls for mutual J/O, F/S session. We are both slim, attractive, squeaky-clean and safe. Very healthy. We would love to share our loose uncut, beautiful little dick and gorgeous hairy box and full tits with another proud uncut! Write: Box 147-B, 2339 El Camino Real, Santa Clara, CA 95051

NEED SIRCUMCISING, SIR!

Want to contact others needing it too. ACORN No. 3, 633 Post St. No. 542, San Francisco, CA 94109.

"INFORMED CONSENT"

A 9½-minute videotape about circumcision shows actual surgical procedure. Send SASE to: Informed Consent, Box 493, Forest Knolls, CA 94933.

REDHEAD

30, wants safe, sleazy skin sex with uncut Dad. Pic gets same. Box 14064, Station G, San Francisco, CA 94114.

HAVE FORESKIN & VIDEO CAMERA

Want to hear from other with homemade videos of their uncut glory. Will trade. Added attractions: shaved crotches, cheese, WS. Set your lens for close up and lets turn each other on. JR, Box 14576, San Francisco, CA 94114.

CIRCUMCISERS NEEDED

ACORN Club seeks qualified SIRCumcisers, any location, must dig our scene: ACORN, 633 Post St., Box 542, S.F., CA 94109.

INTO VIDEO PRODUCTIONS

Chunky GWM in 50s uncut fat dick would like to meet same. Interests: video, antiques, old cars, dogs & clocks. Call Paul (415) 483-2371, 7-10pm.

HAIRY, HORNY HANDSOME GWM

wants dick to play with—especially uncut. Age/looks unimportant. Me: 42, trim, good looks, into hot safe sessions. SF downtown. Joe (415) 474-3039, late OK

DAD PREFERS MANEATER BEARS

Dad is bearded, 45, bald, 5'6", uncut, 6", very thick with floppy overhang. Attractive, nice guy, smoker, light drinker, like motorcycles, opera, computers, getting my foreskin chewed when hard. (415) 344-6205 early. CA93 USA 404

CUT DADDY WANTS UNCUT SON!

Are you ready to let Daddy take YOU in hand? Write and lets see what happens! R.R.H., 85 Corwin St., No. 2, San Francisco, CA 94114.

GETTING CIRCUMCISED?

Send me your foreskin or photos of your uncut cock to: Rick, 178 Church #3, San Francisco, CA 94114.

LOOKING FOR DADDY

WM, 23, 5'9", 130# seeks big Daddy 35-plus into leather, SM, discipline—no FF or heavy pain. Barry, PO Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101

HUNKY PISS SLAVE

Young handsome bodybuilder wants Master's piss, cock and hairy well-built body. I'm 5'10", 165 lbs, with huge rock-hard tits—need discipline verbal abuse, directions from strong man who knows how. Box 4514

TOILET

seeks Sadist/Master for heavy training and abuse. I'm 45, 5'10", 150 lbs. Rear picture appreciated. Box 4518



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Muscle T Shirts @ \$12.00 each	\$
Athletic Tank Tops @ \$9.95 each	\$
11" x 14" Posters @ \$9.95 each	\$
2" Pin Buttons @ \$2.00 each	\$

Quan. FL residents add 5% sales tax \$

Please add postage and handling charges (\$1.00 per shirt or poster, \$.25 per button)

TOTAL \$

PLEASE STATE SIZE: SMALL MEDIUM LARGE

NAME

STREET APT.

CITY STATE ZIP

PHONE REQUIRED FOR CHARGES AGE PLEASE

VISA OR MASTERCARD NO. EXP.

Funds for A.I.D.S. Organizations

"ANIMAL LOVERS"

Tall, handsome, masculine, healthy, mid-30s couple seeking particularly other California men into same. Absolutely no replies without photo. 7603 E. Firestone Blvd., Ste. D-2, Downey, CA 90241

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

into fantasies, bondage, ball stretching, tit clamps, C&BT, TT. Love to get my ass plowed. Expand my limits. Satisfy X-hung Gr/a top. Train for your pleasure. Service you and your buddies. PO Box 1685, Hawaiian Gardens, CA 90716

SPECIAL UNINHIBITED DADDY WANTED

Servant/*versatile*. Into rubber, leather *plus*. Steve Garrett, 9860-A Mission, Riverside, CA 92509

HOT SWEATY STUDS

GET DOWN AND OFF IN OUR WIDE SELECTION OF GAY VIDEO MOVIES AT:

HOLLYWOOD VIDEO

—Open 24 Hours—

1651 N. Cahuenga

Hollywood, CA 90028

(213) 461-9691

8mm Films-Mags-Novelties

All Your Favorite

Boy-Boy Periodicals, Too!

SLEAZE FISTER

WM, 33, 150, 5'11". Hot hole needs trained hands for expanding sloppy hole into WS, CBT, enemas, leather, scat, dirty sex all out. Anything goes, under 40 preferred. Let's play. Call (805) 322-9239

SAN DIEGO—L.A. TOP WANTED

by goodlooking, 36-year-old executive who's 6' tall, sports 195 pounds of bodybuilding muscle and likes to have his tits worked on while servicing your huge equipment. YOU: Masculine top, 36 to 45, who's intelligent, muscular, nonpromiscuous, wants a good relationship and is very well-hung, *uncut*. Please reply with your phone number and a recent photo. Thanks. Box 4462

GOODLOOKING DAD

looking for special brother for Joe. Someone to help with chores, to share a brother they never had. Discipline to be applied for training and awareness. You will become a hot man-boy in time. Submit a letter stating general facts about yourself: Abilities, schooling, etc. If you have doubts, enclose in sealed envelope to Joe as he can assure you, by phone, of life's ultimate experience. Positive growth-oriented family. Box 4535LF

YOU ARE SPECIAL

masculine, trim, any race and eager, even if not perfect, or inexperienced. I am special, masculine, trim, brown hair and eyes, 39, 8 thick inches, artistic, professional, with the bronzed body of a weekend outdoorsman. You are excited by the rare men you'd like to be, and are willing to endure some pain for their attentions. I'm seeking worthwhile camping companions, etc. If you are also a bold, consenting adult, then your good pic will get one you'd pay to get. Maybe an invitation, too. Write: Holder, Box 6344, Rosemead, CA 91770 (LF4521).

MEN ONLY

ME: White male, 43, 5'9", 160#, beard, 8", *uncut*, top and/or bottom. YOU: White male, 35-50, beard or moustache, top and/or bottom. OBJECT: To explore leather, levi fantasies in a safe environment. "Mike," San Diego, (619) 291-3553

MANHANDLE BIG MEAT

L.A. stud digs C&BT on his big *uncut* cock and globes. Write to Box #106DS.

BLACK/WHITE/CHICANO SEX, SEX

No hang-ups on weight, height, size. Over 35 are the best. Experience, willing to give, take, a must. Requirements: Local L.A., my place only. Be a M/S, J-straps, restrs., W/S, boots, raunchy or ??? A low, dirty, hot verbal abuse above all. Hairy dudes get sweaty, taste and smell good. Try it—you will like it. Write to Box #114DS.

HOT AND USED

twitchin' pighole for urinal, rimchair, gloryhole detail. SUBMIT (213) 466-5844

COLORADO

COLORADO WRESTLER

WM, 6', 175#, BB seeks fantasy exchange w/correspondents. Bruiser, PO Box 13502, Denver, CO 80201

HOT BOTTOM NEEDS SUPER-HUNG

Top/Master to use my insatiable ass and throat. TT, WS, FF, SM, Orders carried out to your satisfaction, *or else*. Have own place near mountains or will travel. Sir, let me serve you. Photo and letter get immediate response. Box 4502

YOUNG SLAVE SON

wanted by older experienced leatherman with well-equipped training room offering discipline, love, plus physique, college and career help. You must be 20-30, serious, have good slave potential and high goals. Rod (303)433-9587. Write: Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218.

KLINFELTER'S SYNDROME MALE seeks correspondance with cut and *uncut* men with small balls. Chicano, cut, 5'5", 177 lbs, 4 1/2". JRA, PO Box 771, Denver, CO 80201

HAIRCUT & CIRCUMCISION

WM, 24, wants to meet goodlooking men, 18-30 into circumcision and/or haircut fantasies. D.L., Box 9761, Denver, CO 80209. (303) 781-5682 anytime.

GWM 24

6', 175 lbs., brown hair & eyes, full beard, very hairy, would like to correspond and meet with other *uncut* hairy men to 35. Into most anything but pain & drugs. Your revealing photo gets mine. USA 186.

WM 33

5'8", 135 lbs., balding, good shape, cut, looking for long thick overhangs that come with a nice cock. Like to stretch, pull, suck and be creative with foreskins. Love pecs, too. G/a, F/a&p. Send photo of your overhang. USA 154.

CONNECTICUT

LEATHER SM BIKER

Looking for bottoms/slaves who knows what leather slavery is and is good at it. Indeed, SM sex, in dungeon and on my bike will train respect limits. Write—enclose photo if you're ready for leather sex. Box 3957LF.

ATTRACTIVE ATHLETIC VERSATILE

guy, German, *uncut*, 42, masculine top man seeking well-built dude for hot bunnies, sucking, light bondage, etc. Hot and ready he-men only. PO Box 10141, West Hartford, CT 06110

SLIDING SKIN BY HAND

Your number 1 joy? Skinned back in your briefs? Finger action underneath? Showering? Write all to: Occupant, Box 2071, New Haven, CT 06521.

I love to meet guys 18-29. I love to fuck guys, go to bed nude, J/O L/J cock sucks cock, to make love, to fuck

Saturday to Sunday 5:30 to 9:00 p.m. USA 508

CIRCUMCISION

Want to hear from any dude turned on by circumcision, especially teen or adult cuts, describing the scar and whether the frenulum was cut. Have just experienced docking—love the feeling. USA 133.

GWM, 5'7", 130

uncut seeks *uncut* under 35, photo app not necessary. I am pianist/singer—love shows, prefer tall guys, but all OK—cut, too. No one-nighters—friends first. USA 712

JO EXHIBITIONIST CLUB

Will help start a JO exhibitionist club in lower Fairfield County, Connecticut. If interested in helping start one or joining, please write to me. USA 101.

DELAWARE

SLAVE AVAILABLE

Looking for Master for training. Needs to be disciplined, into bondage and SM. Confidentiality must be assured. Write: Box 113/Suite 113, 402 N. Union St., Wilmington, DE 19805.

WESLEY-SUE

Demanding 48, 5'11", 145 G W Virgo Male seeks obedient, thin bottoms (16-32) at my CC location. Reply w/photo & resume to: WHB P.O. Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19899.

DC—METRO

I'LL BUST YOUR ASS, BOY

WM, 39, 5'10", 175 looking for guys into father/son, school, fraternity and reform school punishment with paddle, belt, board and strap. Switch hitter. Box 27082, Washington, DC 20038

NY-DC CORRIDOR LEATHER MAN Will travel for leathered booted top for heavy bondage, hoods, gags, collars, restraints, tits, CB, complete domination-control, harness susp cycles. Other things desired. Tall, muscular, beard a plus. No permanent relationship, but regular sessions, threesomes. Write Box #108DS.

BEARDED MASTER

42, 5'10", 165 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean, healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped "den". All scenes except scat. Novice guys get TLC. I am in the Annapolis-Baltimore-DC area. Letters with photos get answered. Also looking for other good Masters. Box 3893LF.

A MAN

170 lbs. solid muscle, 5'10", 39, dark, bearded. InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity and self-acceptance. Years of residence in Stockholm, Paris, and Berlin have given me European flexibility: am my own man and not captive of any role. Ardent handball enthusiast. Besides FF, am into all sides of Fr, Gr, titwork and mutually satisfying S&M. Like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Very health conscious but that doesn't keep me from enjoying life. Sound interesting? Write Bob, PO Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651.

WELL-BUILT

Unruly military type W/M, 6 ft., 37, 180 lbs. 8" cut, responds only to very experienced handling. Chained by the balls, worked by the strap and prod until you get what you want, service from a highly intelligent animal. No Filth, FF, or hard drugs. Box 3868

BOTTOM WANTED: SHAVING

Me: 5'11", 175 lbs., muscular, 33. You: into B&D, ass work, dildoes, fisting, being shaved. Box 4145

UNCUT PREFERRED

GWM, 31, 5'11", 185 lbs., hairy, *uncut* teddy bear, beard & moustache, seeks other men, prefer *uncut*, for mutual enjoyment. Call (202) 544-7097 before midnight only.

UNCUT WM

7", mid-50s, 6', seeks mature men who are genuine cock-worshippers and who worship balls and have big bags. Foreskin sniffing, chewing, cheese, long sucking, licking, pissing. JO. Will swap foreskin photos/talk raunchy cock and balls with men everywhere. Beer-lovers/beer-guts welcome. USA 118.

WANTED

Attractive guys with good bodies. This circumcised guy wants to play with your generous foreskin. I find foreskins to be the hottest, most attractive part of the male equipment, although there are other parts that are very very hot also. Let's get together so we can both enjoy your skin! USA 170.

FLORIDA

"THE SARGE"

33, 6 ft., 165 lbs., short brown hair, clean-shaven, goodlooking, fun lovin' leatherman. Lookin' for a few good men. If you are muscular, defined, clean and together, a man who takes care of himself and knows how to take care of another man, if you've got the spirit, maybe you can join my corps. Sarge is top, but always welcomes correspondence from other tops. Send a picture for an answer. C'mon, don't be shy. Now stand at ease and start writin'. Box 4526LF

HOT HAIRY ARMPITS

6'2", 170#, 38 seeks same 25-45 for funky armpit scene and more. Photo/phone to Box 10181, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334

GAY WHITE CLIPPED

wants to meet gay unclipped Hispanic, Oriental, European, Mid-easterner and USAs for mutual "show me" and play! Earle Austin, Clearwater, FL (813) 461-5063.

FORESKIN FREAK

GWM, 24, blond, blue eyes, hairy, with 7 1/2" cut (unfortunately). I know how to please an *uncut* man. Let me get under your skin! Gr/p, Fr/a; hairy guys especially welcome. USA 284.

WANT TO EXCHANGE INFO

On stretching experience, teen-age circumcisions, Turks, Arabs, etc., psychoanalytic, anthropological and neurological studies and/or personal experience. USA 240.

CIRCUMCISION

Person experienced in performing or assisting with circumcisions who can describe procedures. Let's correspond. Stan Smith, 1460 Grove St., Clearwater, FL 33515.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Cut, late 30s, wants to share Key West house and life with *uncut* man, 20s-30s. Call (305) 294-0753.

WM GERMAN/ENGLISH

5'4", 120 lbs., circ. seeks young *uncirc.* to give super head, any amount foreskin. Your photo gets mine. USA 144.

SOUTH FLORIDA

Gay white male, *uncut*, 38, 6', 155 lbs., seeks slim, *uncut* males under 40. 610 N.E. 138th St., North Miami, FL 33161.

TIGHT FORESKINS

Long or short, a real turn-on. Phimosis would be an extra added attraction. USA 200.

HOT FOR SKIN ACTION

Wanted by 5'9", 140 lbs., WM, 43; mutual stretching sessions with other uncut. Phone number, photo answered first. State interests. Skinhead, Box 330428, Miami, FL 33233.

UNCUT LOVER WANTED

Looking for young man with a nice long overhang and low hangers. Looking for love! Can help with relocation. USA 106

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

ATTRACTIVE, CREATIVE

intelligent, 29-year-old, white male, cut, looking for uncut man over 30 who wants a lasting, loving, monogamous relationship. Box 101FQ

CUT BUT...

love uncut. WM, 6'1", 175, 38-yrs, goodlooking, professional, stable. Am healthy, into J/O, safe sex, affection. Seek WM, masculine, goodlooking, no smoke, drugs. Mark (404) 872-1045

GWM 30

Handsome, dark hair, moustache, blue eyes, 5'11", 160 lbs., muscular, 7" uncut and versatile. Seeks man, 28-40, muscular, uncut and well-endowed. Write: Box 54322, Atlanta, GA 30308.

KINKY COUPLE

Top: 6'3", 8½" uncut. Bottom: 5'4", 24, 7" cut into uncut men and those who like uncut men. (404) 523-2564. No J/O calls!

SKINPIX

Collector wants photos of uncut cocks. Exchange possible. Am 31, 6', 150, 8" GWM w/1-in. overhang. Age, size unimportant. Sent to "GA14 in FF listing.

MASC BI RANCHER

Slender, hairy, 39, 9x5½" cut, wants meetings, letters, photo exchange with masculine uncut, 18-50. CTJ, Box 1782, Americus, GA 31709. Clint (912) 924-4038 weekdays, 8-5.

GWM, 30

handsome, dark hair, moustache, blue eyes, 5'11", 160 lbs., muscular, 7" uncut and versatile. Seek man 28-40 muscular, uncut and well-endowed. Write Orion, 1445 Monroe Dr. NE, Apt. C-24, Atlanta, GA 30324

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training" in heavy bondage and light SM. Limits respected. Butch tops also contact me for memorable 3-way. Discretion required and reciprocated. Jake Leonard, #24571, 3350 NE 12th Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307

APOLLO

Lifeguard, Bodybuilder. All scenes & all equipment. Dungeon available for slave training. (305) 940-9485.

FLORIDA

Orlando houseboy—slave applications accepted from slaves 21-30 with right attitude will be trained by 33Y, 5'8" bearded master. Serious only. Send resume & photo. Box 4055

LIVE RENT FREE IN FLORIDA

I am tall masculine and submissive late 30s loves wearing rubber and lingerie W/S, G/S, B&D. You must be aggressive and wear rubber or leather any age. Sweaty, uncut, hairy men preferred. Call Gail, (904) 496-2070.

TAMPA MASTER/DADDY

Seeks slaveboy, son, or houseboy. Daddy: 48, 5'10", 180 lbs., hairy, hung big, strict, loving. Son: boyish, smooth, uncut, obedient, ready for love, commitment. Box 4140

HORNY GOODLOOKING

WM, 6', 175, 35 into tail scenes—not into bar games. Wants to meet Gr/a bear-friend who is hairy. Moustache/beard super. Maybe thinning hairline—definitely masculine, non-smoker, clean and good in sack. PO Box 251, Winter Haven, FL 33883

HAIRY, HUNG DADDY

seeks Slaveboy/Daddy's Boy for possible permanent relationship. Daddy is 49, 5'10, hairy and hung big. Boy is younger (but legal age), smooth, with a big uncut dick and low hangers. Boy must be obedient, eager to serve, looking for love and security. Daddy can provide good home life, training, strict control, and all decisions. Can travel anywhere or meet you here in Florida. Photo and submissive letter required. Box 4453LF

SLAVE NEEDS INSTRUCTION

Slave with little experience looking for Master who can provide proper training. Slave is 35, 5'11", 200 lbs., blond, blue eyes. Into doing Master's wishes. Limitations: No drugs, scat, piercing or marks. Please, Sir, train me to serve you. Box 4461LF

REDHEADED COCKSUCKER

for you, sir. 38, pretty face, short. For a sweaty-smelling, hairy man who knows how to punish a queer. Sincere, intelligent, healthy, no drugs. Discreet. Dirty assholes OK. New house, anytime. Barry Ross, 14624 SW 144 Court, Miami, FL 33186 (305) 251-4838

ATHLETIC W/M

29, seeks down-to-earth, well-built, masculine man for friend and possible lover. Enjoys the outdoors, the beaches, working out, fine arts and quiet times cuddled up together. Write P.O. Box 5121, Winter Park, FL 32793-5121. Photo, please.

GEORGIA

HOT MAN

WM, 35, 6', 165# masculine, athletic seeks lean or defined bondage top. Travel possible. MSI, PO Box 8375, Atlanta, GA 30306

SIR!

This Atlanta slave awaits your discipline and orders. I am 33, 5'9", 140 lbs. and need your help and training. please Sir. Box 4409LF

BOOT WORSHIPPING SLAVE

WM, 27, 6'0", 180 lb. slave. Sir, this southern boy needs to worship you and your boots, Sir! Sir This boy is into WS, shaving, BD, SM, TT, and rough ass play, Sir! Dominant Master needed. Please write, Sir, or call (404) 881-0294. Sir, this boot boy is on his knees waiting for your orders, Sir! Box 4483LF

WM, 40, 6'1", 175 lbs.

BB, 43C, 32W, reddish-brown hair, beard, moustache. Strong arms and legs. Seeks Gr/a topman; muscular and hung. I don't travel; you need to be in area of passing through. Have lots of interests, especially literary (pub. author), lifting, music and sports. If pride in body and mind attracts you, write with photo and let's connect. Roy F. Wood, 124 Mulberry St., Athens, GA 30601. Sincerity would help.

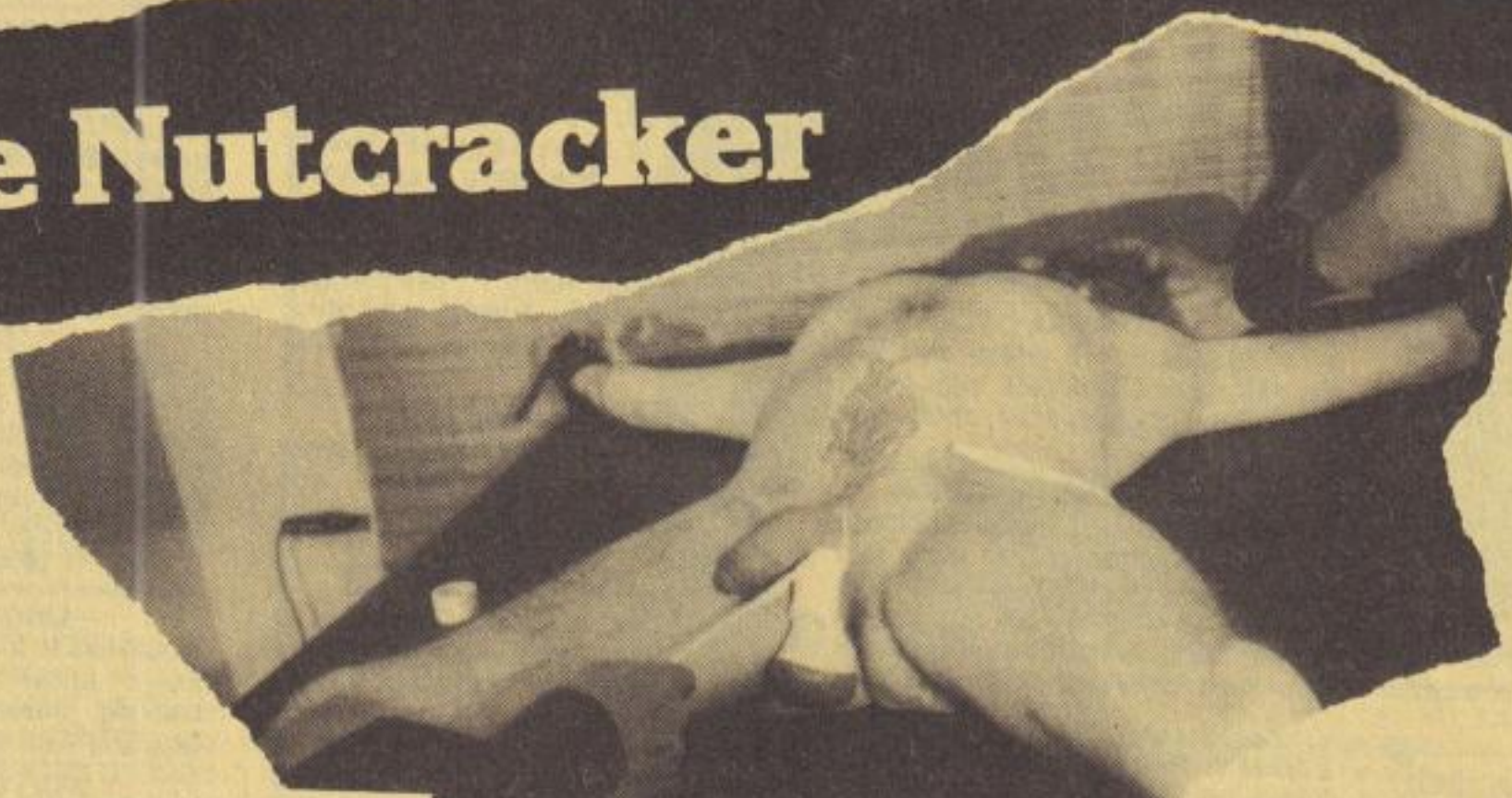
BODYBUILDER/MASTER/DADDY

seeks young individual to be dominated in a variety of scenes. Photo required and letter of introduction. Rewards for good service. Write to Box #112DS.

HEAVY FISTFUCKING, MORE

given/taken by GWM. Large hands especially sought. Photo to P.O. Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357.

the Nutcracker



This ball-busting movie charts a long session in which Master Jim carefully and methodically tortures Slave Muir's nuts with an endless procession of horrifying gadgets: an animal castration device, for example, used here to close up the Slave's foreskin and ring his nipples. Also used on the Slave's balls are a snaffle (normally used to clamp a horse's snout), a snake-bite

suction cup, a vice grip, various tools that usually engrave leather. This highly detailed study of genitorture is both bizarre and painful to watch. This is authentic sado-masochism which ends with the slave gratefully offering the master his undying devotion. An InterVision Production directed by Dave Nesor.

\$85, plus \$3 shipping. To order, send m.o., cashier's check, VISA, MasterCard or AmEx number (with expiration date), a statement that you are over 21, and whether you need VHS or Beta; or write for a free brochure (stating that you are over 21) to:

Slave & Master
PRODUCTIONS
1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610

BOOT—WHIP BALL SLAVE

Bootlicking WM, 41, cut, 205, 6'2" into 501 button fly levis, military boots, BD, SM, whipping, Fr, Gr, and ball work (weights, vices, slapping, whipping). Also into Nautilus, duplicate, books, travel, computers. Not into FF, scat, WS, rimming, raunch, piercing, catheters, prods, damage. Travel a lot. Send phone # Box 4344

ATLANTA SLAVE

29, needs limits expanded by demanding master or group. Very versatile. Write Bobby. All answered. Box 4080.

BLACK SCAT TOPS

wanted by Greek passive white bottom, 26. I give funky rear French to and get gangbang (with rubbers) by rough trade, ex-cons, Latins, dirty blue collar. Free beer for eager Golden Shower givers. No JO phone calls! Call White Pussy (David). Atlanta (404)876-2251.

W/M, 37, 6'1", 180 LBS, BB

43" chest, 32" waist, red hair, beard, seeks very muscular Gr Act man. My place only. Travelling? NE GA? Your letter, photo, info gets mine. Musc, strong, sincere please. Roy, 124 Mulberry St., Athens, GA 30601.

MANLY BLACKS WANTED

By white male pussy, 29. Call me and talk dirty or come over and sit on my face and let me smell, kiss, and tongue clean your Royal asshole. I receive golden shower, scat, verbal degradation, light whipping and slapping. Masculine Latinos, ethic types okay. David, Atlanta (404)876-2251.

ATLANTA

Seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality. Your photo gets mine. Box 4078.

ATLANTA

S/M age 30 seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality. Your photo gets mine. Box 4078.

EXTRA HUNG BROOKS BROS. TYPE

Change quick to very demanding ball & nipple torture. Top freak. I am 32, 170 lbs., 10" cock, cut & hairy. Am interested only in men who like WS/FF/piercing and total shaving of crotches. Interested in men with Silicon dicks. Photo gets mine. Box 4074.

HOT TOP

25 y/o 6', 155 lbs., 8" br/bl, lean, hard & defined; looking for bottoms into spanking, dildoes, B/D, JO, light S&M, etc. Send letter with photo to: D. Johnson, 975 W. Peachtree St. N.E. #9A, Atlanta, Georgia 30309.

HAWAII

29, SINGLE & UNCIRCUMCISED

Looking for women who are interested in giving head. I have a very long (2" overhang) foreskin; my skin is loose and full of large, bulging veins that love suction. B.S., 95-269 Waikalani Dr., 501C, Wahiawa, HI 96786.

ILLINOIS

BOY-TOY WANTED

WM, 38, top wants young man to tie up. SM, BD, TT. Have gameroom. Box 1983, Peoria, IL 61650

LEVI/LEATHER JOCK BOTTOM

5'6", muscular, 30, seeks tall, clean-cut military master for TT, spanking, humiliation. Description, scenes to Box 6681, Chicago, IL 60680

MATURE MASTER

wants casual encounters. You must be between 18 and 40, short, slim, well-defined and know what to expect and what is expected. Blacks and Orientals especially welcome. Contact: R. Smrt, Suite 134, 8827 Ogden Ave., Brookfield, IL 60513.

SHORT SLAVES/SONS ONLY

If you are 5'7" or less and need a strict Master/Daddy then call (312) 329-9299. Daddy is a white male, 36, 5'8", 190 lbs., with hairy chest and beer gut. Serious calls only.

MATURE MALE MASTER

white, seeks slaves and submissives for casual sessions. Not interested in teacher role, dopies, drunks, or leather queens. Want men 18-50, white or Oriental who are healthy, in good shape, well-set-up and know the score. Prefer between 5'1" and 6'0" and 130 to 180 lbs. Box 4404LF

HORNY LEVI/LEATHER TOP

Aggressive GWM, 6', 185 lbs., 34" waist, brown hair & eyes, short beard and moustache, looking for bottoms, slaves into hot sweaty times. Fucking. Sucking. FF. WS. Bondage. Etc. Reply with photo/letter. P.O. Box A3810, Chicago, IL 60690.

WM DAD SEEKS SON

Want son 18-plus who can look and act very boyish. Write: Jay, No. 179, 606 West Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

BOTTOM: 22, 9" CUT

I want a big man. I'm heavy into a big cock Master tellin' me what he is going to do with his cock. J. O'Sullivan, 8411 Andrea, Woodridge, IL 60517. (312)985-1480.

GENUINE MASOCHISTS

sought by W/m Sadist for extended sessions and possible relationship. Your agony is my pleasure, and your pleasure is in keeping me happy! Must be in good shape! Call: Sir (312)261-3912.

GWM 40

Wants brown and yellow bottom—red hanky bottom—Send info & photo Jay P.O. Box 8032, Chicago, IL 60614.

YOUNG STUD WANTED

GWM 5'11", 165, brown hair, mustache seeks stud who enjoys having cock, balls, ass, and boots licked. Send photo, phone. I will grovel. Box 4073.

CHICAGO AREA DADDY

W/M, 40 plus, 6', 170, gdlkg., wants to tie, gag, suck & fuck cute, slim, W/M, 21-40. Send phone number, photo. Box 4075.

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

23-year-old novice, moving to Chicago in June, and is just breaking into leather scene, seeks contact with Chicago leathermen (28-32) for an introduction into the lifestyle. Show me how you became leathermen. Box 4064.

MAN WITH LOTS OF FORESKIN

Seeks men with or without skin. You must be into foreskin. Please call or write. (312) 459-3168. USA 279.

CHICAGO UNCUTS

GWM seeks masculine uncut men with plenty of skin to explore. Prefer men over 30, especially Greeks, European men, Puerto Ricans. Am 31, 5'11" and ready to serve you. No fats, feds, drugs. USA 615

BLACK MALE

age 55, uncut, weight 150 lbs, 5'8" would love cut or uncut dicks for very discreet one-to-one J/O exhibitionism, sucking only. Orients dicks also. Must be 50 or over. Answer with phone/photo. No drugs, smoke—just clean J/O. USA 512

FORESKINS WANTED

GWM, 30, cut, wishes to service your foreskin—any size or shape—Hispanics especially—the more skin the better. Steve, PO Box 110, 2520 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60614

CHICAGO BM UNCUT

7", 5'9", 190 wants to meet 22-40 year old WM. Must be masculine. Like uncut, but cut OK, too. J/O, oral, anal—others OK. C. Johnson, PO Box 578074, Chicago, IL 60657-8074

BIG T.V. QUEEN

Loves skin, the longer the better. Cheese, raunch, WS, wants to try whole scene, rim too! Let me worship your skin like it's never been done before. USA 273.

TOPMAN

42, 5'11", big gut, long skin wants cocksuckers who know how to handle it. Hairy men preferred. Bondage, tit, C/B work, etc. possible. DM, Box 6592, Chicago, IL 60680

HANDSOME & UNCUT

WM, 36, 5'11", 135 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, 7 1/2" uncut, handsome, trim and very clean, hard body, big balls. Seeks other goodlooking WM, 18-45 for long, hot 1-on-1 or group JO sessions. Must be discrete, clean, good body. Tit stimulation, hairless body are a plus. No Fr, Gr, fats, feds, SM, or drugs please. Married & bi's welcome. Bob, Box 14787, Chicago, IL 60614.

"YOUNG" OLDER GUY

I'm an intelligent, well read, "young" older guy, 50, enjoy erotic correspondence. Meetings possible, Countless male magazines to share, Oral active or passive. USA 258.

UNCUTS WANTED

Want to hear from and meet other men that are uncut. Have never seen a skin that was a turn off. Find "all" skin a turn on. Like the look, smell, and taste of skin. Long, slow mouth and tongue action. Travel. Photo exchange! USA 211.

CHICAGO SKINHEADS

Let my tongue remind you what you've got! I'm 30, 6', 180 lbs., ready and willing to service that sweaty overhang. Hispanic especially welcome. USA 140.

UNCUT OLDER MAN

Am masculine, hairy, 7"; like younger, uncut, especially Oriental and Latino. Want action, not talk. Fem okay. USA 137.

CUT EXPERIENCE

Young man was cut in late teens seeks correspondence and dialogue with others who have had similar experience. USA 283.

NEAR NORTH CHICAGO

Uncut blond, blue eyes, 30, desires to make contact with uncut men, 30-40. Lets have dinner and cocktails to decide if we should pursue matters further. USA 111.

INDIANA

BONDAGE SLAVE

anxious to serve. WM, 160, 5'10 1/2" tall, with some limited experience is anxious to be put into your control and to perform services which my master demands. Also interested in initiation experiences either by myself or with other initiates. Am not into FF or electric shock, but would expect strong discipline for master's pleasure. Can travel on weekends in Northern and Central Indiana, or even West Central Ohio. Would also be interested in prisoner scenes, being used as an animal, and dungeon experiences. Discretion essential. Box 4475LF

SW INDIANA BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

WM, 38, 5'8", 135, cut, brn/blue, moustache, seeks older, bigger Top/Master to service. SM, CBTT, FF, WS. Teach me—Train me to serve. Hot mouth, hungry ass eager to please you! Box 4536

CHICAGO DAD

41, 5'10", 165#, fit, professional seeks novice young men for hot sessions. Into leather and discipline, but no heavy SM. Firm but gentle. Write to Box #107DS.

LET'S GET TOGETHER

Handsome Ft. Wayne, Indiana area male, 25, 5'10", 150 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Looking for special, sincere person to share life and fun times with. I am a professional businessman and like to travel. Let me hear from you; all responses answered. Write to Box #102DS.

W/M SLAVEDOG TO 40

sought by slim Black Master. Training in obedience given by firm disciplinarian. I will work to expand your limits. Send SASE for application to: P.O. Box 122, Terre Haute, IN 47808.

TRUCKERS WELCOME

Chicago area cock sucker, W/m, 26, 6', 175 lbs., goodlooking, bl/bl, moustache, willing to please. Box 142, Crown Point, IN 46307.

IOWA

HOT/HORNY

Bearded W/M, 35, 145#, 5'7": Ready for SM leathersex, with safe & sane FF action. We can't afford to wait any longer... Forward photo, specs. & # to Box 3996.

NEED TO BE DIAPERED?

28 year-old married Dad wanting to form lasting relationship with a baby, 18-25, small-to-medium build. Love to wear diapers, plastic pants, cuddling, masturbation? I am looking for you. Write to: Paul, P.O. Box 184, Ottumwa, IA 52501.

NEW TOP IN DES MOINES

Hot, athletic, 5'11", 165#, 37 top wants slim bottom 20-40 for BD, C/B/T/T. Married? Lover? Professional? Never answered an ad? Answer this one. Absolute discretion. Limits respected. Send photo, application with favorite fantasy to Max, Box 8103, Des Moines, IA 50301.

KANSAS

W/M, 29, NOVICE SLAVE

Seeks master to explore and expand my limits. Need hot top into B/D, CB/T, shaving, piercing, Topeka, Lawrence, Kansas City, Sir, I'm waiting. Box 4852, Topeka, KS 66604.

UNCUT VIDEOS

Would like to find source of videos with lots of uncut action, i.e., auto/solo, docking, infibulating. E.E. Baughman, Box 527, Winfield, KS 67156

KC/TOPEKA AREA

Blond, blue eyes, 6', 170, GWM, uncut, 30s, would like to meet guys under 30 in my area for good times and friendship. Box 102FQ

HAIRY CHESTED WM

wants nude photos of guys with large cocks with long foreskins. Must have 8" or more and have hairy chest. Love nudism, exhibitionist. USA 266

KENTUCKY

NEW TO LEX/CIN AREA

38-year-old, hairy GWM interested in meeting others into CBTT, FF, toys, enemas, SM, piercings, tattoos, etc—top and bottom. Reply to Box 4439.

LOUISIANA

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans, WM, 30, 6', 165, LF4458, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, jeans, jackets, belts, caps. Prefer to be bottom, but versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a HD by days, and I ride a V65 Magna at night in leather. Also have Kawasaki Ninja and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504)282-0729, PO Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone else.

WANTING TOP

Seeks dominant men between 35-45 who will open me to new sexual horizons. Interests include shaving my crotch/ass, light SM, man-to-man fucking/sucking. I'm Gr-p, hot, horny, slim, GWM, very hairy. 30 years old, 6'2", brown hair, blue eyes. Reply with photo and phone/address if possible. Box 4413.

GOODLOOKING GWM

23, 5'10", 150 lbs., with big uncut cock, is looking for other guys with hanging foreskin for sex and/or friendship. Must be 18-35, goodlooking and hung. No fats, feds, SM or drugs. Photo of body (foreskin close up) gets mine. I really get off to foreskin! USA 178.

MATURE UNCUT MASTER

Brown hair, blue eyes, wants to meet only available uncircumcised beefy slaves or other SM couples for exchange. New Orleans area. (504)943-9875 evenings only to 11pm.

NEW ORLEANS

Young white/oriental wanted for light bondage. No S/M. I'm GWM, 47, (504)831-9298.

FORESKIN STRETCHING

Active foreskin stretcher seeks to exchange foreskin stretching techniques with others. Have foreskin stretching device. Mark Waring, 2301 Severn Ave., Suite A-312, Metairie, LA 70001.

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

MAINE

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/SON

Previous experience not necessary. Live-in relationship possible. Looking for clean-cut, ambitious types. Write and tell me what you are looking for. All letters answered (LF4459). PO Box 2186, South Portland, ME 04106

MARYLAND

GWM, 33, 5'11"

175 lbs., goodlooking, built, cut. These are a few of my favorite things: Loose pendant prepuces, chewable dockable foreskins, chest hair, and solid virile men. USA 119

WASHINGTON DC SKIN

Uncut, Bi-Wm, 38, aggressive, nice looking, divorced father seeks similar masculine guys to 45. Prefer uncut. Into Gr, WS, kink. Rick (301) 948-4853.

GWM 45

155 lbs., 5'9", wish to meet and correspond with uncircumcised males to share experiences or more, also cut males about fantasies of restoration and stretching and piercing of foreskin and what is left of skin. Also meet MD's about restoration and cutting methods. USA 194.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND—GWM—SLIM

Successful professional, 5'6", 52, 31" waist, swimmer's body, muscular seeks friendship/relationship. P.O. Box 72, Timonium, MD 21093.

SPANK ME

Good and hard, take me over your knees and administer firm, corrective discipline, whack the seat of my pants good, or redder my bare ass. Seek attractive, masculine master. First ad, new to scene. Tired of living in fantasy, time for the real thing. I am 32, 5'7", Greek passive, muscular, cute, boyish, great ass. Photo and letter. Nick, One High St., Box S-130, Medford, MA 02155.

FORMING USA CLUB

Anyone interested in forming USA Club in Metro area (MD, DC, VA), contact Tom (301) 336-1514.

MASSACHUSETTS

TIGHT LEVIS/BLACK LEATHER

W 5'10" 28 tight body, good looks. Into leather, snug levis, hefty boots. Seek wild, rugged, young dudes and leather-jacketed punks to horse-around, party. Hey studs, let's roll around, bulging crotches, tight black leather pants/faded levis, cycle jackets, gauntlet gloves. Let's cruise late at night on our motorcycles. Sane, straight acting, discreet, masculine guy. Photo decked out in leather gets mine. Will correspond. DIRK, Suite 346, 2 Vernon Street, Farmingham, MA 01701 (LF3994).

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

RUBBER

Boston, 31, submissive, into hip boots, gas masks, all types of rubber scenes. Seeking others into rubber. Photo please! Box 4494

INEXPERIENCED BUT INTERESTED

Mutual WS, dildos, FF, enemas. Mainly bottom, WM, 34, seeks above with affection. Letter, photo if possible. Then... Box 4337

INDEPENDENT BOTTOM

Boston area, seeks a mature (35-plus) Top, who wants the willing service of an intelligent, thinking and bottom into bondage, discipline, WS, raunch, and uniforms. I'm 40, 5'11", 170, blond, clean-shaven, smooth body, cut. Ultimate goal is a healthy dominant-subordinate relationship involving the intellect, spirit and body. Sir, let's explore the possibilities. Reply to Box 4474LF. All replies will be answered.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

C&BT, B&D, TT, W/S, ELECTRIC you are 18-28 GWM desiring heavy, but sane, scene. Call DS (617) 256-2968.

GWM

35, 5'9", 140, trim well-built, masculine seeking same 20-40, for Master/slave relationship. Would like to be examined in my skin-tight levis and T-shirt with white Hi-top Nikes, bound at wrists hanging from ceiling. Paddle my tight ass in levis, then strip me, torture my cock and balls with leather straps, then shave my masculine cock hairs till I'm bald. Shave my ass cheeks until they're smooth. Keep me hard for hours until my Master makes me cum. Box 4405LF

HOT YOUNG STUD

Athletic man looking for well-hung raunchy topman to service. Enjoy uninhibited sex and am open to most scenes. Mark, Box 350, Astor Station, Boston, MA 02123, (617)267-1357

UNCUT A MUST

Would like to meet with other uncuts 40s and younger, waspy type, hispanics, orientals, but most of all must be straight appearing. USA 509

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BIG STINKIN' CHEESY UNCUT BLACK MEAT

Handsome, light tan dude with hard-muscled, dirty, sweaty, unwashed body, hung, filthy feet. The real thing—Tonguebath Heaven. Name is Jet: 6'3", 170#, 38, topman. You: in-shape, muscular, dirty, sweaty young (18-plus) hung, uncut, cheesy, hungry pig. Sleaze addicts only. Best cheese and toe jam around. Expert. (617) 536-1272, PO Box 504, Back Bay Annex, Boston, MA 02117

MASS—SPRINGFIELD

Dom G., PO Box 4260, Springfield, MA 01101. 02/14/50. White Roman Catholic, 5'8", 250 (at Present) 44 waist, brown hair/eyes, beard/moustache, dark complexion. I love uncut. Seek warm tender caring man (not fem). Prefer blond hair/blue eyes, younger if possible. I am most concerned about disease. Seek someone with same concern. I have not been involved in 4 years. So am very clean. Seek honest & loving. Your photo gets mine.

INTO SKIN WORSHIP?

Help me chew, suck, stretch and worship my 39-year-old lover's sensational long thick skin. PO Box 8, 645 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02115

WM 34 WANTS TO SUCK 1st COCK
Divorced, slim, uncut 7" seeks cut or uncut for long suck sessions. JO to videos—likes beer piss. TV's welcome. Will answer all. USA 701

TOTAL LIVE-IN SLAVE

Dad and Son want a GWM approx. 6' tall, 170 lbs., slim body, no facial hair, who is ready to relocate immediately to a small town and live in a large house. You will do house and yard work, but will not work a job. We will support our slave. We are into leather, rubber, SM, B&D, TT, shaving and W/S. Playroom is well equipped to provide discipline when required. No feds, drugs, FF, or scat. For initial contact, call (413) 267-5278 before 10 P.M. Eastern time. We are ready, are you? A doctorate in slavery is not required. LF4247

LOOKING FOR LOVE

Lonely GBM, 6'4", 170 lbs., wants a man to love. My sign is Cancer. I'm quiet, very sensitive, love to cuddle, kiss and make love. Am versatile, can be top, but prefer bottom. If interested please write. Will answer all. Photo if possible. Mass. area please give phone number and time I can call. James. USA 300.

COCKSUCKER

Gets hot stretching and chewing foreskin, watching uncut hose piss, JO, TT, WS, ball stretching with weights, indoors and outdoors. Am 34, 6'2", 185 lbs., brown hair, muscular, 8" cut. Photo gets same. Travels the U.S. USA 169.

NICELY CUT AT AGE 10

and enjoy it. Wish to meet and/or correspond with others who are pro-circ. Wish to alliliate with Acorn. Exchange VHS tapes, etc. Box 262.

WM, 34, UNCUT

Will pose nude for photo, also exchange photos. Like TT, C&BT, JO, Fr/a. Write with photo. Frank S., Box 231, Natick, MA 01760.

UNCUT AFFECTIONATE DADDY

Butch, versatile, likes other guys, middle-age or youthful, with some preference for uncut. Box 504, Avon, MA 02322.

PREVENT ROUTINE CIRCUMCISION

Free informational packet includes "The Circumcision Controversy." Write: INTACT, Box Five, Wilbraham, MA 01095.

MICHIGAN

PONTIAC AREA BOTTOM

Muscular, WM, 5'10", 165, 33, moustache, beard. Hot ass wants to be bound and fucked, fisted. Also into B/D, W/S., shaving, enemas, polaroids, toys. *Uniform a great plus.* State troopers and police—I'll worship your boots and submit to your every need. Box 3864

NEEDS DADDY

GWM, 28, 5'9", 140 lbs, 7½" uncut seeks uncut Daddy. I enjoy oral and J/O activities and love to cuddle. Also willing to please you. JIM, PO Box 153, Dearborn Heights, MI 48127

UNCUT MALES WANTED IN DETROIT

I am a sex slave to males that are under 40 who are well hung and uncut. I dig men in leather or blue jeans, with heavy chest hair and a moustache. I am an expert cocksucker and I love all your hot cum and hot beer piss. I dig receiving verbal abuse. I am versatile and like to be master as well as slave. I also dig big black uncut cock. I like to exchange hot dirty voice tapes and sexy photos with pen pals. Love to suck uncut cocks and hot assholes, but not into pain, drugs or scat. Will provide place to stay for visitors to my city. Please send close-up photo of your uncut cock and full length frontal nude photo with your name, address and phone number to: Slave, 533 Manistique Ave., Detroit, MI 48215 ALL YOU STUDS WITH UNCUT COCK, LET ME WORSHIP YOUR COCK & DRINK YOUR CUM AND PISS.

LOVE FLOPPING LACE

40-year-old, blond, blue eyes. Need to meet someone like G. Canali to swallow. USA 285.

INTERESTED IN CORRESPONDENCE

RE: all forms of circumcision as well as modifications of the genital area. USA 268.

MINNESOTA

TURNONS:

Masculine, hard TC men, J/O, leather straps, C&B toys, (woodshed?), jocks, unrolling tight Trojans, cum in mid-air, hairy chests. Should we meet? Mike, Box 4505

HUNKY GUY

37, nice bod—cut with big head—wear rings and straps—into J/O—can shoot 6-10 feet—nice guy—great head. Dig uncut—wild scenes. USA 516

MID 30'S CUT GUY

Into uncut dudes. Exchange photos, letters, etc. W.B. Wells, Box 275, Northfield, MN 55057.

MINNESOTA/TWIN CITIES

Cut GM, near Northwest corner 494/694 Beltway, seeks clean, uncut, masculine buddies for fun times. Bill (612) 425-7233.

SWEDEN POLE SLOVOC MALE

Uncut, 34, Army, Viet Vet, factory worker, average looks/build, 5'10", 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, seeks my equal. Friendship, visits. Box 16027, St. Paul, MN 55116.

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER!

Photo, phone please. Write to Box #109DS.

NOVICE SLAVE

Submissive GWM, 27, needs training by sane, demanding daddy/master. Eager to be used to please right man. Box 4133

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master: 6', 165, 41, stable, sensitive, sincere, loving, dominant/leather. Son/slave: slim, smooth, 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered), submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked; must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy/Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF.

MISSISSIPPI

JOCKS AND LEATHERS PLEASE ME

Harold is 42, blond, bearded, lean, affectionate, sensual, sensitively attuned to masculine needs and pleasures. Enjoy yardwork, cooking, full-stride walking, touring on a Honda SilverWing. Jockstraps are my only undergear. Leathers are my preferred daily wear and the focus of hot ballgames. Seek similar professionals who share these interests. A casual encounter might be a first step toward a more permanent relationship. PO Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534

LOW HANGING BALLS?

WM, age 35, attractive, wants to be slave for man to age 45 with big hanging balls. Everything goes. Box 4396

WILLING PARTNER

Professional, 31, WM, 5'9", 170#, 8", mutual or bottom seeks others into man-sex, CBTT, master/slave, abuse, raunch. Prefer masculine men willing to experiment and explore. Warren, 309 Bramlett #25, Oxford, MS 38655

MISSOURI

BIZARRE-S/M-OCULT

Mature WM wants to meet *serious-minded men* interested in the above. Box 4323

LIVE THE WEEKEND FANTASY!

Two forties dads seek appreciative son for weekend B&D sessions. Hustlers and egocentrics need not respond. Write detailed qualifications and requests for consideration. Must enjoy no-nonsense sex. Sir Thomas, Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123

SLAVE WANTED

Dominant white male requires submissive white slave boy over 18 years. Your only purpose in life is to serve. No limits respected. Uniforms and boys with high-pressure jobs a plus. Send explicit letter with nude or half-nude photo. All answered. Write Box #103DS

BONDAGE AND DISCIPLINE

Ritual discipline needed by 6'2", 190#, 33-year-old blond who can also give same. Novice interested in punishment more than sex, with sane, safe partner. Prefer bare-back whipping, but will negotiate. Write P.O. Box 5311, Kansas City, MO 64131.

SMEGMA &

Correspondence with possibility of meeting desired with guys interested in smegma and urine. USA 266.

AM CUT BUT LOVE FORESKIN

Long, short, mid-way, anyway. Your photo and letter gets my 8" of cut but stretched skin on my dick. Tell me about your foreskin. USA 141.

UNCUT FUN

I am a GWM seeking same for fun. Enjoy stroking and oral activities. hairy bodies, beard or moustache a plus. Let's get together and check out the equipment. USA 281.

WANT TO SUCK UNCUT COCKS

Prefer blonds, 18-22 with slender build, without beard or moustache. USA 278.

2 EXTRA-WELL HUNG TOPS

Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage—S/M sessions. Any scene. Have equipped playroom. Description—experience—photo. Weekend sessions good. Live-in apps considered. P.O. Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808.

MONTANA

LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M, bondage, armpits, tits, cock & ball torture, shaving, photography. Your trip, your way. Am 28, 5'9", 135#, w 8". Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 786, Conrad, MT 59425.

REAL MEN WANTED

WM, 22, athletic, goodlooking and virgin ass needs introduced to the all-male world. Gets off on muscular, hairy men. Would love long oral session. Prefer Eastern Montana or vicinity. Box 4162

LATE 30s, CLEAN, GENTLE

Semi-cut, interested in personable, clean uncuts with respectable overhang, any age over 18. Tom Messenger, Box 20071, Missoula, MT 59801.

MONTANA/IDAHO/ALBERTA

If you live in those places, or travel, drop by and give me a phone call. Ben Steiner, RR 2838, Great Falls, MT 59404. (406) 727-1134.

NEBRASKA

INTERNATIONAL UNCUTS 25-45

Wm bodybuilder, 38, seeks L/L, uniforms, jocks, truckers, BB, construction workers, etc. Enjoy WS, SM, L/L, B&D, JO, Exhibit. Letter with photo. No fats, blacks, feds. USA 227

NEW HAMPSHIRE

UNCUT HANDSOME BEARDED GWM

7" brown hair, blue eyes seeks bearded uncut/cut men Fr/ap. Be clean-not sleazy. Bud, PO Box 7214, Heights Station, Concord, NH 03301

NEW JERSEY

PISS AND SLEAZE!

WM, 24, good build. Piss on me! Stick your ass in my face to smell your shithole and farts. VA and more. Will travel to NY. Write: Occupant, PO Box 284, Hamburg, NJ 07419

TEANECK AREA

Healthy W/m, smooth, 6', 172 lbs., 42, masculine, seeks similar honest partner. Top/bottom trade offs, light SM, bondage possible. No drugs or feds. Box 4138.

TALL, MATURE MASTER

Accepting applications from slave sons who are anxious to serve and obey. Hot mouth and a good build a must. Clean shaven, Ivy types preferred. Generous Daddy will reward with affection when earned. Spankings, titwork, kink, VA. No fats, feds, hard drugs. Possible live in. All areas welcome. The Master is 6'2", 185 lbs, W/M and hot. Drummer Box #3856.

WANTED: SLAVE

ME: MASTER is 45, 6'2", 195 lbs., brown hair (getting a little thin top), brown eyes, hairy body, quiet type, straight acting and appearing, good sense of humor, not into games or fantasy trips. Own home in country in Northern New Jersey. Enjoy working a good body. Used to own my own private photography business specializing in bodybuilders, musclemen, MASTERS and their slaves, so I know what a good body is. Muscles are a plus, but not a necessity. I am not a bodybuilder myself, but appreciate that type of body. Into computers, slaves and taking care of my house. YOU: slave, late 20s to late 30s, quiet type, straight acting and appearing, well behaved (important), no nonsense type who knows his place. You must have a warm mouth that likes to be filled with warm meat. Enjoy wearing some leather: body harness, cock and ball harness, etc., and understand the meaning and value of discipline. Not into drugs of any type. If you can not get it on yourself and/or with help from me, I am not interested. No problem if you are not fully trained. If you want to learn, I will take the time to train you. Live in the vicinity of Northern New Jersey. WANT: Service and a good time, but a quiet time, in and out of bed for weekends with the possibility of having you move into house on a permanent basis. Box 291LF

NEED SPANKING AND ?

Looking for hung, cut, older Daddy type to give "caught in the act" spanking. Hot, hairy, 27. Spank me, then teach me about men. Write and tell me how. Box 4440

WANTED: DADDY'S BOY/SLAVE
Do you want a daddy? A real daddy who will give lots of love and affection

to you. A daddy who will show you the ropes as he takes you as his son—then uses the ropes on you as he makes you his slave in his well-equipped training room. Daddy/Master: Goodlooking, experienced, dominant, affectionate, firm but caring, health conscious WM, 42, 5'9", 150, good build, dark hair, moustache. Daddy's Boy/Slave: Goodlooking, masculine, WM, 21-30, medium to small build, obedient, affectionate, submissive and completely bottom. Into SM, BD, spankings, enemas, toys, etc. No brutality. You must have a genuine desire to really be daddy's boy/slave. Will consider a daddy's boy that has slave potential. Send photo, which will be returned, phone, and frank letter to: PO Box 1342, Bloomfield, NJ 07003.

TORTURE CAPTIVES WANTED

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) captives to chain up and torture. Limits respected but expanded. Man enough? Call (201) 874-6725 after 8:00 p.m. EDT.

PROFESSIONAL MAN WITH LARGE FORESKIN

would like to meet young man (18-21) uncut for mutual friendship. Chance to visit and share the experiences of New York, Broadway shows, concerts, etc. Also visit other big Eastern cities. No obligation. Reply with photo to Jeff Burke, PO Box 6495, Edison, NJ 98819

TATTOED UNCUT

GWM, 5'10", 150, dark hair and moustache, tattooed uncut 6 1/4", big hangers, large pierced nipples. Heavy vac pumper. Bill. PO Box 17 TCB, West Orange, NJ 07052 (201) 674-6078

SOUGHT: GR/a HUNG UNCUT/CUT

any race 29-49, trim/fit who love to fuck. SEEKER: Goodlooking, trim GWM, 35, 5'9", 150#. Not looking for lover—just hot, friendly action. M.G. USA 646

SUBMISSIVE

6', 220 lbs., 47 needs top for abuse of long hot foreskin. Stretching, chewing toys, bondage, etc. Age/race unimportant. Name your scene and allow me to please you. USA 645

UNCUT WM

6'1", blue/brown, seeks uncuts 18-45 for fun meetings! True stories of adult circ (military, prison, etc) wanted: Duncan, Box 93, Palmyra, NJ 08065.

PROF GWM 39

5'5", 160 lbs., beard, versatile, cut, seeks others uncut or cut for mutual pleasure, friendship, etc. Box 286, Lake Hiawatha, NJ 07034.

ALL-AMERICAN BLUE-EYED BLOND

Jock, endowed, 6', 150 lbs., 24, uncut. I could take your breath away. Jeff, Box 1407, Princeton, NJ 08542. (609) 683-5171.

GWM 24

Seeking men, 20-45, of Italian and/or German heritage with uncut meat for long, sensual encounters with Italian, 6'1", 175 lbs., Nautilus build and quick mind. USA 130.

NEW MEXICO**SELF MADE FORESKIN**

Over 2" long and getting longer and longer. Glad to tell "all", how it can be done. Write for information. USA 259.

NEVADA**GWM, 31, RENO**

5'11", 180 lbs., wants to meet husky, health-conscious men, 30-45, for possible long-term relationship. Stability, looks, attitude and straight-appearance are a must. Interests: running, liberal politics, levis, leather, engineer boots. Reply to PO Box 10534,

Reno, NV 89510. Photo appreciated—will return/exchange.

NEW YORK**FUCK MY FACE**

Force feed me your huge dick, savagely rape my deep throat, cum in my mouth, then take me to the Mineshaft and pass me around to all your friends. Make me beg for it! Box 20036, Midtown Station, NYC 10129. Oral action only.

HUNGRY SCAT SLAVE

WM, 5'11", 367, 160 lbs., looking for a healthy, responsible top to explore this scene with on a regular basis. Ethnic types welcome. Box 4515

NYC/UNIFORMS

Hot short rookie blond into uniformed cop scene. Looking for that special one officer to kiss, suck, piss and fuck with. Photo in uniform gets mine. Box 4499.

WANTED: FAT MASTER

Goodlooking, muscular WM, 27, 5'11" wants to serve goodlooking macho ex-jocks who are fat and like it. VA, domination, humiliation. Cigar and beer drinkers a plus (212) 580-8049

HOT EXPERIENCED SLAVE

CBT, TT, all basic SM, well-hung, tall, slender, 40s, moustache, weekend service between Syracuse/NYC. Box 4157.

NYC TIMBER

Is there a Drummer out there (over 6', under 230 lbs.,) who has learned to prefer to cuddle and kiss? Box 4165

BELTMASTER

Handsome novice M, 34, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeking education in receiving belt and bare hand. Muscles and beard a plus; expertise and guiding hand more important. Also FF, shaving and good hot sex. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4163

(415) 821-9952

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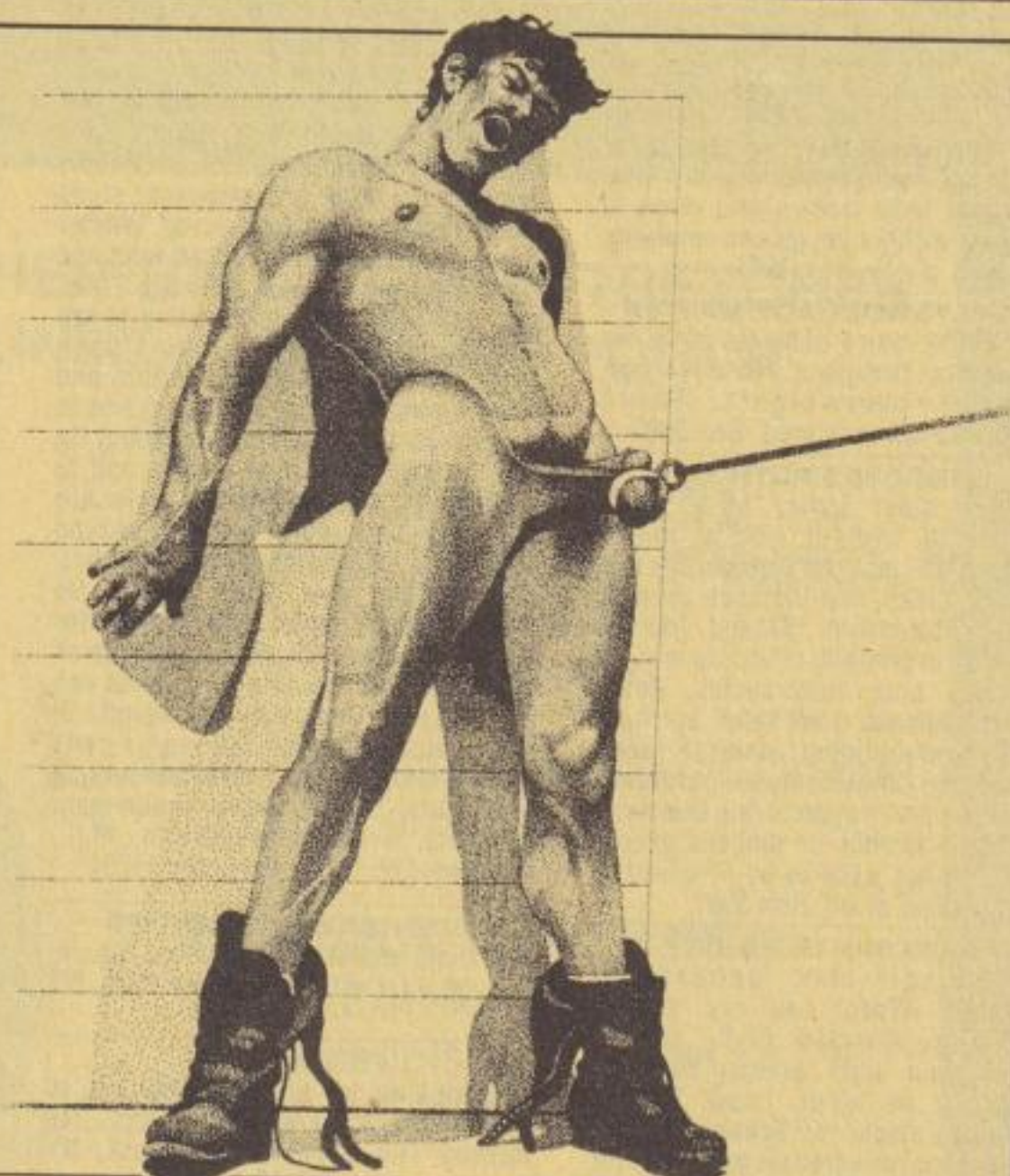
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P.O. Box 421043/San Francisco, CA 94101

MEN ■ MEN & MORE MEN

Must be over 18 years old.



HOT HAIRY PISSHOLE

30, wants intense humiliation from arrogant, real men who spit/step on faggots. Box 4172

WESTERN NEW YORK

Male lovers, 41 & 25, in good shape, looking for trim playmates & friends. We have a variety of interests and can be versatile. Photo please. Write: Ron, Ellicott Station, Box 825, Buffalo, NY 14205.

SLEAZY & SMELLY

WM, 32, 5'11", 160 lbs., seeks kinky male with smelly body, raunchy armpits, very dirty underwear (never enough), cheesy hose. Let me smell, let me lick. Sleazy, WS, leather, uniforms, humiliation, verbal abuse okay. No heavy SM, no scat, uncut a plus, muscles a must, telephone no. for a very good time. Box 4143

GWM, 27, BLOND/BOYISH

6'4", big cock/deep ass serves as sexslave for anything-clean/dirty for W-Master in boots/leather with full bladder/dirty ass giving pain/pleasure. I adore rubber/leather-licking dirty boots (your shit?) to a shine. TT/SM/B&D/FF/toys. Box 3870

FIT TO BE TIED

Rugged, muscular, hung but submissive biker, 36, needs expert level-headed Top (white, cut only) for heavy bondage workouts. Strip, immobilize & manhandle this 5'7", 155# brown-haired BB; whip my round, white butt till it glows & fuck it; dominate this hot Bottom with ropes, rack, paddle, wax, C&B/T. You or friends can realize any fantasy of sexual abuse on your captive's helpless bod. Macho well-built leathermen only, prefer 32-45. No WS, scat, FF, shaving, drugs, damage please. New to area; your own workroom & camera are pluses. Photo/phone get mine. Brad, P.O. Box 78, NYC 10113.

MADE IN JAPAN

High quality Japanese 27, 5'6", 135 lbs., uncut 7" with clean, smooth muscles wants 20-35 masculine guys. Look for fun, loving, considerate friends who care about their bodies and want to look good without drugs and smoking. Reply with photo. Box 3863

UP-STATE BONDAGE MASTER

Seeks white, hairy subjects 30-45 for sessions in Dungeon. No FF, scat, drugs or overweights. Photo appreciated-all answered. Box 3882

COMPOSER/AUTHOR

40, very quiet loner, seeks non-materialistic, truthful, helpful, mildly muscular 90% male NYC cop or the like for noble, clean, non-viscous, modest sexual relationship. Should like to cook. May eventually re-locate in rural California. Like motorcycles, small farming, animals, quiet talks, spiritual energy, bodybuilding, natural foods (often in the Chinese style), balanced, sane living and Haydn String Quartets. No drugs, alcohol or single's scene, please. Do not wish to be involved in the gay scene at all. Box 3881

TICKLING TORTURE

Simple, safe—but unbearably agonizing. Watch as my young, beautifully muscled body strains against your tight bonds—twisting, struggling as your cruel fingers mercilessly stroke my ticklish feet and pits; ignoring my screams and pleas for mercy. Write for hot action. Box 3880

Would like party with several Latin guys with real long foreskins. USA 513

WHEN IN DOUBT...

call (212) 570-9740. The heart is big—the rest is fate—the name is Jeffrey.

BIG MEAT NEEDS CONSTANT ATTENTION

If you can't get enough of the sight and feel of a heavy, veiny prick overhung with thick folds of juicy skin, I'm the guy for you. My prize wants to fill your gagging throat, nurse, nuzzle and drool over my long loose skin. I'm waiting for your greedy service. USA 517

COCKY ENOUGH?

You are in-shape, uncut and cocky enough to tell an in-shape cut about it. NYC late nights begin with my call. Maybe we meet—maybe not. Send photo/phone to USA 707.

MACHO TOP

I'm a mid-50s macho top, with a mid-40s body and a mid-30s mind, looking for a macho man who needs care and affection and is willing to commit himself to creating a mutually rewarding relationship. Must also be willing to share mutual trust whether it involves sexual limits, finances or friends. I am 155#, 5'10", medium-hairy, muscular and athletic, sensuous, dominant, sexually experienced and versatile and uncloseted, so am not looking for a "discreet" relationship. I also happen to like bars, baths, raunch and responsibility. I have never had any STD's and am AIDS negative and medically knowledgeable. Professionally I am a scientist, financially secure and can support you fully within limits, but expect you to have motivation and a rational purpose in life or be willing to let me help you find one. Your facial features, physical condition and emotional maturity are important to me, so please send a recent photo. My last lover was a model, but that's not a requirement. I do expect you to be sincere, honest and to respect yourself and your body, and to be willing to make yourself important to me. I haven't mentioned leather, but I wouldn't advertise in *Drummer* if that were unimportant. Box 4520LF.

STUD vs. STUD

wrestling/fighting. WM, 6', 185 lbs., 29, extremely good-looking, blond, blue eyes, muscular stallion, LF4407. Looking for other hot, muscular studs into wrestling/fighting for top. Winner takes all—loser gets fucked long and hard. Looking for men who are 21-45, top, G/A, muscular and willing to lay their ass on the line in wrestling/fighting, ball tug-of-wars, cock fights and other combat for hot, hard matches to submission. I get into wrestling in leather, oil, piss, mud, naked and in jock straps. Looking for men who are also into ball tug-of-wars, wrestling with balls tied together and other hot, hard combat that leads to sex. No bottoms need apply; only looking for serious fighters. Black bodybuilders/wrestlers and muscular hispanics can try... if they think they can handle it. Still waiting to meet the man I can't beat. Wanna wrestle? Located outside New York City; visitors/challengers welcome. Write with picture to: M.S., P.O. Box 712, Kings Park, NY 11754.

BIRTHDAY SUIT PARTIES

Gay male nudist. Stamp/photo. Studio 608, 14 East 4th Street, New York, NY 10012.

FIRE AND ICE

Top looking for prime quality ass to cool off, heat up, and fuck. Occt., 140 Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156.

NEED SKIN & ROUGH ACTION

Admire skin, especially during WS. Possible commitment to abusive-type top. Am cut, 38, GYM, good job. J. Patrick, Box 16, 314 West 52nd St., New York, NY 10019.

WANTED: MARLBORO MAN

Short, mature, well-built, GWM BB, 8" uncut, Fr/ap, Gr/p seeks tall, lean, mature, Gr/a Marlboro Man, any race with big thick uncut cock. (516) 483-8076

UNCUT LOVER OF OPERA

and classical music, mid-thirties, would like to meet similar for sex and music. Call (718) 544-6933, Steve NYC

8"—6" THICK—BIG VEINS

WM, 42, 5'10", 162, uncut, 8", 6" thick, big veins, big balls, enjoys hot J/O one-on-one or group. Nude photo exchange. J.G., Suite F-16, 444 Hudson St., NY, NY 10014

YOUNG UNCUT TOOL WANTED

Let me service you with my hot wet tongue. Send photo/phone for fast action. USA 503

UNCUT—LOOSE SKIN

I am uncut with loose skin. I particularly would like to meet: 1) cuts who enjoy foreskins; 2) those who enjoy daddy/boy fantasies with an uncut; and 3) young uncuts (but all uncuts welcome)! USA 315

FAT SHAVED BALLS

15" around on 6'2", 180 lbs., serious vacuum pumper w/skin for stretching. Box 221, New York, NY 10028. Photo w/phone only. Write!

BODY WORSHIPPER AVAILALE

For your pleasure. Am expert suck slave. Like WS from uncuts whose body and attitude deserve worship. Health conscious. Call Mike (212) 989-8218.

WANTED: BIG JUICY COCK

Loose foreskin, oral & JO pleasure. Send photo & phone to: Box 277, Times Sq. Station, New York, NY 10108. You won't be disappointed!

UNCUT MASTER

40, 5'11", 160 lbs., seeking slaves for piercing, chewing, nailing, sewing and padlocking of the foreskin. Into all forms of SM. All fantasies realized. Ken Bender, 4292 Belmont Dr., Liverpool, NY 13088.

UNCUT DADDY

Looking for young men to enjoy good times with. JO, French and more. I'm 28, 240 lbs., 6', sincere, intelligent and can laugh. Box 198, Rensselaer, NY 12144.

HANDSOME GWM BODYBUILDER
Blond/blue eyes, 26, love foreskin, am cut, thick, Gr/a, Fr a/p. You are uncut with excessive skin. Pref Puerto Rican, Italian, smooth, slim, 20-40, discrete. Photo. 124-28 Queens Blvd., St. 564, Kew Gardens, NY 11415.

TALL DARK HANDSOME

30, hairy legs, strong, smart, horny, seeks gentle, uncut guy for good clean fun. Like new music, exercise, laughing. No drugs. Photo & phone get same. USA 215.

GAMES & SPORTS

Interested in games and sports, exchanging views on same, rather raunchy. Pen name: Clipper (as of hair). Easy going and to know. Photography. USA 193.

HOT LUSTY MALE

With 8" of hard, uncut cock seeks horny uncut playmate for JO, foreskin stretching, etc. Prefer hairy, bearded or moustached types. No fats, fems or pain. I'm 6', 160 lbs., and 42. USA 191.

HOT MOUTH

For long foreskins, likes clean sessions to work them over; I know how to work on long or short, thick or slim skins or those with piercings or phimosis. NYC, avg hunk, 160 lbs., 5'9", brown hair, blue eyes, warm personality. Tony Collins, Boc 6969 FDR Station, New York, NY 10022.

MASCULINE MALE CUNT

Wanted by athletic blond 40-year-old Master. You: short, 18-40, tiny cock. Goal: huge nipples and pussy, possible marriage. No drunks, drugs, fats. Photo/phone. BW, Box 149, NY, NY 10012.

DRUMMER DADDY/TOP

(Interchain 518) Seeks obedient son/bottom for training and discipline. Must be masculine and serious. Letter/photo Box 3876

HORNY ITALIAN RAUNCHBAG

And hung like a horse into unconventional scenes with creative bodybuilders, black dwarfs, deaf-mutes and animals. Write disgusting letter with photo to occupant #8, 218 E. 11 St., NY, NY 10003.

MATURE MACHO MAN TITS

Bare your chest with mine for sensual nipple action. Write: Box 649, New York, NY 10156.

COP SCENE

Uniformed cop into any cop fantasy. W/m 45, 160 lbs., looking for same. Also collect cop uniforms. R.A., Box 689, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN

(Zeus publ. bondage—coercion scenes) Seek athletic-masc.-musc. B.B.'s. Into elaborate verbal, rough, man-to-man B&D, leading to your cockballs-tits-ass being chained, whipped, clamped, stretched, oiled, waxed, used any way your master/captor sees fit, forcing you to admit what you really are/want/beg for. Mirrors, rack, filthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as Hercules/Tarzan by strong, demanding, imaginative gladiator/sex master. Photo, phone, address, detailed description of what you're man enough for required. Apply now for night of your life. No hustlers/fakes/fems. Box 3566

DOMINATING DAD

Enjoys wrestling with his well-built boy, either in fun or to punish him for disobedience. Slapping, tits, feet, humiliation all part of it. Hot if son occasionally beats the big man. Let's hear from you boy! P.O. Box 655, NY, NY 10163.

MID-HUDSON VALLEY

Masculine, bearded master 33, 6', 160 lbs. with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot, trim and under 35. Reply with photo and phone #. J. Miller POB 3086, Kingston, NY 12401. (LF4092).

PARTIALLY CUT

Hairy 45 year old, 170 lbs., 6', partially cut, is interested in other uncut men who like hot foreskin action with another man who really knows what to do with a foreskin. Long, snug foreskin with cheese a plus. Call Duke (212) 369-9645.

CHEESE & WINE PARTIES

45, 6'2", hairy, tattooed, have super overhang, loaded with cheese. Lower Hudson Valley (NY). USA 206.

7½" HEAVY FORESKIN

5'10", 145 lbs., nice balls, nipple play. USA 205.

IF YOU'VE GOT THE UNCUT BEEF...

I've got the buns. Me: 26, 5'10", 140 lbs., br/br, horny! You: muscular, hairy, hung big & thick. Big foreskin a plus! Box 620, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

PARTIALLY CIRCUMCISED

Long Island, 8½" cock seeks full restoration and immediate pre-surgical stretching by uncut male who seeks total foreskin care. Call (516) 922-7843.

GWM 39

5'6", 130 lbs., dark hair/moustache, hazel eyes, cut but restoring, wishes to meet men to age 50, in shape please, prefer uncut, especially interested in restoration experiences. USA 198.

UNCUT BLACK OR WHITE

Like to meet other uncut guys (black or white) who appreciate foreskins, including fondling and chewing. USA 195.

FORESKIN: THREE INCHES!

Looking for other uncuts into skin games. hot GWM, 5'6", 130 lbs., 38, nice body. Photo of foreskin. R.B., 444 Hudson No. 133, New York, NY 10014. (SEE PHOTO)

PATIENTS WANTED

For medical scene experiments, foreskin stretching a specialty. Also complete range of catheters available. USA 179.

2" LOOSE FORESKIN

With 4 piercings securing foreskin over head with crossed barbells, well developed ringed tits, for heavy action. USA 174.

FORESKINS WANTED

By hot, hung, young, trim, cut man, mild to raunchy scenes. Alex (212) 989-9748.

GAY WHITE MALE

Seeks uncircumcised Hispanics or Blacks with heavy foreskins for mutual fun. Come, let me fulfill my wildest fantasies. NYC. USA 143.

HUNG 9½" AND 6" AROUND

Want to meet well-hung uncut with long foreskin and a good imagination. USA 134.

38 YEAR OLD IRISH

6', looking for rich, elderly man, monogamous. I will relocate and be a honest friend. (212) 567-6683.

COP SCENE/NYC AREA

M/w, 29, 180 lbs., bodybuilder cop looking for uniformed cop into any cop fantasy. Tattoos, leather police jacket MC cops turn on expect same. No scat, FF, Blacks. Will arrest cock suckers or take on booted cops reply with phone. Must have interest in scene. Uniform preferred. Box 3879

FUCK THIS FACE

deep-throat sexpert seeks heavy-hung for regular oral action, no reciprocation. Out-of-towners welcome Condoms, poppers OK. Has another Fr/a buddy for 3-ways, if desired. Send photo and description of needs to: FOX, P.O. Box 20036, New York, NY 10129.

BODYBUILDER SEEKS SPONSOR

33, 5'10", 155 lbs, 45C, 16A, hung-thick. Seeks older, submissive, generous sponsor, any area. Pix available. P.O. Box 585, Palisades, NY 10964

WANTED: THICK MUSCULAR SLAVE

by tall, demanding, good-looking, intelligent Master. Send photo and obedient request to: P.O. Box 20004, Lond. Terr. Sta., New York, NY 10011. Prefer 18-29-year-old. Photo a must. Get to it!

HOT MAN SEEKS STUD

Hot, healthy, good-looking professional with moustache, 35, 5'10", 150 lbs., versatile, with good body seeks sexy leather topman/master who is health-conscious, imaginative, over 5'9", approximately 35-45, good cock/body, for B/D, assplay/toys, W/S/pisshole play, FF, verbal SM. Willing to experiment, learn from skillful teacher if hot & intense. Cleanliness a must—no scat, crazies. Together men send letter with photo to: WPH, 66 7th Ave., #3A, New York, NY 10011. NYC only.

TOILET SLAVE

offers full service, and the most spankable ass in the Western Hemisphere, to handsome or cute young studs under 30, one-on-one or gang banks. Shaved head, trim body. Long-term relationship desired. Sir. Face photo in first letter to: Jim, P.O. Box 84, DMS, 132 West 24th, New York, NY 10011. Be sincere... I am.

SIR**N.Y.C. OR L.I.**

WM, 35, 5'7", 170 lbs., 46" chest, 34" waist. Born to serve in leather, a Master over 30 who can take control and show me he's boss. Sir, I am into B&D, WS, FF, body shaving and body piercing, enemas, humiliation, verbal trips, plenty of tit work, look for long time relationship, will relocate for right Master. Serious and sincere. Sir: Please send order form & photo to: J.H., P.O. 534 Long Beach, NY, NY 11561.

FIREMEN/RUBBER

Let's turn on the hose. Fireman looking for same in rubber turnout gear. 40s, 5'8", uncut. Write with picture to P.O. Box 222, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

STRAIGHT

Hot, 25-year-old Italian male looking for other straight or bi-studs for mutual, discrete pipe cleaning. Straight sex is great, but man-to-man action is a turn-on. No fems, please. Latins, cops, uniforms a plus. Let's play straight and turn each other on. NY, NJ only. Box 4497

SWEATY HORNY JOCKS

Do you fantasize your big, sweaty feet (size 11-), serviced by a hot WM, 29, 6'1", 185 lbs., who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call (212) 675-7352 between 8-11 PM for heavy locker room action.

LATINO OR ARAB TOP WANTED

GWM, 30s, goodlooking seeks a Master/top who wants to give discipline by enemas, belts, WS. You: either Hispanic or Arab, dominant, have a desire to be a disciplinarian, serious person. Novice Master welcome. Will answer letters from anywhere. PO Box 431, RH-Queens, NY 11418

BOTTOM SEEKS TRAINING

from booted leather top. Sir, I'm standing at attention ready to be disciplined, mastered, and do what I'm ordered. Your bottom is 44, 5'8", brown hair/brown eyes, 160, masculine. If you like to dominate another guy, have him clean your boots and obey your orders, drop a line/photo to PO Box 20088, 234 10th Avenue, NYC, NY 10011.

GENIUS SLAVE

seeks very young or very handsome aristocrat(s) with IQ(s) of 130-plus for lifetime disciplined domestic servitude with *maximum kink*, based upon total reality. Relocation either way possible. Sincere letters get immediate reply. Box 84 Downstairs, 132 West 24th, NYC 10011

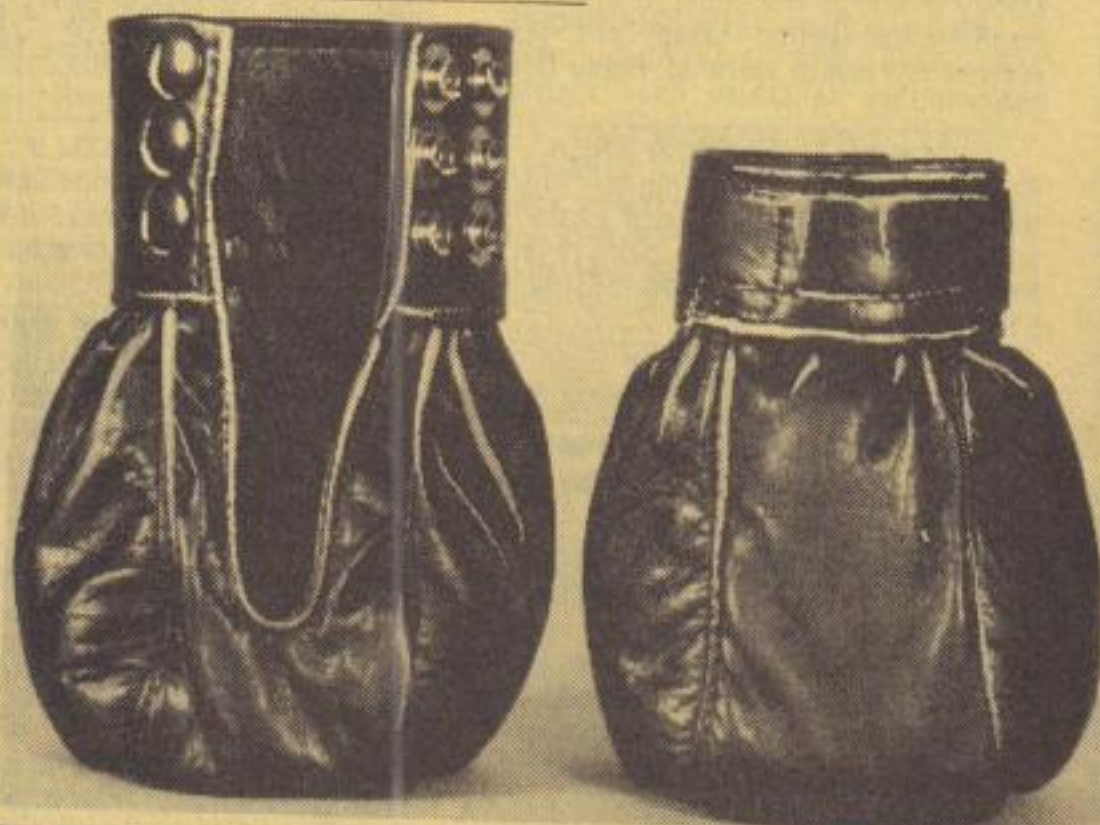
FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR**ANYBODY LIKE TO PLANT**

His big manass onto my assseating face? Like heating up this daddy's (56, 6', 190#-resembles Lloyd Bridges) cocksucking mouth with your beerpiss, before he sucks you off? A removable denture assures a velvet B.J. I'm hot for nippleplay; will pig out on your pits, crotch, balls, feet; service you, you and your buddy(s) without reciprocation. Turn-ons: muscles, tattoos, skinheads, big pecs, thighs & asses, facial and body hair and especially beerguts. But no really horny stud refused. Will travel. (212)684-3582.

Bull Balls

INTRODUCTORY ITEM

SOFT LEATHER BALL BAG...STRETCHER
FULLY LINED...WEIGHTED POUCH

**OPTIONS:**

Stretcher: ☐ 1-1/4" ☐ 2"

Closure: ☐ snaps ☐ Velcro

Lbs: ☐ 1-3/4 \$34.00

☐ 2-3/4 \$44.00

Save COD charges, Send Check or money order to:

EUREKA LEATHERS

308 A Eureka Street
San Francisco, CA 94114
(415) 641-4213

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

WM, 42, discreet, sincere, LF4471, cut seeks licenced surgeon, especially Hispanic, any age/race in the Tri-State Area to lengthen piss slit, enlarge tits/nipples, implant multiple piercings (tits/nipples, cock, balls, ass, "tang", belly) and catheterization to remain for days, plus extensive urological, cystoscopic, protological exams, steroid and estrogen therapies. Anesthetic possibilities optional. Have adequate health insurance and am prepared to pay privately, if necessary, for professional talents not reimbursable. Into cock suturing, ball-sac reduction, rectal enlargement and severe recircumcision. Contact experimental "animal" at (516)285-5181, 9 PM-7 AM, Mon-Fri, and 24-hours weekends. Write Boxholder, Box 3092, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017. Please call, doctor—your slut needs this.

MAN-TO-MAN

Masculine bodybuilder, 32 years, 45 chest, 32 waist, solid, hard muscled, big arms & pecs, dark hair, moustache, Italian, masculine and straight appearing intelligent and sensitive wants to meet dominant no-nonsense take charge man into manly physical action and intense mental and emotional exploration. Extremely health-conscious. Our physical and emotional limits expanded. Nick PO Box 1350, Jackson Heights Stn, New York, NY 11372. (LF4020)

BRANDED, SM TATTOOS OF WS, lashing, branding, suspension on entire body. Slave also has 8-inch cock, crotch tattooed, takes 4-inch ball stretcher, prolonged rigid bondage; gives complete toilet service. Intelligent, handsome, early-50s, sturdy, fine cook, gardener, driver; seeks permanent position with master(s) anywhere. Write to Box #105DS.

BIG BLOND SLAVE WANTED

by tall, hot muscular leatherman, 35. Pete (212) 924-6606. No others, please. Prefer 18-29-year-old.

DISC COCKSUCKER TRADE WELCUM

Wms, slim, 18-40s jocks, hard-hats, uniforms a plus, but not a must, that have a hard cock, early A.M. and live in mid-Manhattan and would love to drop that load in my mouth before work or after, let me suck on your jock or BVDs to get you nice and hard before I service your dick with my warm hot mouth or you can try out my ass. Write with photo to: P.O. Box 1185, New York, NY 10009.

SCORE YOURSELF

Are you: 1)Young; 2)goodlooking; 3)muscular; 4)healthy; 5)submissive; 6)obedient? Are you prepared for: 7)Slavery; 8)training; 9)punishment; 10)two tall, goodlooking blond men in their 30s—Master and slave? Add one point for each YES. If you score a 10, send details for each YES accompanied by recent photo for verification of first three questions. Extra points will be given for essay detailing additional qualifications. Box 673LF.

SAFE HOT BONDAGE

Healthy, handsome, WM, top, 35, 5'10", 160 lbs, blond, gym body, seeks healthy WM bottom 21-30, with smooth slim good body into hot sex and safe, light bondage and discipline. Upper nude photo, phone to Box 4537.

FAGGOT WITH FORESKIN

27 yrs., goodlooks, swap photos, stories, drawings, etc. J/O rules. USA 522

BIG OVERHANG/HARD OR SOFT

Seek serious foreskin game players, uncut or cut. One-on-one or groups. Wm, 5'9", 170 lbs. Box 1858, N.Y., NY 10185.

GOODLOOKING GWM

Mid-30s, looking fro same or younger for casual evening or possible relationship. Wide variety of likes and hobbies. Very health conscious. Hoping for uncut response. USA 107.

NYC

GWM, 6'2", blond, 175 lbs. seeks GWM or light Hispanic males for fun or relationship. Call (718) 424-1064 or write Box 535, Elmhurst, NY 11373.

UNCUT

WM offers and desires friendship, unhibited versatile sex with uncut or cut any age, any race. Box 115, Jefferson, NY 12093.

LOVE THAT SKIN

I seek a gentleman with foreskin, a good overlap, and good size cock to meet and get to know more about foreskin and enjoy it together. I am 45 years old, 6', medium-build.

6'2", BLOND, 7"

cut, young-40s, masculine, trim seeks GWM or light Hispanic, uncut or cut, into docking. (718) 424-1064, Box 535, Elmhurst, NY 11373

ORIENTAL? BLACK? EAST INDIAN?

Hispanic? Looking for a lover outside/inside your racial/ethnic group? Call (718) 426-2288 for free questionnaire.

FF TRAINER WANTED

NYC WM, 33, 5'7", 140, slim. Seek a trim, experienced FF Top to train my novice ass and make it a huge hole for double-fisting and giant dildoes. Box 4046LF.

GWM 44

5'10", 160 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, into leather, working out, jockstraps, 7" thick, covered glans. Seeks same for cock worship. Neil, Box 645, New York, NY 10008. (212) 538-0690.

HOT, HORNY BLOND BOY

needs a master who can transform him into a pussy-slave. Into VA, humiliation. Wants to be kept in constant heat, stripped in public, kept shaved, forced to wear panties, piss-soaked jock straps. Box 4325

UP-STATE LEATHER MASTER

seeks slaves for full leather training. I'm in 30s, tall, muscular, dominant, you, with booted Master in fully equipped dungeon. Respond if in 30s, 40s, white, muscular, with photo. Box 4418

SUBMISSIVE WRESTLER/KID/BROTHER

wanted by hot top, WM, 32, 6'3", 210 into JO, most scenes. You are: ?-30, Wm, well-built, jock/punk into levis/leather. Novice OK. Go for it! Box 4438

NORTH CAROLINA

KINKY SEX

Dildos, paddles, tit clamps, handcuffs, butt plugs, wrestling, spanking, 3-somes, 4-somes, 5-somes, indoors, outdoors, etc. GWM, 21, 5'2". PO Box 27432, Raleigh, NC 27611

WINSTON-SALEM

GWM, 30 years, 150 lbs, 5'11", black hair & beard, intelligent, likes sports, outdoors, enjoying life. Stable & secure. Seek other GWMs 20-40 for friendship or whatever. Write P.O. Box 10135, Winston-Salem, NC 27108. Penpals welcome.

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

I hope I have let enough time pass to give all the jerk-offs and time-wasters a chance to either get serious or get lost. I still seek a live-in slave. I do not wish to waste time with idle, jack-off fantasies. If you are serious about being a slave, then we can talk. You will be interviewed, tried, and trained. You will be loved when earned, punished when deserved. But always cared for. Your pleasure will be to maintain a sound mind and body, and to always try to please me. You will be disciplined as my father disciplined me, and will be a better man and slave for it. For a serious interview call Randy: (704) 865-0983, or write: 1729 Hudson Blvd., #76, Gastonia, NC 28054.

GOOD HOT SEX

Salisbury, N.C., 36, 5'8", well-built, hairy, uncut man. Seeks 25 to 55 masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung men that get into a hot ass & throat. Toys, dildoes, assplay, most scenes except heavy pain & FF. Answer all, photo and phone answered first. Come visit Piedmont, N.C. You won't forget it! Will travel. Box 3860

BODYBUILDING LEATHERMASTER

Black leather, sweat, handcuffs, hood, aching tits, hungry red ass, greased fists, contact, smell, suck, piss, submit, release. Box 4128

SON LOOKING FOR DADDY

Am gay, 23 years old, 5'10", slim, 130 lbs., hairless body, 8" uncut. Am lonely in Jackson, NC. Gr/a, Fr/a, blond hair/blue eyes. SASE to USA 701

OHIO

COP SCENE—CLEVELAND AREA

WM, 27, 5'8", 150 seeks booted cop, MC, Mounted, etc. in same age bracket for cop fantasy. No fats, fems, blacks, scat. Photo appreciated. Box 4517

BARE-BUTT SPANKINGS

Dad, 49, will tan your hide with hand, paddle, or strap. Box 4449

HUMILIATE ME

Sir! Submissive bottom (37, 6', 175 lbs.) needs obedience training, bondage and humiliation. Cleveland. Box 4348

STRICT DADDY NEEDED

Need stern Daddy for correction of bad habits and obedience training. Son is 5'6", 125 lbs, mid-30's, smooth chest. Daddy should be WM under 50 with firm hand, wide leather strap, and hot nipples for son to worship. Reply Box 3884

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA

51-yr-old, 160#, 6'1". Looking for "Boy" who is heavy into Boot and Leather subservience. No heavy pain, scat, torture. Ph. eves until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159.

MASTER WANTED

Goodlooking guy, 22, 6'2", 180, seeks similar master. Humiliation, verbal abuse, etc. P.O. Box 236, Galloway, OH 43119.

WANT YOUNGER COMPANION

Dominant GWM, 50s, likes outdoors, camping, boating, sunbathing, ems, shaving, etc. Need clean, active companion. Nude photo desired, all answered. Box 4131

GWM, AGE 37 TIRED OF BARS

And usual nellie queens. Looking for a real man who is honest, trustworthy and sincere. Willing to serve right man. Am Greek Passive and French A/P, and love to receive recycled beer. Travel to NY and Chicago often. Hair & tattoo a plus. No fems please. Box 3873

MASCULINE WM

36, 6', 180 lbs., 7" cut, Fr/Gr a/p, seeks single or multi-party meetings with masculine WM in good shape, uncut (hairy a plus). No SM. B&D, etc. Blue collar, trucker, outdoor types. USA 142.

GOODLOOKING GWM

5'8", 145 lbs., jock body, 32, likes uncut under 35, Latin or Black, and cute. Will be outrageous. Chas, Box 451, Lakewood, OH 44107.

GWM, 38, 6', 156

Brown/brown Gr/p, Fr/a, love cheesy foreskin. Steve Davis, 948 Brittain Road, Akron, OH 44305

GWM, 40s, 6'2", 185

uncut looking for discreet, masculine uncut or cut into uncut. Like husky football player/construction types and cops. Joe (216) 771-7795. USA 640

MASC, BODYBLDR BOTTOM

32 yrs, 46" chest, 31" waist, 17" arms, 6ft, 185 lbs. experienced bottom seeks similar top. Travel Ohio, in NYC often. Tony, Box 4346

DADDY/MASTER WANTS SON/SLAVE

WM Daddy/Master 38, 5'11", 200 stocky build, seeks son/slave for fun and games, S&M, B&D, TT, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF.

SHOVE YOUR BOOT

into my leather crotch and I'll serve and service you and your boots. Boxholder, Box 48, Columbus, OH 43216.

OHIO MASTER

seeks live-in slave. Bob (419) 749-4150. Box 251, Convoy, OH 45832.

SLAVES WANTED

2 young WM need totally submissive slaves for frequent workouts, light-to-heavy B&D, WS, Greek. What are you into? Columbus area. Box 4161

OWNERLESS TEDDYBEAR

craves bondage, tit, assplay. Hang me up, stretch me out, flush my guts clean, enjoy my hole. I'm 32, stocky, bearded, hot-looking. You hold key to my wrists, cage, heart. Box 3578, Cincinnati, OH 45201.

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

GWM 37

6'2", 185 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, masculine and uncut, looking for other discreet, masculine, uncut gay or bi who is into uncut phallic worship. I love the smell of a man's uncut cock along with verbal, uniforms, etc. A photo of your uncut gets one of mine. Men only, please! USA 153

HOT GUY WITH 9"

cut dick loves to suck and lick foreskin! Can suck my own cock, but would rather suck on some overhang! USA 526

CORRESPONDENCE WANTED

from people who are uncircumcised or circumcised, any age over 18, weight & height unimportant. R.G. Bollar, 3501 Clinton, No. 102, Cleveland, OH 44113.

INTERESTED IN UNCUT WHITE MALES

Hair a plus, 18-43, no drugs. Write: B.H., Box 254, Akron, OH 44308.

TALL, DARK, HANDSOME

Uncut, 25, seeks friends, lovers, etc, both cut & uncut, for friendship, romance, great sex. Prefer young-looking, bi or gay, who digs a lot of skin. USA 210.

WRITER WANTS VIEWS

Experiences and information regarding circumcision and foreskins. Confidence assured. Thomas Olsson, 3243 Redding Road, Columbus, OH 43221.

YOUTHFUL DAD

with versatile, clean foreskin, worships cum from neat circumcisions. Will paddle or cane if allowed, USA 156.

OKLAHOMA

MASTER SEEKS 2ND SLAVE-HOUSEBOY

(2 GWM) Master and slave seek permanent houseboy/slave to finish household unit. New slave must be 20-30 years old. Into all scenes except scat and serious injury. Limits respected, but will be trained to suit Master. Must be able to relocate. (NO FATS, FAKES, FEMS) Only seriously interested need to respond. Send personal information, phone, and a recent photo a must. Will answer all. To: SIR, PO Box 23561, Oklahoma City, OK 73123 (LF4534)

MASCULINE BODYBUILDER

Masculine, versatile bodybuilder wants to meet same, cops, military. All races OK. Limited B&D OK; wrestling a favorite. Call Roger (405) 372-7083 (Stillwater, OK).

OREGON

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO SERVE TWO?

Couple (48 top, 34 versatile) both bearded, hairy, hung, seek brother, son, slave, bottom between 25-45. All considered. Reply with photo and limits, Kink OK—no filth. ALL ANSWERED. Adam/Mike, 3111 N.E. 13th, Portland, OR 97212

NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?

Salem, 6', 178#. Photo/age to Box 4507

UNCUT COCK WANTED

Black and White. Your cock is our pleasure. PO Box 19671, Portland, OR 97219

EAT MY ASS!

Working man seeks others for no-strings sex. A beer, a joint & a JO buddy. Nothing up my ass bigger than a finger. Also likes jockstraps and group sex. Portland, Oregon or the Northwest. Box 4455LF

SLAVE

Seeks dominant leather Master. Into raunch, humiliation and willing to try most scenes. Letter & photo gets mine. P.O. Box 19759, Portland 97219. Sir! I'm hot.

ASS WANTED

Lovers, 28 & 46, want ass to play with and use. No relationship, just fun with your buns. Box 19671, Portland, OR 97219.

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN

W/m, 32, 175 lbs., 6'3", seeking intelligent, honest friends with clothes fetishes, rubber, PVC, plastic jackets, pants, wader boots. All nylon athletic gear. Your interests? Discretion assured. Box 4168

MEAN STREAK

Goodlooking slave, 41, seeks caring master with mean streak for B&D, dildoes, enemas, etc., but no fucking or sucking. Box 4151

UNCUT BOTTOM

32, 140 lbs., bearded, W/S, submission, boots, leather, scat. Box 3871

GWM 72

5'8", 175 lbs., 6" uncut w/long foreskin. Enjoy ball and foreskin stretching and oral relations. No scat, FF, drugs. Don't smoke or drink. Have nearly bisected glans. USA 157.

KINK & RAUNCH IN PORTLAND

Uncut, 40s, slender WM, into long WS sessions and ? crazy for young slender uncuts. Max (503) 248-0899.

OREGON LUMBERJACK

who is heroically handsome, hunky and profoundly professional (35 GWM) seeks similar sapien with no asence of skin, sensitivity, sincerity, skill nor skull. (503) 223-9823

PENNSYLVANIA

BIKER

into sensual aspects of high engineer and laced boots and biker's full leathers on equal man-to-man basis. No SM, drugs. PO Box 1743, Shavertown PA 18708

MASTER/TOPMAN WANTED

WM, 5'9", 185 lbs, looking for Master/Topman who is into prolonged bondage, with masks, hood, straight-jackets, etc. Boots, uniforms, watersports, whipping—you name it. No limits except no drugs or permanent markings. NY, MD, W. VA, VA, DC, PA Area. Box 4531LF

YOUNG STUD WANTED

in Pittsburgh area for extensive training. I am WM, 6', 180 lbs, 45, uncut, competent, 100% U.S.D.A. Prime with over-equipped leather fuck room. Men only need apply. Require mind, body and then some. Can't handle it—fuck off. Box 4406LF

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by Military Drill Instructor. Basic Training in a strictly-disciplined military setting will include a thorough pre-induction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military Jump Boots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with lite SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. DI is looking for "A FEW GOOD MEN" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to re-live their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, BOX 242, Penndel, Pa., 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. LF4257

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX

I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br hair, gr eyes, swimmer's build, straight appear, goodlooking, 8½" cut, dig real men, SM, CBT, poppers, JO, GR/FR a/p, rough, wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply. JC, Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401.

SPONTANEOUS—PHILA. AREA

Italian, young 41, high libido & energetic with muscular swimmer's body, insatiable small ass & 8" thick uncut cock. Mesmerized by friendly, warm, brainy, beastly long & thick uncut (cut welcomed) man to snuggle up to for hours of play & exciting delightful good times. Fire one's imagination, and all that jazz! Exchange photos. Joe Di Bella, 1415 South 8th St., Philadelphia, PA 19147

ALWAYS LOOKING TO SERVICE

uncut men. Love to tongue those skinheads. Call Darryl when visiting Phila area. (215) 849-0905. Men in Phila area welcome too.

MA GWM SEEKS

young uncut any age. Exchange details by mail. Will Cochran, Box 42511, Philadelphia, PA 19101

UNCUT FUCK

WM, 50, 5'11", uncut, loves to give head then fuck my partner. Have 6" tool, longlasting with know-how. Nude photo a must. USA 280.

HARRISBURG/READING AREA

Looking for foreskins in this area for mutual oral and JO action, also playing with foreskins. USA 124.

FORESKIN LOVER

wants to meet any age, size or shape. Other interests are sports and music. Photo if possible. Discretion assured. Show me your skin today. USA 619

PHILA AREA

GWM like all male equipment, will do it to completion, reciprocation not necessary. Cleanliness a must. No weirdos, fats, fems. USA 161.

NIBBLE?

I like to nibble on the foreskin of my bed partner. I swallow semen and I get sexually aroused by putting my tongue all over your asshole. Anyone in this area, please call. USA 180.

EARTHY-SEXY-OPEN

38, big chested teddy bear with nice cut 7", fascinated by warm, mature, bright, beefy, thick, uncut cuddler. J. Miller, 826 Pine, Philadelphia, PA 19107.

WILL BUY PAMPHLET

Given mothers on caring for plastibell circumcised penis. Has color photos of proper appearance during healing and after bell and skin fall off. USA 243.

BERT/MODEL

'NUMBERS' MAGAZINE

4/82, information wanted. Studio name? Reply to: Boxholder Dave, Box 39087, Holmesburg Sta., Philadelphia, PA 19136.

YOUNG STUD WANTED

Who's into leather-B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am: W, 6, 175#, all man. Have leather fuckroom with racks-sling & toys. Can't handle it don't answer. Just fuck off. Box 3887

SUBMISSIVE

needs dominant top, built, hairy stud who is into discipline and sex. No wild scenes, only fucking, sucking and warming my ass. Men to 50 write with photo to: Box 25345, Pittsburgh, PA 15242.

DILDOE FUCK HOLES

Male animals wanted for heavy dildoeing. Slaves also should have aptitude for toys, verbal abuse, spankings, spit, humiliation, head trips, smoke, amyl and general use as male cunt. Bearded GWM master, 32, will train to suit. Send application to: Code 3412, 254 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, PA 19107.

MASTER WANTED

28-year-old Italian-Arabic bodybuilder, 5'10", 180, black/brown eyes, very hairy, seeks BB Master into shaving. Call (215)691-0586

PITTSBURGH AND TRI-STATE AREA

Muscular top, 29, 6'3", 220, X-college football player is accepting applications for a body slave. Applicants must be straight looking and acting, muscular and between the ages of 17 and 40. Will consider newcomers, but you must be ready to serve a Master. If you're not sure you want to serve, don't waste my time with your application. Send your photo and application to MASTER, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, PA 15116.

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX

I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br. hair, gr. eyes, swimmer's build, straight appearing, goodlooking, 8½" cut, dig real men, SM, CBT, poppers, J/O, Gr-Fr a/p—rough, wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply. JC, PO Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401 (LF 4047)

RHODE ISLAND

GWM, 39 (BUT LOOKS 30)

Fr-a/p, Gr-p/a, looking for both uncut and cut men to the age of 40. I'm 5'8½", black hair/brown eyes, 200#, 6½" uncut

cock, beard, moustache and moderately hairy. Couples and groups please also write. No SM, FF or the like. Write to Joe Calo, Box 95, Woonsocket, RI 02895

VERY HAIRY (AND I LIKE IT!)

Light brown/ash blond hair, blue eyes, 34, 5'4½", 140 lbs., Fr a/p, Gr/a, kissing, cuddling, hugging and making love are super important to me. Send photo of your heavy-duty overhang. Guarantee same day reply. Jim McElroy, Box 211, Lincoln, RI 02865.

HOT COUPLE

Well-built, 30 & 27 seek leather and uniformed men with no hang-ups, F.F. W.S. and raunch welcome. P.O. Box 8641, Cranston, Rhode Island 02920.

SOUTH CAROLINA

LIVE-IN SLAVE

Dominant, Italian GWM seeks to move in with qualified slave. Qualifications are: Age: 25-35; Height: 5'3"-5'11"; Weight: Not over 10 lbs. normal weight; Hair: color, N/P, moustache-mandatory, body hair-OK; Race: N/P; Education: HS grad, some college; Domestic: good cook & housekeeper; Employment: must have steady income; Ass: small buns, tight, hairless; Cock: size not important, must be cut; Sex: Greek A/P, French P, monogamy, bondage; Health: Must see physician regularly. All applicants must submit full resume with current photo and phone. All letters will be answered only if rules are followed. Box 4252

GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR LOST AND YOUR HUNGRY...

If you are *tired* of poor B.J.s and *lost* interest in looking for a good mouth for your hot, hung, skin-covered dick and are *hungry* for attention then give me a call. I will treat your dick first-class. Love to 69 also. Try me—you will not be sorry. I am white, Hot and Horny. USA 703

WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPOND

Or meet men in my area for social events, 18 to whatever. USA 196.

TENNESSEE

TOTAL OBEDIENCE

Me: 5'6", brown hair, blue eyes, 150 lbs., 8½" cock. Expect and get total obedience. You: Prefer well-trained, but will accept novice. Good cocksucker, asslicker, and boot slave to clean my leathers, worship my cock, give tongue baths, eat ass. Give complete obedience. Houseman or work outside can be arranged. Letter with pic and proper attitude answered first. Box 4408LF

LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL

Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6ft., 150 lbs., 44 yrs., greying-black hair, beard, and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy-7-inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, lo-swingin' balls, and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no-bullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 61LF.

TEXAS

LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS

Austin area. WM, 30, 5'11", 175, hairy ex-cop seeks dominant leather/uniform Topman/Master. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of leather, high black boots, full police uniforms and gear. Also into SM, B&D, TT, VA/humiliation and WS. Gr/p, Fr/a. Photo, phone gets priority response. No scat, fats, fems or blacks. Box 4528LF

MASCULINE CONSTRUCTION WORKER

WM, 34, 140 solid pounds, 5'7". Into rodeoing and all kinds of outdoor activities. Seeking a serious relationship with another masculine W-male. Reply with photo and you'll get mine. P.O. Box 4403-195, Austin, TX 78765.

"REAL ONLY"

WM, 5'9 1/2", 50, 161 lbs., average build wants to meet "real" cops (cycle officers especially in breeches and boots) and fireman who enjoy action in gear. Educated and professionally employed. Into leather, uniforms, light SM, versatile. No fems or overweights. Discretion assured. Bob, (214) 526-7354.

NOVICE

Must expand my limits into safe sex, BD, JO, light SM, submission. Am basically bottom, Fr-a/p, white, 33, 5'9", 150 lbs., very hairy. Looking for 30-50-yr. intelligent white male who knows the ropes—nothing heavy. I need your guidance. Please respond with photo, letter, phone. Box 4510

DARK, BLACK MEN

W 37 BB craves thorough black sex and correspondence. Pic appreciated. Looks not important. Uncut preferred. Write!! Box 4504

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish." Box 3853

BLOND BOTTOM

22, 5'7", 150 lbs., 7 1/2" seeks Top 21-38 into TT, toys, anal play. Photo, phone gets first reply. PO Box 191585, Arlington, TX 76019

MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9 1/2", 145 lbs. seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 40, well-built. All scenes. Into being face-fucked, toiled trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electro-torture, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching, etc. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240

BONDAGE IN ROPES, STEEL, CAGES OR INCARCERATION

GWM, 32, 5'8", 147 lbs., seeks bondage Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience and respect. You are tall, athletic and aggressive. I am slim, smooth, defined. Fidelity desired; limits expandable. Photos please, Sir. RHS; 3018 Lake #7, Houston, Texas 77098.

GWM, AGE 45

New to S&M. Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expanding my limits. Houston TX area. Box 3878

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish!" Box 3853

CUT CRAVES UNCUTS

Hairy, hung hunks in DFW Metroplex take note: Age, etc, not important. No healthy hung left unsatisfied. Cops a fantasy. USA 616

COCKRING FETISH

8" cut, 34, 5'8", 140. Photos of swollen cocks in cockrings/ball stretchers/leather get mine. How hard can we make it? Richard, USA 620

BIG UNCUT TEXAS PRIME COCK

8" of thick meat and big, low-hanging "Bull Balls" times two! Two studs, mid-40's, into big, uncut cock, big balls, and cock enlargement, looking for same. K&R, Rt. 1, Box 108C, Donna, TX 78537.

I'M A JOYFUL, PEACEFUL HORNY GUY

Men (20-40 plus), I want to know you, to share myself with you. Let me touch your tender heart, to begin with. Write or let's meet: Joe Rangel, Jr., 539 McCarty #410, San Antonio, TX 78216

GWM 42

6', 165 lbs., brown/blue, swimmer, wants to meet uncut metaphysical gay man for fun and safe sex, long overhang a plus. I don't smoke or drink. Box 70591, Houston, TX 77270.

GWM, 34, 8" UNCUT

6'3", 180 lbs., short brown hair, non-smoker, seeks uncut, blond, brown, or redhead. No fems, beards, SM. Letter and photo to: Gary, Box 7206, Houston, TX 77248.

GWM 48

Would like to meet other uncuts in Houston area for fun and games involving foreskin, maybe even a little SM. USA 151.

MARRIED GAY/MOSTLY IN CLOSET

Correspond, some travel in job to Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas. Uncut freak. Have stretched cut. Box 55808, Houston, TX 77255.

TURN ON TO HAIRY UNCUT MEN

But am not locked into any particular type. Would like to correspond with, exchange nude photos and eventually meet all types of men. I travel with my job. Let me hear from you and let's see what we have in common. USA 225.

NEW BOY ON THE BLOCK

WM, 25, 5'8", 145 lbs., br/hazel. Am new to the leather scene and would like to meet someone who is relationship oriented. Am passive, so must have aggressive man. No fats, fems, drugs or blacks. Carl, PO Box 1997, Nacogdoches, TX 75963

W/M 29 5'10" 140 lbs

Seeks slave for long-term B/D. Leather, Levi. No fats-fems only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Mr. Lenze, P.O. Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234.

S/M BOTTOM

Hot W/M, 37, 6'1", 185 lbs. healthy, professional, masculine. Somewhat new to scene, but eager to learn. Seeks hot, dominant Top/Master for B/D, CBT/T, W/S, hot wax, dildoes/toys, V/A, etc. No FF, scat, shaving. Tx, Louisiana, NYC. Please send letter and photo, Sir, for prompt response! Suite 169, P.O. Box 66973, Houston, Tx 77006.

HOT, LONELY AND VERSATILE!

6', 180 lbs., healthy and cut WM with stocky build, medium chest hair desires slave/Master meeting and possible lasting relationship. Enjoy JO, TT (am pierced and tattooed), chains and leather, jocks and other athletic gear. Willing to experiment with right person, 25-45. Younger appearance than my 50 years and could assume dad role. Photo, phone and description to Box 4454LF gets mine. Dallas area.

I NOW OWN THE HUMAN DOG,

Kai, who's story appears in *Mach 6*. I am seeking contact with interested and knowledgeable parties who are also involved or would like to be involved in transforming and training a human male to become a dog. Would like contact from gay professionals of all levels. (Veterinarians, Lawyers, doctors, kennel operators or suppliers) who are into S/M. Objective goal—to found training center/kennel facility. Potential dogs, masters with human dogs or any serious party are welcome to inquire/share information. Write to W.B. at P.O. Box 570791, Houston, Texas 77257-0791.

UTAH

NOVICE MASOCHIST

33, 5'11", blond/blue, masculine, 195 lbs., smoke, moustache. Desire friend/Top for verbal humiliation, rear worship, bun warming. Similar interests, please reply Box 4513

SLAVE WANTED

by older Master into AT, SM, BD, WS, CP and other kinky things. Will consider service by mail. KW, P.O. Box 1618, Ogden, UT 84402

EXTRA LONG FORESKIN?

Do you have an extra long foreskin? I do and would like to correspond with or meet a gay man over 40 in Northern Utah. Object: exchange views and whatever. USA 214.

VERMONT

HUSKY, BEARDED, 35-y-o BOTTOM

who lives in the country seeks rugged Big Brother/Dad for country work and play. Trucker or farmer deserves total service and loyalty. Relocation possible. Write Box #117DS.

SLEAZE & RAUNCH

Goodlooking, trim, versatile guy, 33, seeking uncut dudes for lots of skin action, Levis/leather, rubbers, 'sno' ballin', spit, grease, piss, pits, jock straps, boots, dirty talk, rough housin'. USA 185 (SEE PHOTO).

VIRGINIA

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 36, 5'10", 155, BI/BI, moustache, goatee. SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: P.O. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110.

PISS/SHIT/SPIT/PUKE/CUM

Cover me in yours, Sir! Ex-NYC slave moved to Danville needs new Master to continue training in bondage, punishment, humiliation, C&BT, toilet training, tripping, worship; have leather, police uniforms, am 24, 7 1/2", built. My photo was in *Drummer 64*, TC1070. Await photo, phone, orders, Sir! Box 4158

PARTIALLY CIRCUMCISED

and pierced, interested in healthy meetings. Wash, DC area. Professional, 30s, VA10, USA 510

UNCUT BOTTOM SEEKS DOMINANT TOP

37, hung, masculine muscular Marine can. needs uncut top, preferably Black, Hispanic, Arab into discretion/dominance. Any race OK. Am goodlooking, insolent—need strong arm. USA 710

MUTILATED/ODD FORESKINS

And impact on boys with them is my interest. Wish to contact anyone who was or knew such boys. Box 4304, Arlington, VA 22204.

FORESKIN WORSHIPPED

Love to chew on/worship uncut cocks. Travel a lot, so don't let East Coast address stop you. Larry, Box 2284, Arlington, VA 22202.

GWM 42

150 lbs., 5'8", red hair w/beard and moustache, cut, interested in WS with uncut GWM. Cuts also welcome. Love a good beer piss. Enjoy giving/receiving massages. Fantasy: to meet uncut redhead. Ed, Box 11413, Richmond, VA 23230. (804) 285-9265 days/weekends only.

WASHINGTON

NEED MASTER/DADDY

33-year-old GWM, young, goodlooking, 145 lbs., 5'10" seeks mature, secure Master/Daddy to train beginner/novice for possible permanent relationship. Am tired of fantasy and bars. Need Master/Daddy to respect, obey and worship who is patient and considerate of slaves' limitations, but knowledgeable enough to expand them and ultimately control both my mind and body. Slave into toilet training, WS, bondage, verbal abuse and humiliation; seeks introduction to piercing. Master is honest, intelligent, healthy and financially secure. Slave will need to continue working while being trained. Thank you, Sir. Box 4529LF

COUPLES WANTED

Non-smoking Master and Slave into camping, hiking, working out, seek similar couple for companionship, outings, etc. Not into bar scene. Call (206) 282-9905.

SLAVE WANTED

Experienced or novice to service healthy GWM, 32, 6', 180 lbs. Frequent encounters—limits respected. Box 4508

MASTER

Daddy, leather, hot and dominant seeks permanent son/slave. 6', 155 lbs, 30's, attractive, very energetic. You are slim, smooth, 20-35, submissive, obedient, hot buns, excellent cocksucker. You will be fully trained to meet all my needs. Shaving, w/s, light b/d, loving s/m, verbal domination. Your pleasure derives from being my personal cuntslave. Appropriate application and photo to Box 3866.

W/M NOVICE 30

Interested in being "broken in" by Seattle-area Master. Into all but scat. Will answer all replies. Call (206) 329-1142 days or midnight.

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

GWM 31

Uncut, into JO and group JO, dirty talk w/sex, and fucking each other's foreskin. Occasional water sports. USA 189.

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

WANT TO KNEEL DOWN AND stick my nose and tongue up under your long cheesy flap. Could fall in love with uncut man any age. Any in Mount Vernon, WA? (206) 757-6192.

SENSUAL SCORPIO

Enjoys pleasuring clean, uncut men in their 30s or 40s. Must be healthy, good shape, discreet and caring. No interest in: drugs, alcohol, nicotine, addicts. USA 129.

UNCUT GUYS

Interested in meeting and corresponding with other uncut guys. I travel California and the Northwest and would love to share my skin! Box 561, Lynnwood, WA 98046.

WISCONSIN

ROPE

Tight elaborate bondage only. Top or bottom. Send photo and phone. Box 4516

WANNA RASLE?

Join active regional gay wrestling club in Wisconsin, neighboring states. Reply to: N.C.W.S., Box 8234, Madison, WI 53708.

WHIPPING BOY NEEDED:

28-year-old WM master, 6'0", 195, muscular, hairy-chested, LEVEL-HEADED, is seeking a younger-than-master, cute, babyfaced, slim, smooth, hunky or well-defined slaveboy. Should be ready for humiliation, B/D, TT, CB/T, whipping (good and sound), and possibly some W/S. Nude and/or upper nude picture wanted. No fats or heavies. Phone # appreciated. Athletic-type studs especially. I am open-minded. Race unimportant. Box 3890

BOOTED LEATHER MAN

6', 178 lbs., br, bl, 9", seeks leather and boot buddies for man to man fun & games (biker, cowboys, linemen, etc). Leather and natural highs only; discreet. Phone & photo please. Write to: Box 9122, Green Bay, WI 54308.

BRIEFS/BIKINIS/JOCKSTRAPS

Turn on by above, tights, tank suits, leotards, etc. GWM, 42, cut, 31" waist, will swap above with all into this scene. Box 25268, Milwaukee, WI 53225.

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

WYOMING

WYOMING HARD HAT

Into long, hot sessions is taking applications for sons-slaves-partners. 5'9", 155, 8 thick, uncut inches. If you can handle a man giving and taking heavy action, contact me with photo and letter. Be prepared to spend hours in a sling servicing construction workers, cowboys and truckdrivers. Punks, fats and fags need not apply. Box 3888

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

VGL COCKSUCKER/ASSHOLE

Service hot American Master (LL, CBTT, piss, rim). Fall 1985: London, Paris, Amsterdam, Munich, Rome, Florence. Submit photo to Box 432, Hollywood, CA 90078

STINKING GREASY BIKER

27, into dirty leather/rubber gear, scat, piss, looking for mate, angel-type, living in filthy house to help, work with; but really honest. Box 4144

HOMMES FRANCAIS CULTURISTES

Lutteur pour lutte et exhibition (photo obligatoire)—pouvons facilement héberger Paris—Ecrire: Alain Masse, 33 Rue Henri de Villemorin, 94400 Vitry-sur-Seine, France.

AMERICAN, 33, 5'11", 160 LBS

In Kaiserslautern, W. Germany. Leather and Uniform scenes. Looking for G.I.'s, Tommies, Poilus, Krauts, Cops, etc. into same. No hard drugs, FF, or mutilation...all other options negotiable, bondage and bikes a plus. Often back home, so stateside replies welcome. Complete discretion assured. I know you're out there, and I know it's tough to make contact. I've got a lot to lose, and so do you, but we'll never meet if you don't write. It's worth it. Box 3885

AUSTRALIA

SLAVE NEEDED

30-year-old Master, 6'0", 160 lbs. Moving from U.S.A. to Perth, Australia is seeking a young boy-slave 18-30. Slave must be slim or hunky and babyfaced or handsome; moustache preferred. I want a hot boy slave who is totally obedient and ready for B&D, TT, CB/T, shaving and piercing. Master is level-headed and caring. Upper-half nude picture requested with letter. Box 3865.

AUSTRALIAN CAVALIER

(Uncut) Desires correspondence and exchange of erotic foreskin photos and circumcision fantasies, etc. with horny American male, any age. USA 238.

VISITING WEST COAST

Australian fit WM, 42, 6', 175 lbs., trim beard, uncut, visiting West Coast in Nov/Dec '84, into circumcision fantasies, B&D, looking for intelligent top into same. USA 135.

AUSTRALIAN MALE UNCUT

would like to exchange correspondence with American males. Long pierced skins, smooth shaved bodies, also genital modification and auto fellatio photos. Any age. USA 600

BRAZIL

LATE 20's, 135#, 5'8 1/2"

Blond, swimmer's body in Southern Brazil into CB, BD, WS, etc. Like to meet anyone passing through or exchange hot letters, stories, jocks, etc. Box 3826

CANADA

BOOTMEN

Any unwanted/wornout boots (any type) lying around? Don't toss them out—I'll gladly take them. Old sox/jocks too. Box 4446

SERIOUS SLAVE

WM, 5'8", 170 lbs., wants Master for long-term relationship. Slave into leather, boots, discipline, CBTT, humiliation, dog training, etc. Slave is handsome and of good company, looking for hairy, beefy, heavy top who will instruct and punish me. Eastern Canada (Eng or Fr). Can relocate. Only interested Masters looking for serious, long-lasting SM relationship need to respond. Send pic & letter to: Box 3984

Being top or bottom to momentarily satisfy one's own needs is unrewarding. This 5'9", 160 lbs. 38-year-old bottom is ready to commit himself (mind, heart, body) to the training of a heavy built, serious, demanding but loving and protective Master. Do you exist? PO Box 872, Station H, Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

WANTED

Guys who play autoerotic rope scenes willing to share with uniform, leather, booted guy, 35, for mutual satisfaction. Box 5327, Station A, Toronto, Ont., Canada M5N 1Z2.

TORONTO—HAIRY MALE

30, 140 lbs, 5'8", swimmer's build. Seeks similar age 18-35. Into asses, cocks, tits, jockstraps, sweat, versatile. Box 3854

HUNKY M

Topmen, any race, call me, talk dirty, give me orders. I will do what you say. Hot white BB awaiting your call, Sir. Peter (403) 244-3295.

ONTARIO SIZE FREAK

First hobby: huge cocks with heavy foreskin; Second hobby: same with no foreskin; Third hobby: Standardbred Horse racing. Like either—or all. USA 605

LOOKING FOR RARE BREED

Looking to hear from uncut Americans (the rare breed) or any other uncuts; also from men who underwent circumcision as adults (past puberty). Share it with me! USA 277.

QUEBEC/MASCULINE

White male, 33, 5'10", hairy, stocky, 200 lbs., considered handsome, uncut, would like to meet uncut guys, 18-25, for interesting times. Speak French, English, some Spanish. Love travel, sports, rock music, porn videos and books. Uncut experiences a real turn-on. Uncut water sports, docking and Fr. a/p. Possible new experiences. USA 269.

ENGLAND

MAN WORSHIP

Armpits, Assholes, Bondage, Boots, Dicksuckin', Intense malesex, Jockstraps, Leather, Muscles, Nuts, Pecs, Respect, Service, Sox, Sweat...maybe even love. This mustacheman is 35, tall, lean 'n mean. Wanna connect, fucker? Box 3755LF

38, SLIM WITH 7" UNCUT

tattooed cock wants contact with all you guys with good unwashed overhang for raunchy foreskin correspondence and future action. USA 713

ENGLISH MERCHANT MARINE

late 30s, 5'9", slim, 8", long foreskin, visits West Coast US/Canada every 8 weeks, wants to "dock" with any uncut guy into raunchy foreskin games. Any scene is OK as long as foreskins play the predominant role. Want to meet experienced, filthy-minded leather/rubber master. Photo appreciated, mine in return. USA 706

CIRCUMCISION CAUSES IMPOTENCY

Some are not sensitive enough to enjoy sex after they are desensitized by circumcision. Have it only if it's badly needed.

BRITISH UNCUT LAD

28 years old, 6', slim, attractive, seeks uncut lovers for correspondence and meeting. Horny foreskin letter and photo exchange. Love tongue under foreskin for hours, especially if cheesy. Detailed letter with photo answered first. USA 305.

MEXICO

PHYSICAL FITNESS DEVOTEE

24, actor and dancer, wishes to correspond in English with gays all over the world. Ysmael Casillas Cortes, Apdo Postal 6-970, Deleg Cuauhtemoc, Mexico DF 06600, Mexico.

MEXICO CITY

Gay man, 24, wishes to correspond with gays in other countries and establish good relationships. Write in English or Spanish. Fernando Espinosa R., Agua Dulce 85, Mexico 16 DF 02480, Mexico.

NETHERLAND ANTILLES

ASIAN MALE

Inexperienced Asian male, 26, 5'6", 135 lbs. seeks GWM up to 35 for penpal friends, lover. Blond, twins are turn-ons. Write with photo. Vacationers welcome—discretion. No fats, feds, blacks, drugs, SM. Haresh Moorjani, C/O P.O. Box 105, St. Maarten, Netherland Antilles.

SPAIN

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN

with well-equipped training room

accommodation is taking applications from macho nude pig slaves into heavy bondage, cocksucking, fistfucking, watersports, hot wax, catheters, spanking, whipping, piercing, dildos, CBT, to serve me. *Serious only need apply.* Submissive, horny cocksuckers will be controlled and disciplined to be my obedient slave. Send description, qualifications, and state what you want. To be accepted into my service, be prepared to spend hours in a sling. Leather chaps, uniforms, jockstraps, body hair, tattoos preferred, but not required. Willing to try most scenes. Interested in world-wide contacts—travel often. Send photo, letter & phone today, boy! Fernando, 6, iZq, Escalinataz, Madrid 28013, Spain.

WEST GERMANY

AMERICAN IN GERMANY

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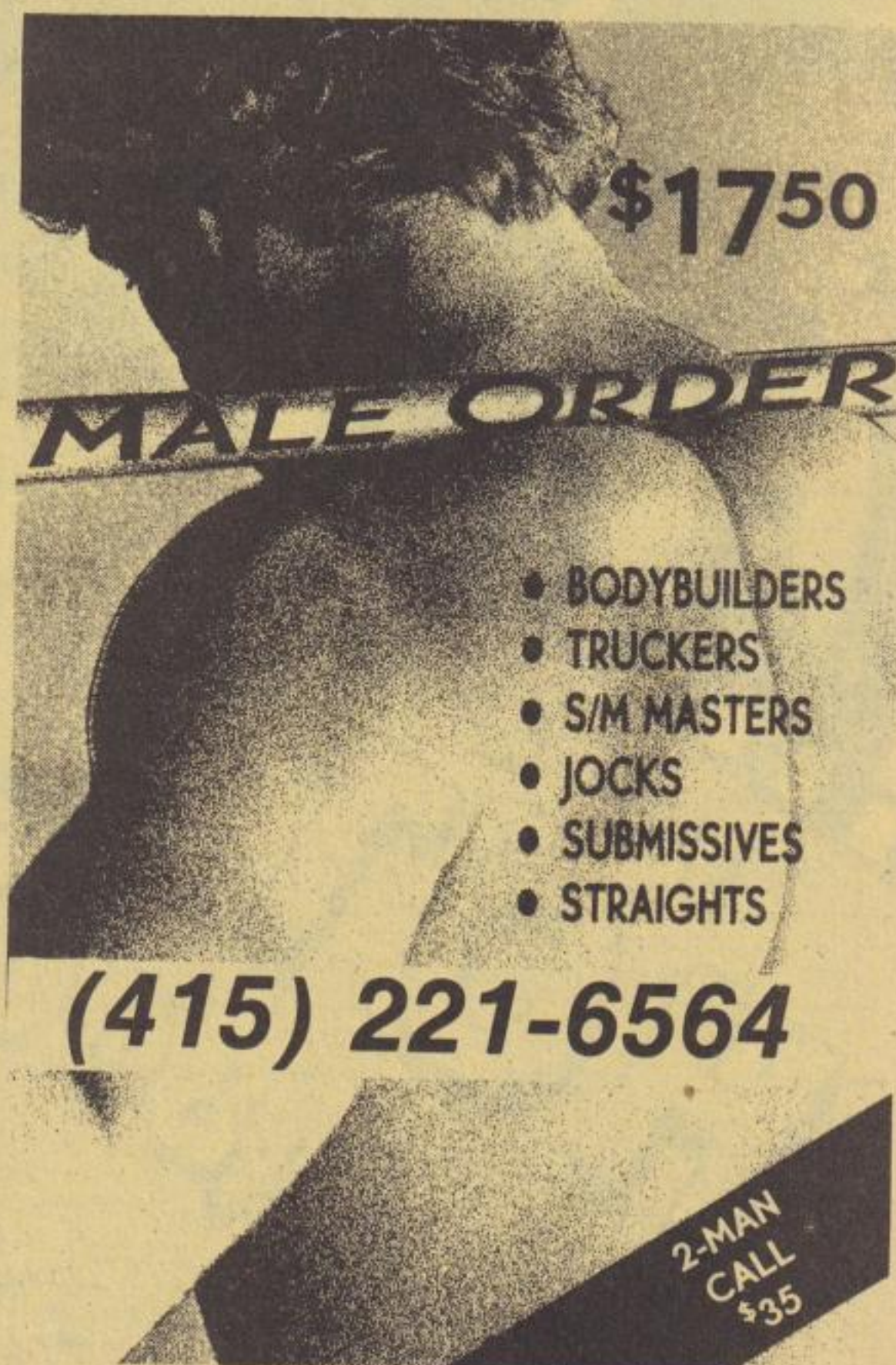
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PSYCHOSEX II

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T.S. Eliot

There is something in the nature of sexuality that remains, by and large, denied; something either hidden behind the polite smile of respectability or sniggered at when in the social environment. That something is the "truth" of sexuality. And because "truth" is the only absolute, it remains fundamental, uncontrollable, and inherently antisocial. Hence, "truth" is largely unspoken.

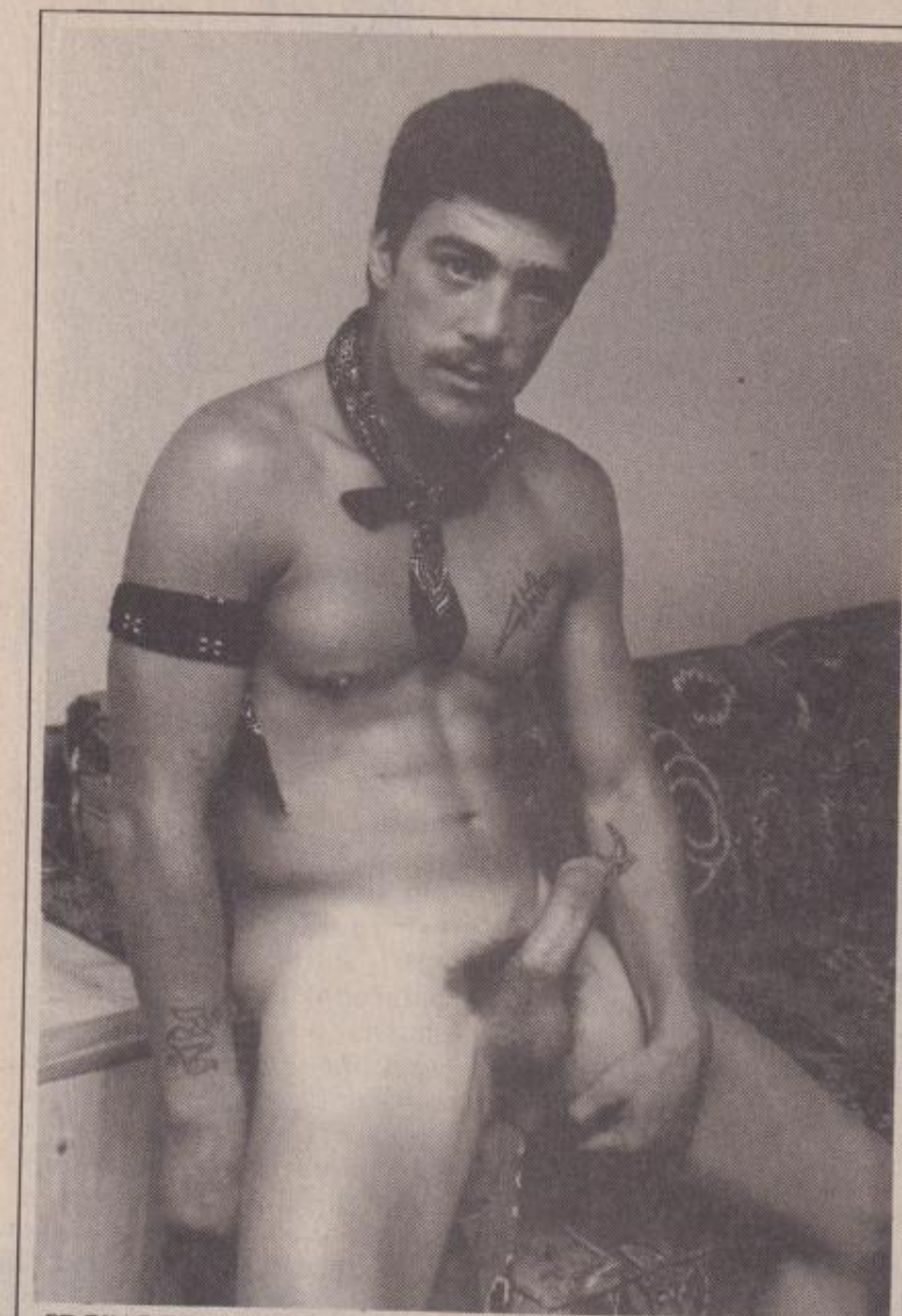
But occasionally "truth" is intimated, alleged; posed at the periphery of the heterosexually dominated gay experience. In instances such as the

Old Reliable's VT Series, each cassette runs 2 hours; \$59 plus \$2.50 postage and handling, signed statement of age required, brochures available. Old Reliable, 1625 N. Wilcox, No. 107, Hollywood, CA 90028.

postures and rituals of sadomasochism, "truth" becomes less translucent; sasmochism itself lies at the very edge of gay social acceptance and beyond the pale of non-gay comprehension. But even in the less-restrictive milieu of SM, which has its own rigid rules of order, "truth" is either transformed or mutated into something that serves specific purposes for specific players and finally becomes a contradiction.

What a crushing blow... after discovering that SM need not be about sex, to learn that it need not be about "truth" either.

The truth of human sexuality, like the truth of anything, is what often drives men mad; facing any absolute is to be avoided, regardless of the consequences. In fact, some men manage to live their entire lives without facing the truth—no mean feat, given that many of us face the truth only to ourselves. Surely you know such people: men who are convinced that all about



EDGING TOWARD THE NEW LOOK: Lobo, from VT 20.

"There is no one else doing this kind of work, which is as much a document of the times as it is a unique facet of erotica itself. Fortunately, it can defy being pigeonholed. These men are not homosexual; these men are not heterosexual..."

them is no delusion but some grand design; that ritual becomes reality; that memory is selective and open to interpretation; that a simple denial equates an absolute negation.

And surely you know men who attempt to qualify truth: true to whom, and true for whom. There is no qualitative truth; something is or it is not.

In Old Reliable's VT series there is only one truth.

In "Psychosex" (Drummer 71, 1984), I said that heterosexuals were the worst possible role model for a gay man's

oudding psyche. The context was that young gay men can learn only oppression from their heterosexual peers; the qualities of gay sensibility are so absent from non-gay society that the best we could hope for as a result of heterosexual role models was a generation of self-contemptuous Republican Christian homosexuals. I stick by that basic premise, but now I think it can be qualified even further; the result of heterosexual role models on heterosexuals themselves is a generation of

self-contemptuous heterosexuals.

But something else in "Psychosex" turned out *not* to be true; the allure of heterosexual men is *not* an expression of self-loathing for gay men. It's an easy, false assumption to make, because our own current generation of gay role models has instilled in us the untruth that sex, to have validity, must be based on some ethereal mutuality of motive. Hogwash, to be sure, and as repressive a premise as the contention that homosexuals are somehow inferior to heterosexuals.

There is no such thing as heterosexual or homosexual, there is only the preference for specific sexual enterprises. That is not a fancy way of saying gay. That is the absolute of the image of the "gay" man sucking off the "straight" man (or any possible physical combination to which you'd like to apply the model).

If you remove the hysteria of sexual identifications, which is artificial, you are left with the pure grain of sexuality.

In the progression of individual numbers in the Old Reliable VT series, aspects of basic sexuality coalesce; between VT 20 and VT 31 we see a panorama of men ranging from the ridiculous to the sublime; a veritable encyclopedia of sexual awareness (or lack thereof); a banquet—in the end—of desirability balanced against taste and circumstance.

Prior to VT 20, Old Reliable's die was cast towards the inference of violence and danger. After all, great pains went into creations of personas by these individual men geared towards inherited notions about physical and sexual supremacy. No gym bodies here; muscles on the men who strip and talk and jack off on most Old Reliable videotapes are the reward of hard street living and prison-durability and low-paying manual labor. In fact, if the individuals that appear on these videotapes are to be taken as the mean average, the days of the skinny, big-dicked,

pimplly faced teenager as a Hollywood Boulevard hustler are a part of history. So is the Nautilus-formed, Lacoste-clothed young pseudo-executive (who is usually waiting for a call from his agent as well). In fact, the pampered, personality-less, cocktail-circuit gigolo (a la *American Gigolo*) has, by the turn of the clock, become ancient history.

The street trade of today is confused about his sexuality (a la James Dean), confused about his prospects (a la James Dean), and addicted to Bruce Springstein. Drugs are either a part of his everyday existence or they are not. If they are not, he looks like Bruce Springstein. If they are, he looks like Dirty Ron (or his little brother, Little Dirty Ron).

But not all the street punks of the Old Reliable parade are even pretentiously heterosexual anymore. On VT 31, Flash, one of the highlights, is debuted prior to his appearance in gay porn films. On VT 26, Mike Doll, who appeared in Nova videos under the name "Bill Lake," had already crossed over to the other side of the sexual dividing line. On VT 30 is the legendary Barry of Target and Brentwood studios



COCKY: Keith & Brian, VT 32.

fame. On VT 20, 24, 27, and 33 appears Sean (an obvious viewer favorite), who has made videos for Nova and Rollo Productions under various names. One of the most recent "names" to appear on an as-yet unreleased VT number is a simple, but effective, solo jack-off by Eric Ryan—billed as just plain Eric.

Don't think this means the trend for Old Reliable has

drifted from the toughs to the more mellow, serene homosexual gentlemen masturbating in political correctness. Far from it, the men on the sofas, and the chairs, and the bathroom johns, and in the shower, and on the bed (and wrestling on the floor) are still a clear breed apart. But the patina of sleaze has rubbed off and, more and more, underneath are the raw makings of

what is actually a prototype for a new masculine sexual fantasy.

It might serve to explain exactly how Old Reliable works. The VT number are two-hour video cassettes, metaphorically raw fantasy stock populated with a variety of men or, in some instances, filled with men of a specific distinction: all hairy, all uncut, all black. Old Reliable supplies the rudimentary essentials for the viewer to create the finished product: the sexual fantasy, the thing that gets you off. Environments are limited: a living room (but not all of it), a corner, a wall, a doorway. The situation, the circumstance, the *raison d'être*—those are for the viewer to decide. Some of the men that appear on the individual videotapes come with identities, cultural baggage that colors how the viewer processes them into his own needs. Some are purely blank canvases and pots of paint; make your own landscape.

Some talk. Some only groan when they come. Some sit like logs and flail away at their organs, an unfathomable movie looping through their brains. Some jack off to themselves in the mirror (here the



"Some talk. Some only groan when they come . . . Some jack off to themselves in the mirror; some masturbate directly to and for the camera. Some talk to the camera, the camera operator or to the viewer himself . . ."

CRAZY: That's his name, that's his game. From VT 31.

viewer's construction of the fantasy can take on an infinite variety of subtexts); some masturbate directly to and for the camera. Some talk to the camera, the camera operator, or the viewer himself. Some even talk to themselves.

But each videotape is a series of undelineated fantasies.

VT 20 really started a new phase of the Old Reliable works; while the former standard of Dirty Ron (tattoos, uncut, street mean) appeared, it was almost as a holdover from a disappearing epoch. VT 20 also introduced the likes of Sean, an ex-boxer from New York who is the perfect balance of "strong" and "gentle," "tough" and "sweet"; K.C., a tall, sturdy, "daddy" type, part good ole boy, part sex maniac; Tony, a smooth Italian with just enough jive left to let him walk out of his stereotype; and Lobo, the personification of the new sexual idol: part new wave, part punk, part clone, part tough; perfect face, perfect body, perfect sexual awareness.

The transition that starts with VT 20 melds into VT 25 (the other four numbers are specialized tapes, wrestling or all blacks), where even Dirty Ron has been replaced by the simplistic and ultimately harmless token thug, Lone Wolf. Thug may be too strong a word. Lone Wolf wouldn't hurt a fly, he just has delusions of being Chuck Norris and Sylvester Stallone, and resembles neither. VT 25 also has two smoldering seducers, Taneka and Little Joe, who use their solo turns to titillate and provoke with the physical sophistication of a professional stripper. David, who also appears on this tape, is cast from the same mold, only still innocent around the edges. John, one of the two Latinos on this tape, is the classic Puerto Rican; chiseled physique, oversized tool, and dark, romantic eyes. Marking them all is joyous sexual abandon, an open posturing of sexual possibilities between each performer and the unknown but omnipresent viewer. Only Louis, who also appears in a number of wrestling videos, and who jacks off while sitting on a toilet, has the slightest forbidden air about him, like a high school buddy clandes-




HIKE THOSE BALLS! Keith plays center in VT 32.

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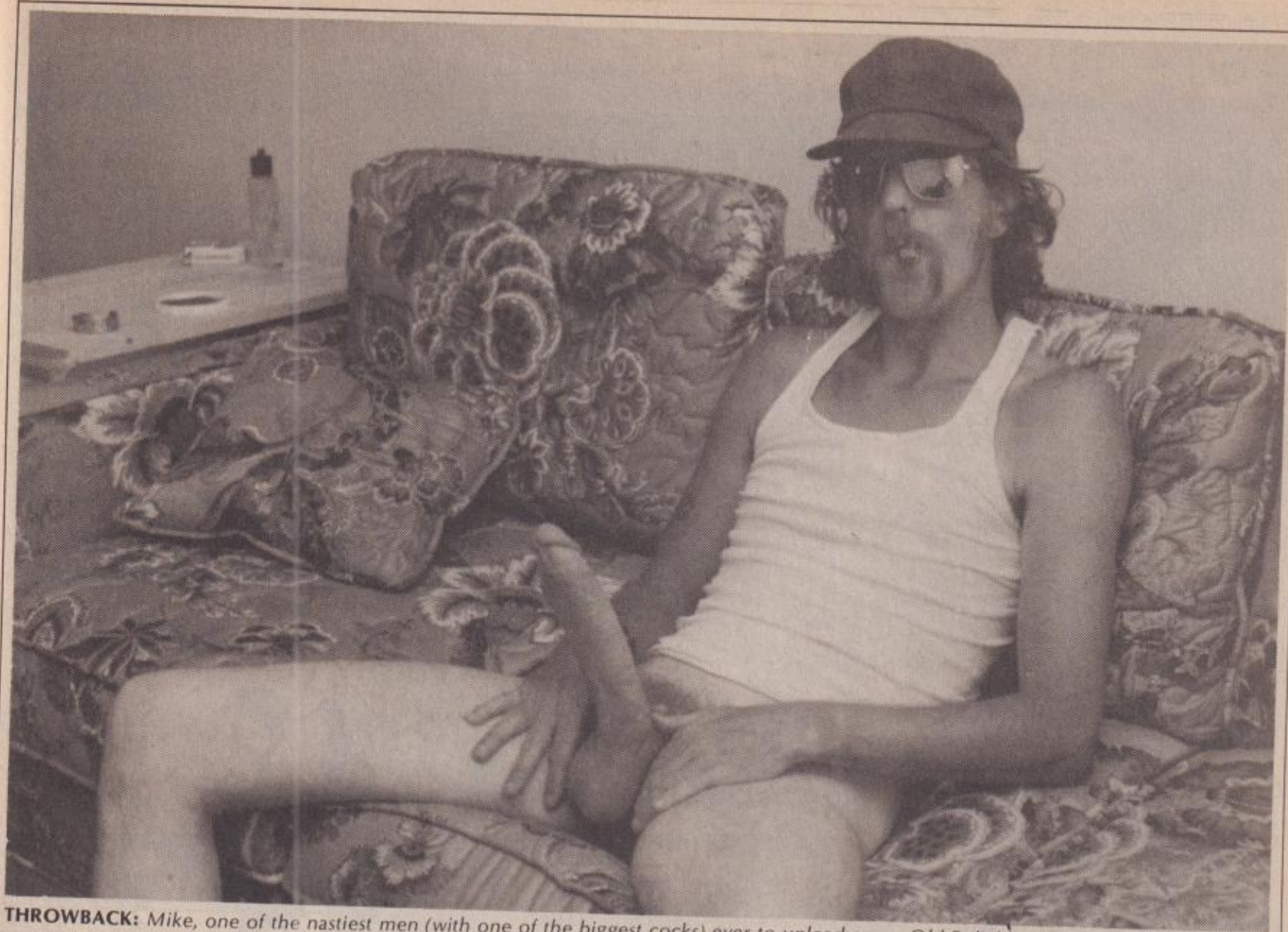
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THROWBACK: Mike, one of the nastiest men (with one of the biggest cocks) ever to unload on an Old Reliable tape, from VT 29.

tinely showing you "his."

VT 26 quickly follows in the same mold; even the look of the room is brighter, more completely open to inspection. The token tough is Richie (again, almost a figure from the past, so contrasted by the other men on the tape) who emerges as some primordial sexual animal. Another "repeat," Rick, has been transformed since his last appearance into something totally different. Chronologically only a year older, metaphorically up to date (his cultural baggage is left by the wayside); not a mellowing, not a wearing down, but a more complete synthesis. The other men are cock-ready, unabashed figures of wet dreams, even the heavily-tattooed, steel-hard Montana, who boasts of making it with men, women, animals, etc. Here is where Mike Doll appears. And Terry, newest of the self-identified "bisexuals" who pop-up with increasing regularity.

VT 29 is the throwback,

dominated by two of the nastiest men (with the two biggest cocks) ever to unload on Old Reliable tapes: Mike Adams and his brother Wolf Adams. One's blond and one isn't. You need room in your repertoire for some occasional honest-to-god garbage; Mike and Wolf will fill the room. These guys get a lot of fan mail. They showed up. Old Reliable is no fool. Another perpetual crowd-pleaser, Phil, makes an appearance. He looks of age, but barely. He has a dick that goes to his knees (and hair that he can't keep out of his eyes). The other men, Brian and Jerry, are from Phase II of the Old Reliable cast directory: new, modern, hip, sleek, sexy.

VT 30 is one of Old Reliable's occasional anthology tapes, also two hours in length, but filled with short versions of episodes from a number of prior tapes. VT 30 covers men who appeared on VT 14 through VT 20.

VT 31 shows off two more steller attractions, in the same category as Lobo: ultra-high

tech sex symbols—Flash (mentioned earlier), a 19-year-old with an inherent sense of his own sexuality, and Crazy, a 21-year-old soccer player/punk dancer with imagination and style and balls like a bull. Bill Smith and Bob (a muscular Latino) fit in well here. HD, a blond ex-speed skater (which has nothing to do with amphetamines), although perhaps not the same physical ideal as his VT 31 peers, nonetheless shows uncanny understanding of his body, how it moves, and how it can excite the most jaded voyeur.

Old Reliable's wrestling tapes (VT 19, VT 21, VT 23, VT 24, VT 27) have proven to be one of the great missing links of modern erotica. The wrestlers are combinations of semi-pro and absolutely-hopeless, with grappling talent that runs up and down the scale. In fact, sometimes the very proficient seems to be paired with the downright-clumsy just for the hell of it, and some of the losers take what can only be called a real


beating. Of course everyone jacks off afterwards (well, sometimes not everyone), and the wrestling is done in the nude; shorts get ripped off very quickly in these bouts.

The newest trend in specialty tapes from Old Reliable has been collections of similarities: two all-black videos, an all-hairy men video, an all-uncircumcised video. The next phase comes with a soon-to-be-released two-hour video of a single man, filmed over a one-week period.

There is no one else doing this kind of work, which is as much a document of the times—as witnessed in the changes that have taken place over the past year just in the men who are exposed (and in the way they expose themselves to their unknowable audience)—as it is a unique facet of erotica itself. Fortunately, it can defy being pigeonholed. These men are not heterosexual; these men are not homosexual: They just are.

—John W. Rowberry


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A fetishist with an educated nose shifts our attention upward from what's below the belt, to the exquisitely tactile and aromatic joys of the male armpit. Another relates the uncanny intimacy and no-holds-barred verbal excitement of talking dirty over the phone—while watching a neighbor masturbate next door.

A younger man expresses his frustration and envy to an old hand in the gay scene: "You had all those chances... You went to the Mineshaft, all the time! You went to the bath houses whenever you wanted to!... What was it like?" Man and youth both feel the sting of lost possibilities and a departed era—but together they find their own special magic.

These are a few glimpses into **Hot Living: Erotic Stories About Safer Sex**, a new anthology edited by John Preston featuring original fiction by a host of well-known gay authors, including Phil Andros, T.R. Witomski, David Barton-Jay (the world's leading expert on the erotic enema), and Preston himself. (Alyson, 40 Plympton St., Boston, MA 02118; 186 pp., \$7.95/\$8.95 mail order.)

Can erotic writing be more than escapist entertainment—an educational tool, in fact? Do shared fantasies shape our expectations of real life—and if so, can our capacity to fantasize help reshape our desires into new forms that are both satisfying and sensible, safe and at the same time sizzling? Preston and company answer Yes.

Even if the stories in this anthology were not of the highest quality—and the range here is from good to excellent to dazzlingly

eloquent—*Hot Living* would still be important for the questions it raises about the relationship between fiction and fact, between what we read and what we do; this book will kick off a literary debate that's been awaiting a catalyst since the AIDS crisis began. As an author and editor of erotic fiction, I have mixed feeling about the argument that porn directly influences behavior in the world at large. (*Monkey read, monkey do?* I suspect that *gay man read, gay man beat off* is the more common chain of cause and effect.) Nonetheless, when you consider that a number of gay glossy magazines in the year 1985 persist in a policy of deliberate silence about AIDS, it's refreshing to read a volume of fiction that unabashedly intends to give you a hard-on while at the same time facing hard facts.

What I like best about *Hot Living* is its positive and caring approach. Preston and his wri-

ters give us a clear message: We cannot ignore AIDS, but neither can we let it take away our sexuality—or our sexual fantasies. A transition is demanded, and how we deal with that shift in attitudes and behavior will determine the balance between what we lose and what we gain.

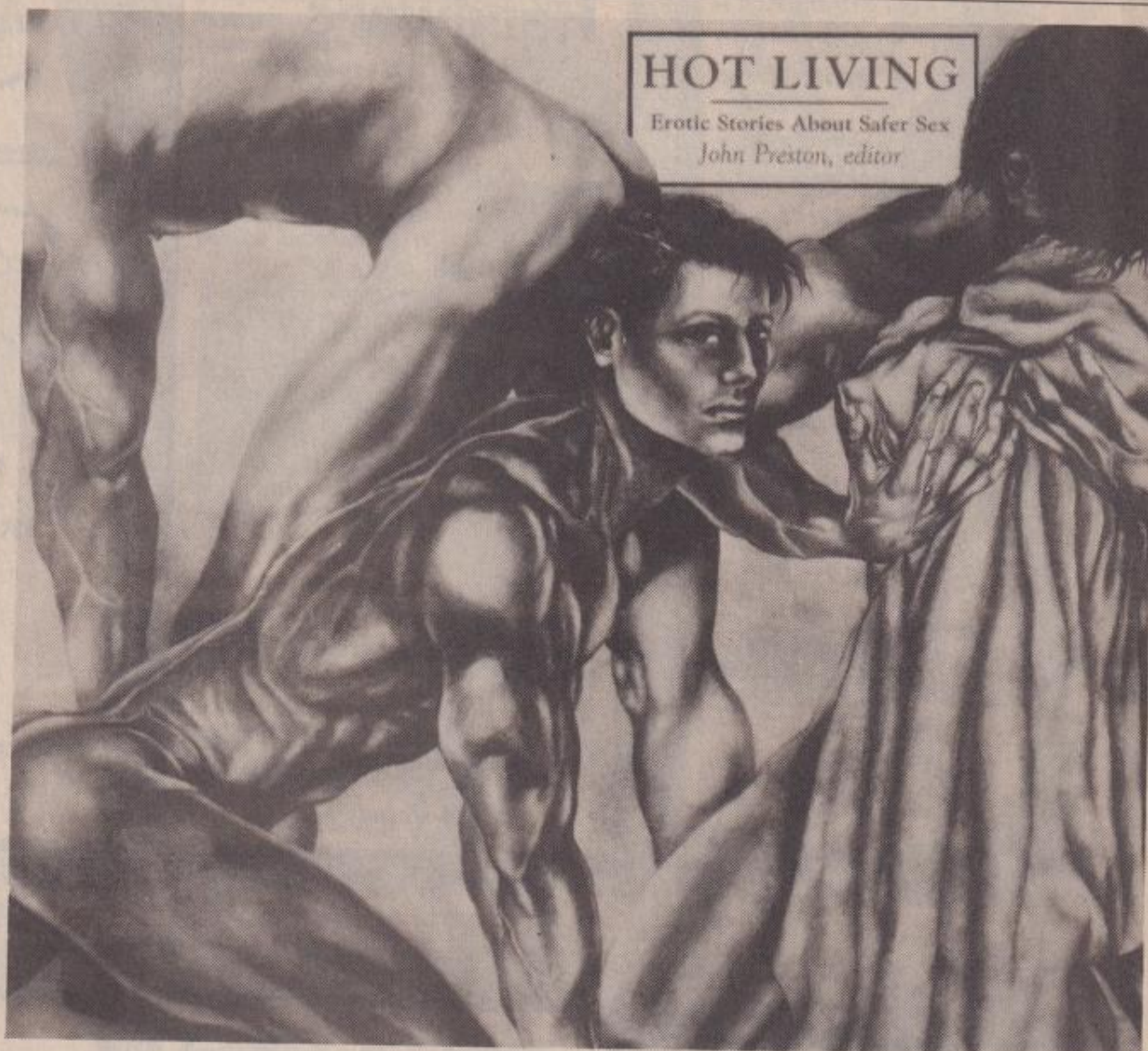
The loss seems obvious, and painful. The end of a whole spectrum of lifestyles built around an anything-goes sexual ethic that once seemed inevitable, invaluable, and even wholesome—and that now recedes deeper into wistful memory with each new frightening statistic. What's gained seems less certain, but *Hot Living* helps put it into perspective: New ways of looking at sex, and in fact, whole new ways of *defining* sex.

In the hard action days, sex without penetration hardly counted at all with many men—mutual masturbation and belly rubbing were kid

stuff. Now we're rediscovering those simple acts, and finding that they, too, can carry with them a powerful network of emotional and physical exchange. Phone sex, dirty talk, wrestling, bondage, massage, courtship, condoms, focusing on subtle erogenous zones—it's all new, or at least it looks that way through the eyes of these writers. Away from the harsh glare of so much negativity—*thou shalt not*—they cast a warm light on rediscovering our bodies and their potential for pleasure.

These stories open the fields of that rediscovery, and with it comes a new way of looking at your partner—no longer as one more trick in an inexhaustible supply of nameless flesh, but as someone special, irreplaceable and unique, human and all too vulnerable, to be courted, cared for and nurtured. At this time, in this place, nothing could be hotter than that.

—Aaron Travis
DRUMMER 89



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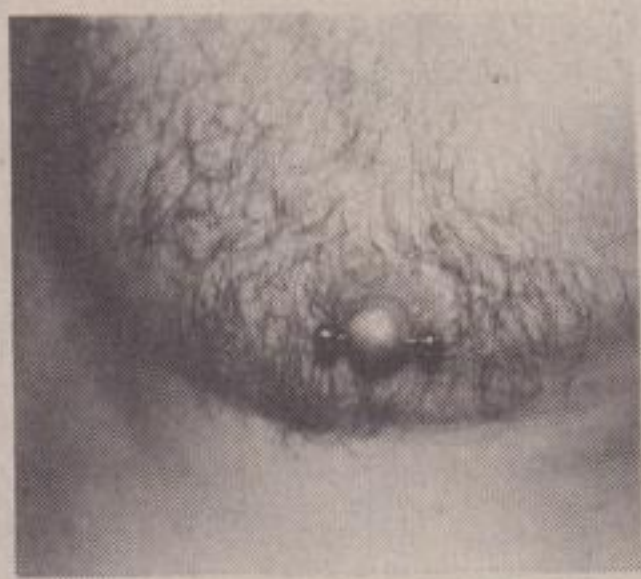
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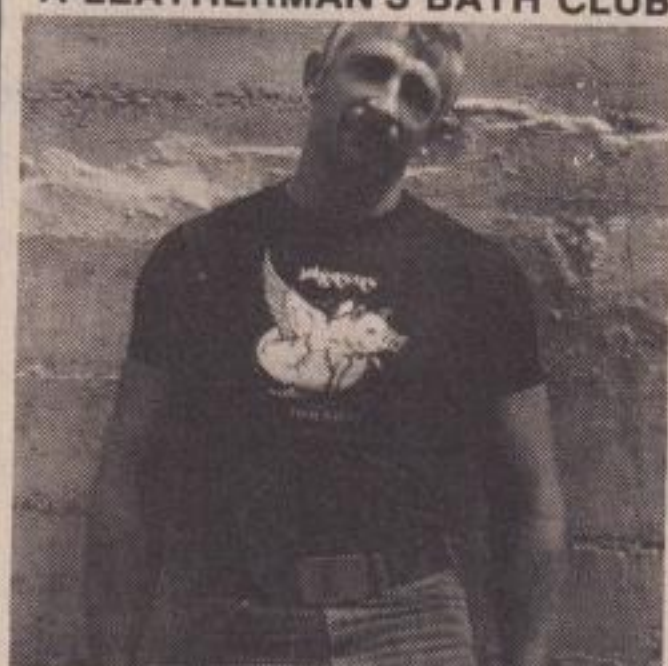
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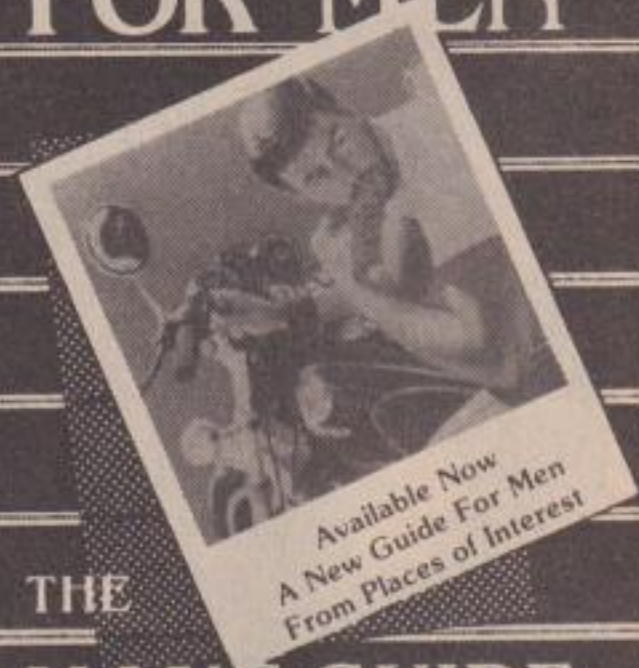


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DRUMMEDIA MOVIES

BEST OF THE FEST

Eavesdropping on a SFILGFF box office line one balmy June night a few years ago resulted in this gem: "Well, this is probably the last of the gay film festivals; now that they're getting around to us in Hollywood and on TV, they won't be making them anymore."

The **Ninth Annual San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival**—even the Castro Theater's giant marquee won't quite fit it all in, and the intimate Roxie Cinema will settle for posters—says that the customer can be wrong, and pleased, at the same time. What Vito Russo dubbed "the celluloid closet" still sports a swinging door which, though forced open just far enough to let an Oscar through in 1985 (*The Times of Harvey Milk*), still affords no safe or clear entrance into mainstream movies for producers, directors, writers or actors of homophilia in reality, fantasy or fiction.

Meanwhile, the "gay" cinema expanded along independent lines—out of the closet, onto location—crossed all borders, co-opted every culture and lifestyle, and invaded the non-gay realms of adventure, love, romance, period, style and comedy, as well as its particular, and highly volatile, brands of sex.

To cope with the increased quality output, Frameline, producers of the oldest ongoing fest, have had to extend the Ninth SFILGFF to ten days, June 21-30 (four at the Castro, six at the Roxie). The majority of films are brand spanking new; the others include the rare, the strange, the rediscovered, and the tributed—herein more or less alphabetical order.

Derek Jarman's **Angelic Conversations** (Great Britain) is the latest venture of the man who shocked sensibilities with the nude actors, Latin dialogue and homoreligious eroticism in his story of the martyr/saint, *Sebastiane*; who stuck a chorus of "Stormy Weather" into his otherwise "authentic" production of



BOYS & THEIR TOYS: Bobby Kendall (as in "Ken Doll") in the long-lost *Pink Narcissus*.

The Tempest; and who pushed Elizabeth I into an anarchic, punk future with *Jubilee*. In a double reversion to gay characterization and radical filmmaking style (Jarman created this one in Super-8, transferred it to video, thence to 35mm to achieve the look of an Old Master), *Conversations* follows the parallel journeys of two lovers through opposing landscapes to their eventual joining. In place of dialogue, the lavender travelers find their expression in music (by Coil) and an unusual narrative of Shakespeare's more suggestive sonnets.

A gay festival would not be such without at least one "problem relationship" film. **Behind Glass** (The Netherlands), written and directed by Ab van Ieperen, is for those who like to take sides, or perhaps reminisce on the good old bad times, as the long-standing idyll between a sophisticated radio reporter and a down-to-earth window washer begins to take on the appearance of a battleground.

Rosa von Praunheim's **Horror Vacui: Fear of Emptiness**, reviewed in *Drummer* 82, will get its first major screening here. It is top-notch classic movie entertainment, lacking

only the presence of the filmmaker who, you will remember, was illustrated with the review—in his altogether, plus flower.

The Japanese entry, **More and More Love**, is an unexpected pleasure in spite of the sad-sounding story: As the young man comes more and more out, mama grows more and more insane, while papa, a Catholic priest (a villainous hypocrite), lays on more and more guilt. Scare headlines on AIDS send the boy into a panic. Homosexuality, madness, guilt, panic, death. Nonetheless, there is more and more sensuality in this film, per frame, than in most other "gay" cinema. Although Japanese censorship forbids the showing of pubic hair (by extension: dick) on screen, there is nudity near enough and in abundance to make nonsense of the censors, and explicit sexual acts—solo to orgy—defy the viewer's belief that he hasn't seen everything. Out of the melodramatic framework comes a startling and welcome breakthrough—though powerful male bonding is built into the Japanese culture, an openly gay lifestyle (particularly for an only son) is a recent and threatened phenomenon, and the film's han-

dling of an assortment of real people instead of stereotypes identifies the ecumenism of homosexuality in Japan today. *More and More Love* expresses an unabashed physical affection between men, even out of a repressive and self-restricting society, that the non-Asian world has yet to approach.

Eric dy Kuyper's **Naughty Boys** (The Netherlands) gets a pre-prize for provocative titling. Like 1983's *Casta Diva*, it is not exactly solidly encased in plot but, according to its hearty reception by audiences at several European festivals, it's worth the demands it makes on the mind in pure visual quality and cleverness. The setting is an English mansion, hosting a night of isolated, often silent, sometimes brilliantly inventive and always off-beat male mini-dramas.

The Opening Nighter is the North American premiere of Alexandra von Grote's **November Moon** (W. Germany/France), a major feature far greater than the sum of its lesbian parts—which is, as I noted in the introduction, what getting out of the celluloid closet (and not into the hands of mainstream production) is all about. Gabriele Osburg takes the title role of a

refugee German Jewess during the Occupation, fleeing the Gestapo with the help of a young SS officer to the protection of her French friend, Ferial (Christiane Millet), who is forced into fascist collaboration to save her. Von Grote and Osburg will be present for this and their first feature (repeated from 1983), **Depart to Arrive**.

The second Opening Night film was a 1984 New York Gay Film Festival rediscovery. **Pink Narcissus** (Anonymous) is a liquid, lush and rather fey curiosity dreamed up in the heyday of color filters, mid-Warhol and lateish Anger. There is nothing else quite like it, a decription which automatically puts it in the "classic" category.

Lothar Lambert's **Paso Doble** is a coup for the Festival and the positive answer to how an underground filmmaker (*Fucking City*, *Fraulein Berlin*) can make his way from sultry, sexy, gray and grainy midnight to the warm, colorful light of the crowd-pleasing dawn without sacrificing an iota of integrity. The lumpen proletariat arises in the guise of an ordinary, nuclear Berliner family: the bounteous Ulrike S. playing hausfrau can't get her macho hubby, Erich (wonderfully stolid Albert Heins) to dancing class (the Paso Doble of the title), nor out of the disgusting habit of jacking off in bed; their teenagers, Tanya and Cristian, feel the lack of sexual know-how and muscles, respectively. The solution—a vacation in Spain—turns out to be the problem when they return and Mama takes off with an Iranian masseur, while Papa loses his toupee and his heart to a hunky, young, mute, hot and supple Spaniard. ("Papa's in love with him." "With a foreigner?") Without the down and delightfully dirty sex with which Lambert lambastes a twisted straight society in his earlier films, the erotic energies in *Paso Doble* are transformed into wit and unexpected beauty, like a stunning series of male statues in Spain, a lingering kiss in the swimming pool, and the happiest family ending I've ever seen when the "problem"—the inherent gay-ness in everyone—turns out to be the

solution.

Attention! Of special interest to *Drummer* readers, and its leather sorority (*Drummerettes*? good grief!), West Germany's Elfi Mikesch and Monica Treut have perpetrated the first hard-core SM film to hit the festival circuit, though it's unlikely to make it to your neighborhood Bijou or even cable TV. Two films, in fact: **Seduction: The Cruel Woman** and a short, **Bondage**. In the feature, Wanda, who encompasses the SM fraternity as "family," is in the process of making transitions—

old Palace Theatre and finally falling unhumly before the camera. In Steven Arnold's **Luminous Procureess** they are kooky tableaux, a sea of flesh along which Pandora inveigles two finger-lickin' good ol' boys down the garden path of the Underworld. **Tricia's Wedding** is the Cockettes' own grabby bag, a spoof of White House nuptials that rudely and deliciously links Camelot with Nixon-burg. Sylvester does a double: Mahalia Jackson and an African ambassador; musician/lyricist Scrumbly Koldewyn plays (with) the Pope;

films that broke the barriers are resurrected for Fest-goers. There's Tony Richardson's **A Taste of Honey**, featuring Geoff (Murray Melvin), reaching far beyond stereotype to become the screen's first, and probably only, nellie hero. Basil Dearden's **Victim** is a blackmail thriller with Dirk Bogarde (who calls it "The first film in which a man said 'I love you' to another man."). Bryan Forbes directed **The L-Shaped Room**, in which West India jazz musician Johnny (Brock Peters), enamored of Tom Bell, Leslie Caron's boyfriend,



LEATHER AT THE FEST: Behind bars in Mikesch and Treut's *Seduction: The Cruel Woman*, and on the streets in Furie's *The Leather Boys*, one of four titles in the festival's British retrospect.

easy for her, but tough on the German slave she is abandoning in favor of an American trainee; harder still on the bottom man who falls for her whips and wiles. The actors are attractive (take my word for it), and they are actors; both films are technically excellent and unabashedly genuine. Truet will attend the screening and deal summarily—presumably masterfully—with questions.

Oh, the Cockettes. Yes. Once upon a time, in San Francisco's Age of Aquarius, there dwelt a band of spontaneous, street-theater folk led by Hibiscus in glitter rags, putting on impromptu shows in front of the Stud Bar, doing midnite vaudeville turns at the

Cream O'Ritz underdoes Richard Nixon; N.Y. theater director Martin Worman is in there somewhere, Arnold is Ethel Kennedy, and Tricia herself is done in by Goldie Glitters.

The early '60s saw the mass coming out of Britain's Angry Young Men to write upon the screen. At the time, 90% of all blackmail cases in England were said to have homosexual victims; in America, taboos enforced by strict censorship laws (MPAA-ratings) and their slave critics (including critic/saint king Kael) fell hard upon any film dealing positively with homosexuality or with homosexuals as recognizable human beings. Four of the

loves and suffers, not because he is gay or black but because he can't have the man he desires; Cicely Courtneidge puts on a real and sympathetic turn as a retired vaudeville dyke. Sydney J. Furie (*The Ipcress File*) centered **The Leather Boys** around Rita Tushingham, but it focuses on Reggie, the man who runs from her, and Pete, the biker chum he runs to—until he finds out (!); as with Johnny, Reggie's problem is not being gay but making commitments. A quartet of groundbreakers.

So much for teasers. Check out the full schedule or call Frameline (415) 861-5245 for ticket and time details.

—Penni Kimmel

drum





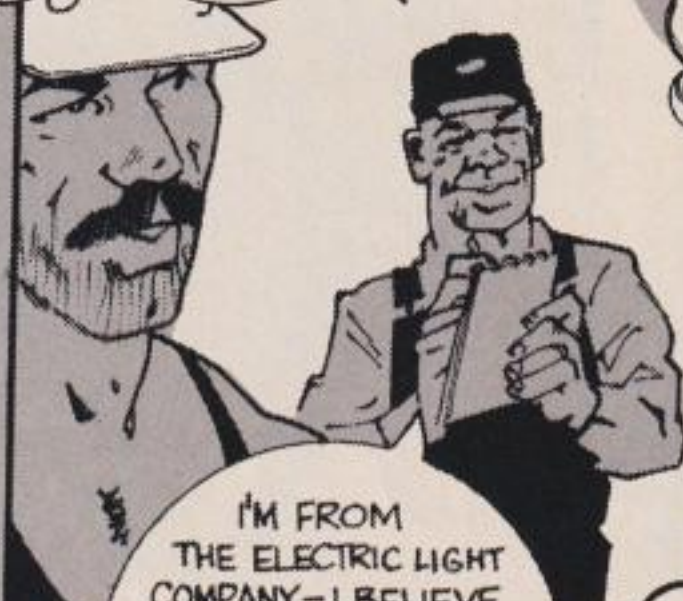


HI, SON!
WHO WAS
THAT. I
JUST SAW
LEAVING?

HI, PA! OH,
HE WAS A GUY
FROM THE
ELECTRIC COMPANY.
THEY SENT HIM TO
FIX THE FAULTY
SWITCHES WE
COMPLAINED
ABOUT...



EXCUSE
ME, GENTS!



I'M FROM
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT
COMPANY—I BELIEVE
YOU HAVE SOME SWITCHES
THAT REQUIRE RE-
WIRING. IF YOU WILL
SHOW ME WHERE
THEY ARE ...

HUH?

IF
THIS GUY HAS
COME TO DO THE
ELECTRIC REPAIRS—
WHO THE FUCK
HAVE I JUST
FUCKED
WITH?



— WELL, Y'KNOW HOW
ONE THING LEADS TO
ANOTHER—SUDDENLY
HE AND I—

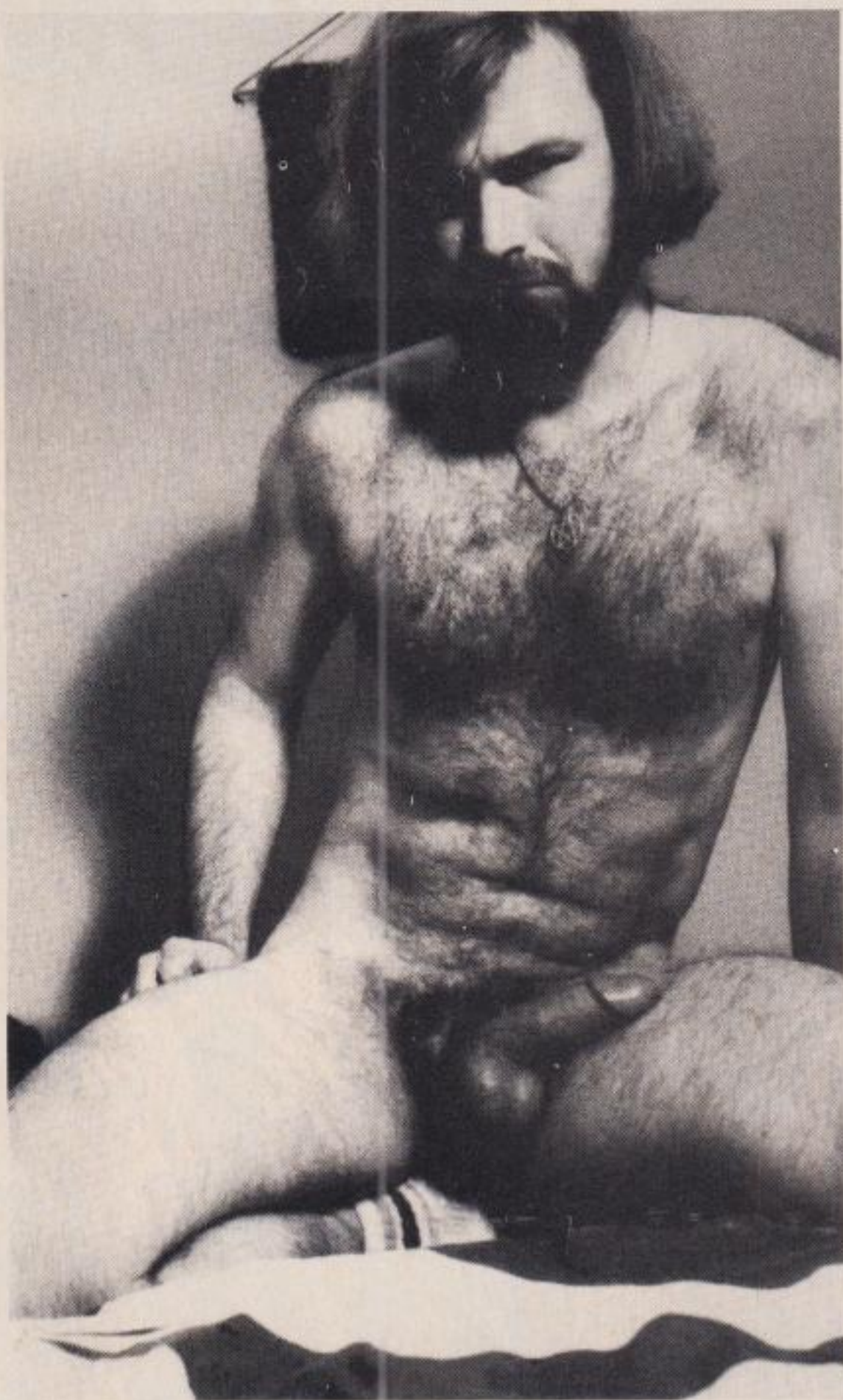


TOUGH CUSTOMERS

It's TC time again, when we share the hottest candid home photos sent in by readers like you!

Wanna join in? Send your photo (crisp black & white reproduces best) to: Tough Customers, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo, and include your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number.

Wanna get in touch with a TC? Put your correspondence in an envelope, seal it, apply postage, and write the TC Box number on the envelope in pencil; put that inside *another* envelope and mail to *Drummer*, along with a measly quarter for handling. See ya around!



NEW JERSEY HOT SHOT: "Here's my shot for your TC section. I am 33 years old, 5'11", 165 lbs. Into undisciplined bondage, top/bottom, with built, butch, bearded men. Also cuddling and friendship beyond one night; I like jazz, rock/country, and sci-fi movies." He's TC 1101.

98 DRUMMER



FLAUNT IT! This 35-year-old Ohio Stud writes: "I have a thick 8-inch uncut cock that I love to show off in my pants, because I don't wear underwear. If my dick gets hard, I just let it flop in my pants for all to see. I would like to correspond and exchange photos with other guys who feel the way I do. My motto: If you've got it, flaunt it!" The tool belongs to TC 1106.



DADDY'S TOY: "My daddy like to put me to use serving other men's tools both by wrapping my swelling ass lips around their tool and encasing it in my mouth and love-tunnel throat. I'm 5'4", 33 years old (a Scorpio), 120 lbs., 36" chest, 28" waist, brown hair and eyes, trim beard." Daddy's toy lives in New York. TC Box 1103.



REPEAT OFFENDER: We couldn't publish the first photo we got from this California TC—he was doing something that dogs get spanked for doing on the carpet! But we know he had other interests, like uniforms and big cigars. What else? You'd have to ask TC 1104.



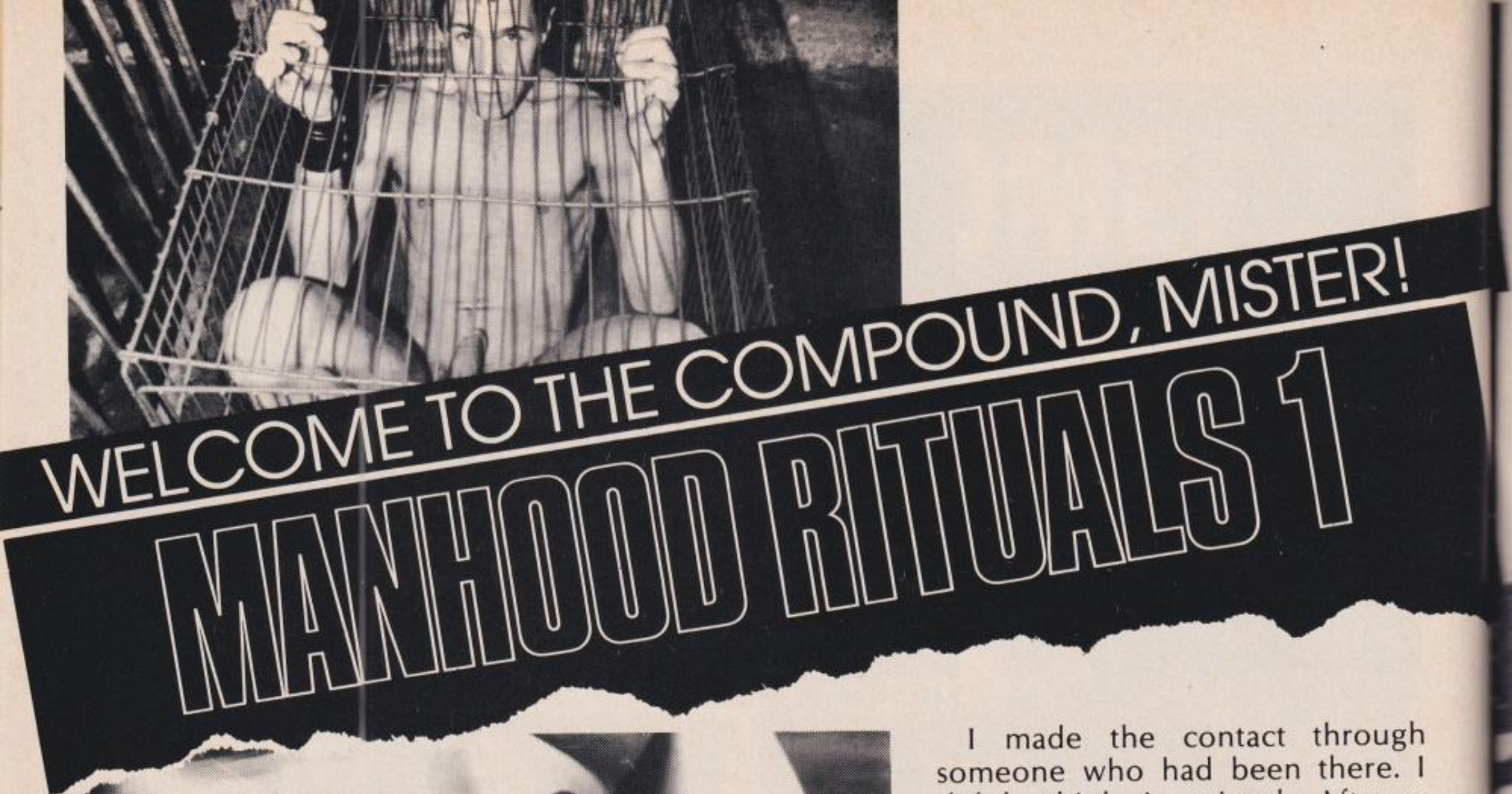
BALL TORTURE WHORE: "My hot, low-hanging, submissive balls are fun to use and abuse for your pleasure, my nipple is pierced and ringed. Let me serve you the hottest balls in San Diego!" The man with his balls caught in the bannister is TC 1107.



MYSTERIOUS IN LEATHER: This Southern California TC with a sultry-sounding French name didn't tell us a damn thing about himself—but then they say a picture is worth a thousand words. TC Box 1102.



ALL TRUSSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO! "I'm 32, hot blond, 5'8", very muscular 140 lb. body, ready for use/abuse by a big, hot top (or gang) who know what they want, know what they're doing, and have the place to do it! I would also like to be used as a sex object for a really heavy-duty film. I am serious!" Prospective New York directors contact TC 1100. Camera—lights—action!



WELCOME TO THE COMPOUND, MISTER!

MANHOOD RITUALS 1

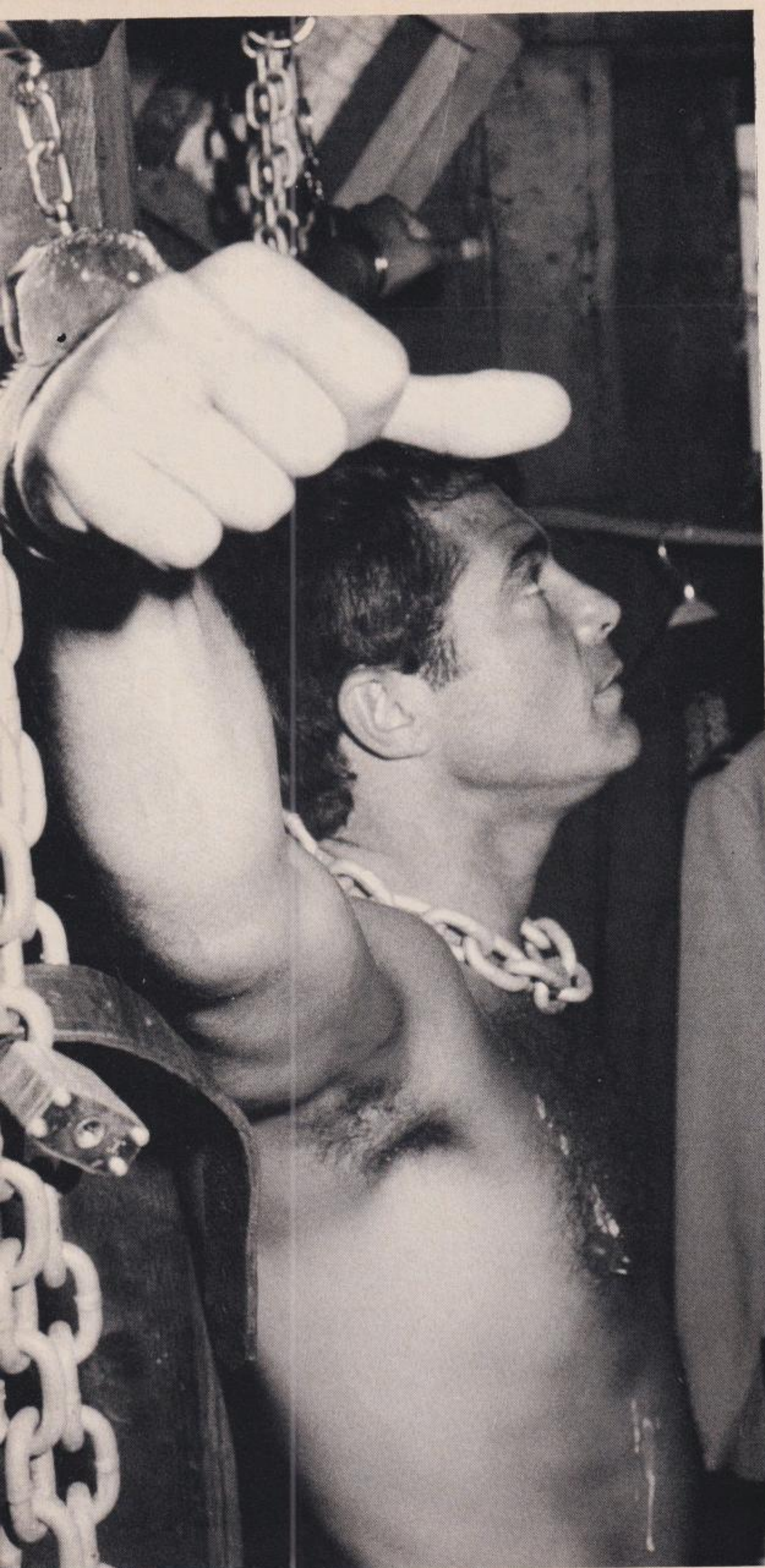


I made the contact through someone who had been there. I didn't think it existed. After a phone call I found out different. It all began as somebody's dream using the wet dreams of others, to make them become reality. But that wasn't the only thing I found out. The biggest discovery I made was about myself. Who I was, what I was, what I really wanted to be. It was like a stint in the army—more like the Marines, probably—and the time I spent at the Compound made me into a very different man, a man. I'll never be the same, thank God, and I sure as hell never want to be the same man who walked through that heavy iron door into the inner yard of the Compound. What an asshole I was. Enough of an asshole to think that the men who were taking their time and energy to work on me were assholes. Shit, I wasn't worthy to enter the place, but I'm glad they let me in that cold, wet, foggy night a lifetime ago...

The Compound: The word, the place, the book have already become a legend. Mysterious, menacing, a secret enclave for the breaking and making of men. Robert Payne has been there, and only he could relate the stories of those who have served and survived at The Compound.

Longer in the making than any other special Drummer project, **MANHOOD RITUALS ONE: THE COMPOUND** is at last nearing completion. As it goes to press, we offer these exclusive excerpts, in words and pictures, from what promises to become a legend in its own right—a startling and unsparing journal of what really goes on behind the locked iron doors of The Compound.





"What's this, Sergeant?"

"A piece of shit, Sir."

"What the hell are we going to do with it?"

They looked me over. Standing in my t-shirt, levis and Addidas, I looked like any other twenty-four-year-old clone, I guess. Except my hair was a little longer than most (styled at \$25 a pop), my t-shirt was a polo shirt with a polo pony on it and the levis weren't Levis, they were Calvin Kleins. But I had made up my mind and I stood there at attention, or my version of it, never having had any military training. My generation missed the last war and the draft consisted of havng a bonafide card in your wallet.

The man who was my DI was so pissed at the shirt that he ripped it off me and threw the shreds of it on the floor.

He took a look at my Nautilus-built upper body. I hoped with appreciation. You couldn't tell. "Strip, boy," he ordered, and I stepped out of the jeans and the shoes. The orders had been to wear no underwear and no socks. Actually it had been to wear only t-shirt, jeans and tennis shoes, which I correctly assumed to exclude underwear and socks, thank God.

I stood nude and felt the cold air on my balls along with the cold cement floor on my bare feet. My cock was yet to be stimulated by the situation, only withdrawn due primarily to being scared to death...

"You are a piece of shit, a useless turd that we are probably wasting our time on."

"Sir, yes Sir."

The Sergeant attached a chain from the ceiling to one then the other of the leather bands fastened to my wrists. I kept them down at my sides until he pulled one, then the other up towards the beams overhead. I was standing on my tiptoes.

"Can you tell me why, you asshole, we should spend any time on your worthless ass when there are men out there that need our training?"

"Sir, no Sir." I had learned it did not pay to offer reasons or excuses. Before I went into a dissertation on how I wanted more than anything in the world to survive this training, to become one of these men, to be ready to train others just as they were sweating over my worthless carcass, I would just as soon run, naked as I was, out into the street.

The Sergeant fastened more chains to the leather shackles on my ankles and pulled my legs apart. Either I was stretching or the chains were, because I still could touch the floor with my toes. I was spreadeagled, looking properly at the floor as the DI spit in my face. "Clean him up," he ordered, and I was reasonably sure he wasn't talking about the spit running down my cheek...

They shaved my belly and they shaved my crotch. They spread my asscheeks and shaved everything back there. My armpits became as smooth as when I was a teenager, and so did my upper lip. The thighs I was so proud of in my Speedo trunks became as smooth as a woman's, along with my calves. It was done by a couple of recruits in marine shackles who seemed to have lots of practice. They were as expert as the guy who shaves you in the hospital bed before an operation. One of them took a pair of clippers and wiped out my hairstyling. I couldn't see myself, but I assumed I looked like someone in Camp Pendleton. Only what hair I have on my chest survived. I found out later it was to grab and lead me around with.

They hosed me down and left me to drip dry. Some time (minutes? hours?) later, another naked recruit came by and stenciled something on my buttocks. Assuming it was the same thing they had on him, it must have said, "PROPERTY OF THE COMPOUND." He had a number lettered on his forehead and he did the same for me.

"Good luck, 1077," he whispered, then hurried away...

I was taken to my cell. There was an army-type cot, a latrine and nothing else in what might have been an almost acceptable closet. Three walls were solid, one was open bars. Having had no other instructions, I lay belly-down on the cot, denuded, humiliated and more alone than I could ever remember. I ran my hands over my body and liked the feel of it. I still had the leather bands on my wrists and ankles, along with a collar around my neck. Hanging from the collar was a dog tag which, along with the number on my forehead, told anyone looking at me who and what I was.

For some strange reason, my deflowered loins were stirring and I reached down to comfort the area. Immediately a man in uniform stood before the cell and ordered me to attention. "Turn around," he roared, and when I did he fastened my wrists together with the shackles with what sounded like the click of a lock.

He ordered me to put my belly up to the bars, so to speak, and stick my genitals through. He took a length of rawhide and tied my cock and balls tightly to the metal bar. This lesson taught me to never touch what was no longer my property or stand with my hands fastened behind me with my cock and balls fastened to the wall for a long, long time. Or worse...

By the end of what must have been the first twenty-four hour period—there being no clocks or outside window to indicate day or night—I had been permanently stripped, shackled, shaved, slapped around and shown to be about as valuable to the organization as the latrine I was not allowed to use. I told a

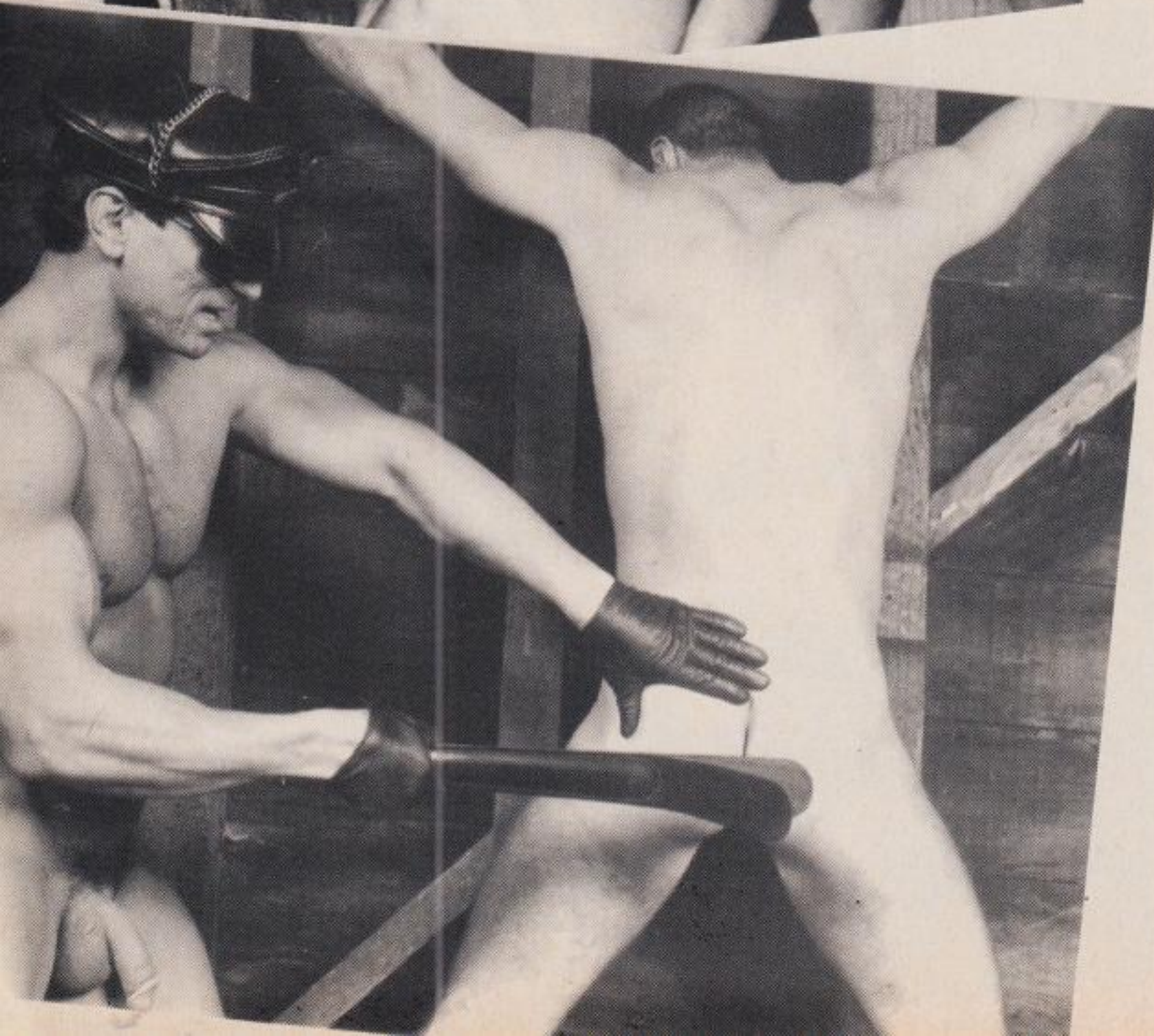




recruit who was rattling by in his shackles that I had to piss. He stopped, without really looking at me, and got down on his knees and held a can in front of my bound cock and patiently waited for me to relieve myself. It took me a while, but I was eventually able to urinate into the container. He didn't seem to be in a hurry, waiting until I was completely drained. When I finished I thanked him. He said nothing, merely pressing the container to my lips. Recycling, they called it...

As the Sergeant led me out of the cell he commented on the fact that my tits needed work. Now if there is anything I am proud of, it is the two big dark brown ovals on my chest. They are as wide as a silver dollar and are the reason I have spent so much time working on my pecs. I guess he was referring to the nipples, which he grabbed and indicated he had every intention of tearing off. I stuck out my chest and moaned, then mouthed a "Please, Sir" which got me a backhand across the face.

"I'm sorry, Sir." He twisted them and pulled them and brought tears to my eyes. At one point I would have done anything to be free of those hands. He fastened a couple of black metal clamps on them, connected by a light chain, and led me by my throbbing tits down a hall to an interrogation room. What I had experienced thus far was on the same par as a Sunday school picnic...



I crawled on my hands and knees, I licked their boots, topside and underside, I prostrated myself and I lay on my back, legs in the air, and spread my asscheeks for their amusement. I submitted the soles of my bare feet for their inspection and the blows from their belts. They sat on my face, bareass, while they slapped my hard prick and shaved balls around. In answer to their questions I described myself in the lowest and foulest of terms. I exorcised myself of every devil in my mind. I crawled on my belly across that cold concrete floor, showing my humility and humiliation. I begged them to shove their rampant organs down my throat and raised my defenseless ass for their inspection and debasement. I became their toilet and their floormat. Finally, in losing myself, I found myself. As I began to be accepted by those splendid, strong men who knew what they were about, I began to realize what I was about. I saw why so many efforts of mine in the past had come to nothing. Shit, if you don't know what you are doing, how are you going to tell anybody else who to do it?

I was released late Sunday night and allowed to go home in my tattered Ralph Lauren shirt and cut-off designer jeans. The DI was still unhappy about some-

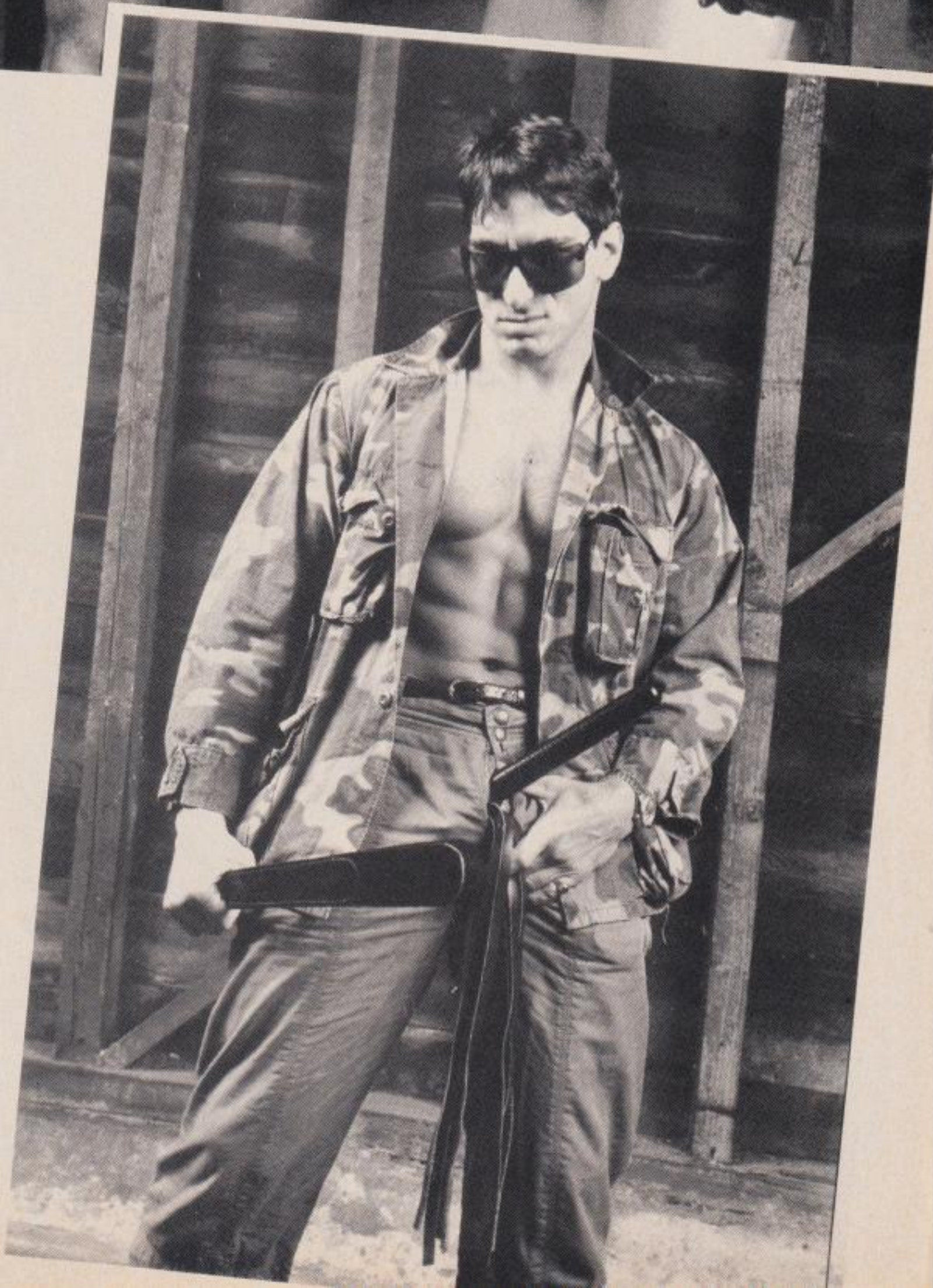


thing, so my shoes were withheld. I padded down the dingy South of Market street in the rain toward Market in search of a cab. I finally found one that would stop for a drenched, barefoot cocksucker with a haircut that made him look like he was still in the military. He was very suspicious when I told him to wait to be paid, since I had been told to carry no wallet. He insisted on following me into the lobby and up to my apartment. I paid him, gave him a too-generous tip and then, surprising myself, told him to get lost and told him I thought he was an asshole. And even more surprisingly, he actually apologized...

The next Friday night I reported—on time—and stripped in the appointed twenty seconds when the DI snapped his fingers. I was going to be the best graduate this fucking outfit ever turned out and I wanted them to know it. The DI looked at me and silently decided I must be ready for a heavy new challenge. The Sergeant affixed my wrist and ankle straps, then affixed a cock and ball harness. It fit tightly about both, then came up and divided my balls so they stood out on each side of the shaft. He put on my collar, took off the dog tag and attached it to the ball harness.

"Bend over, 1077." I did as they ordered and he shoved a butt-plug in the appropriate place. There was no amount of pressure that would force it out. As they say in the Toyota ads, "Oh, what a feeling!" □

(Excerpts from *MANHOOD RITUALS ONE: THE COMPOUND*, \$10, Alternate Publishing, 640 Natoma St., San Francisco, CA 94103.)





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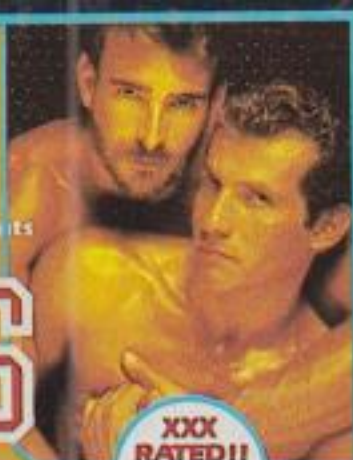
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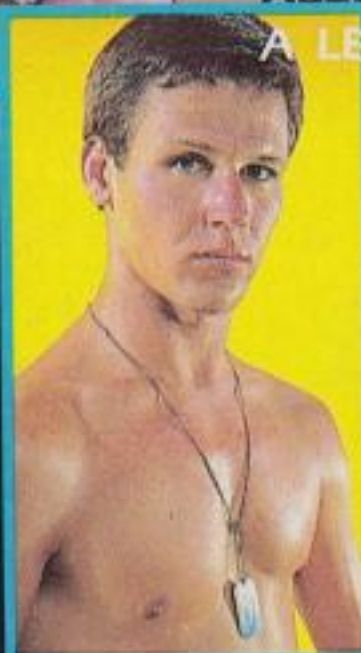
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